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In Our Next Issue

What part does the manager play in the career of the fighter? Who were the leading figures in the last two decades? What are the big factors in the success of a manager? Ted Carroll answers these for you in "The Manager's Role."

The featherweight championship has been kicked around quite a lot in recent months. Meaningless "title" bouts have been staged by the N. B. A. and the Louisiana Commission. The only internationally recognized featherweight title match took place in Baltimore between the legitimate champion, Joey Archibald and Harry Jeffra on May the 20th. THE RING Editor, one of the judges, will tell the story of that fight in the August number.

Bob Edgren, Jr., just back from his honeymoon in Hawaii gathered material for THE RING while on the island of sunshine on the amateur sport as conducted in Uncle Sam's territory. Read what he has to say in "Hawaii, the Cradle of Amateur Boxing."

Daniel M. Daniel, Eddie Borden, Hype Igoe, T. W. McNiel and other RING experts will furnish you with special articles in addition to which there will be the usual World Wide News and photos of your favorite fighters.

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IN DEFENSE OF N.B.A.

Harvey Miller Answers Critics of Boxing Body He Heads— But Admits Lack of Cooperation

By LIEUT. COL. HARVEY MILLER

(President, National Boxing Association)

IN the June RING, Nat Fleischer attempted a major dissecting job in taking the National Boxing Association apart to see what makes it bleed. That's fine. In this land of the free and home of the brave folks have a right to their opinions and, *if they're lucky,* a medium in which to express them in print.

Because Fleischer is a sportsman and fair dealer, printing a magazine that always has played fair, the N. B. A. has this opportunity to reply to criticisms of the N. B. A.

THE RING reflects the opinion also advanced in New York newspaper columns to the effect that the N. B. A. is nothing more than a voluntary association of athletic commissions of various states. Correct! That's what makes it strong. In its organization it adopted the same methods adopted by the original thirteen colonies, i.e., a Union of States. Contrary to opinion such a Union has a perfect right to make its own rules and laws. It is properly incorporated and fully legitimate.

Any state or group of states has a perfect legal right to recognize as "champion of this" or "champion of that" anyone it chooses to so recognize and to withdraw such recognition for cause under its own rules and bylaws.

Fleischer lists as non-N. B. A. members states in which there is no boxing. He takes a shot at the Washington, D. C., promoter for having a small arena but neglects to mention that this promoter operates in the American League ball park in the summer where gates from $20,000 to $30,000 have been put over with proper attractions such as the N. B. A. cities find hard to get since Mike Jacobs has most of the topflight talent sewed up.

THE RING says: "Among those close to boxing the N. B. A. is given little thought." Well, then, what's all the hollering for?

The squawk always comes from where the shoe pinches. So when N. B. A. states believe that the New York monopoly is throttling boxing in N. B. A. states the N. B. A. hollers! When the N. B. A. takes action that hurts in New York that city hollers!

The motive behind the N. B. A.'s recent actions is much deeper than is reflected in criticisms of the N. B. A. The N. B. A. states "the sticks" and "cane breaks" of boxing, whence some of the very best of boxing's talent has come in the past, are fed up to the Adam's apple on the New York monopoly. They're sick and tired of getting their title fights over the air, or at $33.00 for a balcony seat in center field plus travel expenses. They're fed up on champions appearing in N. B. A. cities in over-the-weight fiascos against hand picked "safe and sane" opponents.

Such bouts as Lew Ambers vs. Wally Hally, Henry Armstrong vs. Howard Scott, should go on with a theatre program layout like this:

The Champion ..... Courtesy of Mike Jacobs.
The Opponent ..... By Very Careful Selection.
The Suckers ..... By the Thousand.

THE N. B. A. operates under rules which require, barring injury or illness, that a champion defend his title every six months. Al Weill, manager of Lew Ambers and Joey Archibald, was advised of this rule in a series of friendly, gentlemanly letters. Weill answered neither these letters nor telegrams on the same subject. Instead he stated in New York papers "I will ignore the N. B. A.," "I will defy the N. B. A." Then why should Weill, who was perfectly willing—yes, anxious—to accept titles under N. B. A. rules—boil over when the N. B. A. simply carried out the rules under which such titles can be accepted or defaulted. Less than 24 hours before the Ambers action I wired Weill that it was not too late to play ball. He did not answer.

Under N. B. A. rules Ambers and Archibald "elected to default their titles by declining to defend within the required six months."

Fleischer errs in stating that there was a clause in the contract signed by Petey Scalzo to the effect that the bout with Perrin must take place in "neutral territory." No such clause existed. The whole boxing world knew, since it was published on all three press wire services in December of 1939, February, 1940 and March, 1940, that on a given date titular recognition would be withdrawn from Ambers and Archibald. That a promoter and a manager got together and signed up in less than 24 hours after that deadline would seem to indicate that both were on the job. They don't rate panning for that.

The N. B. A. has and wants nothing to do with matchmaking. In the lightweight class, after Ambers chose to ignore N. B. A. recognition, Day and Angott, the number one and two men, were matched by a Louisville promoter. The N. B. A. asked that both sign to defend the title within 90 days against any lightweight named by the N. B. A. That clause was signed. It was out there in fairness to the Ambers-Jenkins winner. Ambers can still play ball with the N. B. A. if he wants to!!

When Archibald won from Leo Rodak in Providence (April, 1939), it was with the understanding that the winner meet Petey Scalzo, who had knocked out Archibald and was the number one feather in any man's book. After Archibald won from Rodak, Manager Weill, for Archibald, said in effect, "Yes, we'll fight Scalzo for $15,000." The match could not be made. But who would blame the N. B. A. after a sportsman's promise had been proven to mean nothing except an exorbitant cash demand, for making SURE it would not happen again.

Boxing has undergone many changes. Some years back Young Corbett belted out Terry McGovern, just as Scalzo did Archibald. McGovern exclaimed, "I'm still champion, you were overweight." McGovern replied, "You keep the title. I'll just be the fellow that knocked out McGovern." Corbett, however, was recognized as champion. On PERFORMANCE in a ring Scalzo's claim is equally clear.

General Phelan told me that Scalzo had refused to box Archibald. In reply I placed on his desk a form of agreement signed by

Scalzo and his manager agreeing to fight Archibald any place, any time, under any terms Archibald might dictate, except that he would not sign an agreement tying him up to any one promoter.

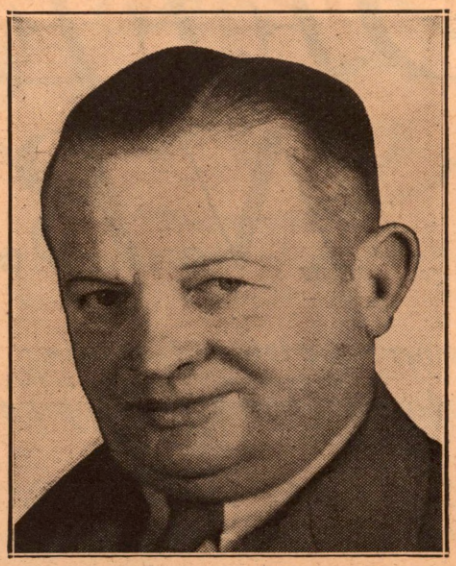
I then talked to Mike Jacobs who told me efforts to match Scalzo and Archibald had failed because Archibald "demanded $9,000 and I can't pay that kind of money for that fighter."

Scalzo had also signed to defend the title, should he have won it from Archibald, within 90 days against Harry Jeffra.

Scalzo had signed to box, should Archibald default the title, against Harry Jeffra, Jimmy Perrin or Simon Chavez, no more than 90 days apart, the first two title bouts to be on a percentage basis with no cash guarantees.

* * *

THE bouts referred to were open to any promoter. The form of agreement filed with the N. B. A. and the New York Commission was not a "matchmaking contract" since it specified no date or place but simply proved that the N. B. A.'s number one feather was willing to fight other leading contenders without stalling the issue by exorbitant cash demands. Following publicity on this agreement the N. B. A. was accused of "protecting" Scalzo.



Lieut. Col. Harvey Miller, president of the National Boxing Association.

Jeffra declined the Scalzo match. Archibald chose to default his title claims. Perrin wanted to fight in New Orleans or not at all. Chavez asked for $7,500 and expenses for a chance to box for the title. I wouldn't say the N. B. A. was "protecting" Scalzo. Indeed, there seems to have been little against which to protect him.

There appear to be no basic differences of opinion between THE RING article and the N. B. A. THE RING wants boxing to bloom all over the country. So does the N. B. A. THE RING wants Mike Jacobs to relinquish the monopoly on boxing. So do we.

If there is a "war" on between N. B. A. and New York forces the first stages of the conflict show the N. B. A. offering the right hand of "Co-operation—Co-ordination—Uniformity" to the New York forces.

The N. B. A. entertains high regard for Mike Jacobs. In our book he's the best promoter in the business and New York should get the best of the title fights. But we believe that New York should be satisfied with being the hub of boxing about which a wheel of national boxing interest and title bouts revolve. We believe that now the situation bears a striking resemblance to a spider web, with New York's Uncle Mike as the spider and the hinterland fighters and fight clubs playing the rather uncomplimentary part of the flies.

To appreciate the N. B. A.'s position you've got to adapt a NATIONAL rather than a ONE STATE viewpoint. Boxing is O. K. in New York but not what it would be if it were thriving in the bushes. And in the bushes the fact that boxing ranges from innocuous desuetude in rigor mortis to mortification is blamed on the New York monopoly. N. B. A. people liken the present boxing situation to a gigantic bottle, the narrowed neck of which is controlled by one man. There is not enough room at the top. New York, big as it is, has only a certain number of fight nights. They should be augmented so that Denver, Louisville and St. Paul, could have title fights again.

Arne Feddersen, a fan from St. Paul sums it up with, "You fellows are right and Jacobs is wrong. Gone are the days when a mob used to drop in at the gym here. Now you can't fill a fight night arena at any time. We used to have such fighters from this one section as Mike and Tom Gibbons, Mike O'Dowd, Kewpie Ertle, Jock Malone, Farmer Lodge, Billy Miske, DeFoe and others. We don't produce 'em any more. Why should we since there is no outlet? The public is getting sick of the same old names and the new ones are not coming up."

Contrary to New York criticism the N. B. A. did not withdraw title recognition from Ambers because he refused to box Day, or from Archibald because he refused to box Scalzo. Day and Scalzo were incidental. In our book Ambers is a great fighter who deserved every consideration under our rules, was accorded every consideration and declined it.

* * *

THE N. B. A. seeks closer harmony between its member states and New York. The N. B. A. believes the imperious and arbitrary actions of the New York Commission are doing boxing no good. Let me cite a few examples and you readers judge.

When Harry Jeffra lost a decision to Archibald in a title bout, a nod that was panned by 13 different sports writers, the N. B. A. in October, 1939, solicited New York co-operation to bring about a return match by October 31, 1939. It was here that Weill, for Archibald, hired a lawyer to bring suit if "Archibald were forced to fight Jeffra." (Six months later he threatened suit if Archibald were NOT allowed to fight Jeffra. We wondered whether the very able lawyer represented Archibald, Jeffra, or both!!) In February, 1940, the N. B. A. asked New York to go along with us on a Scalzo-Archibald bout. In March, 1940, New York's Commission refers to the first letter, ignores the second one, and places its approval on an Archibald-Jeffra title fight to take place outside of New York.

The N. B. A., after Davy Day had defeated Sammy Angott, asked that Day be given consideration in New York as an opponent for Ambers. Day's manager wired the New York Commission asking to box Lew Jenkins, the winner to box Ambers.

Without consulting Joe Triner, chairman of the Illinois Commission, as to Day's weight, New York ruled, "Day is a welterweight." General Phelan then wrote me that Day should have done something to "establish himself as a lightweight" in New York. He offered to box Jenkins there at the lightweight limit! I'd call that offering to do something. For two consecutive quarters Day was rated as N. B. A.'s number one challenger in the lightweight class. A few days after the New York ruling Day boxed Norment Quarles at 134¼ and signed to box Angott for the title at 135.

How does such a weight ruling fit in with a commission that not long ago had a boy holding the feather, light and welter titles under rules that required him to defend each title every six months at weights ranging from 126 to 147! When you laugh, Mr. Daniel, save a snicker or two for home consumption!!!!

With New York, fights do not count unless they take place in New York. With the N. B. A., a fight is a fight, no matter where it takes place. Thus we had Day defeating Angott, who had beaten Lello, who had beaten Jenkins. Day's request to box Jenkins made sense in our book.

* * *

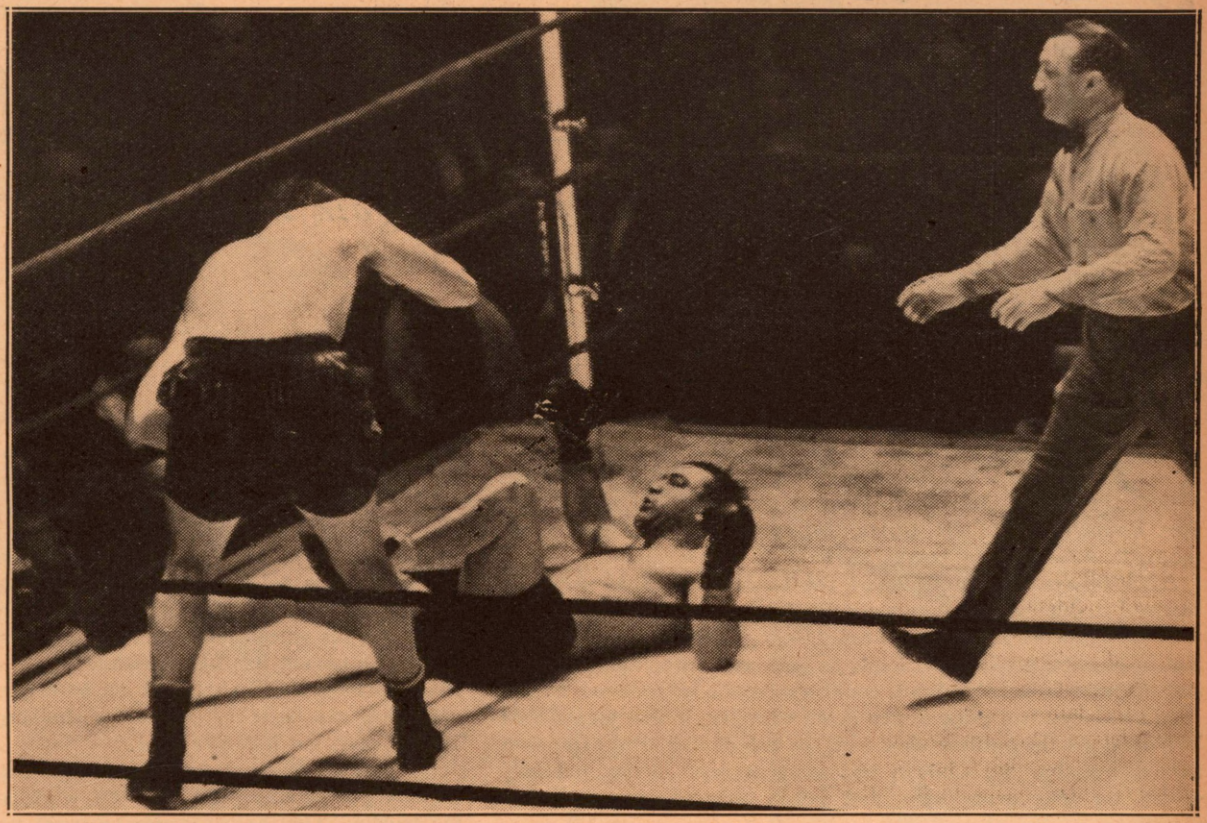
SOME time ago Washington, D. C., staged a feather elimination tournament. In it Archibald defeated Mike Belloise. Archibald was then to box Rodak for the title. New York stepped in and rematched Archibald and Belloise. Archibald won again. New York crowned him "champion of the world" utterly ignoring and upsetting the Washington tournament without so much as a phone call.

If you want examples of titles vacated because a champion would not fight a given opponent, you'll have to obtain the precedent from New York—not from the N. B. A.

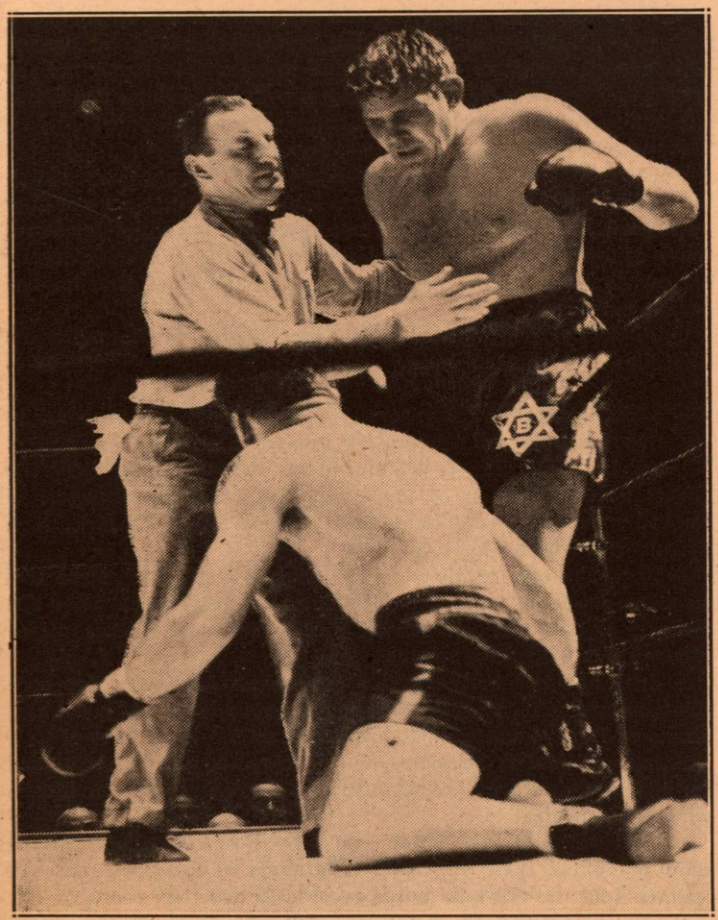
The New York Commission ruled Freddie Steele out as champion because he would not box Freddie Apostoli in New York. Similarly the New York Commission ruled out John Henry Lewis because he would not box Al Gainer in New York. He had already defeated Gainer in Pittsburgh and in the N. B. A.'s book Pittsburgh also stages fights. It took the N. B. A., incidentally, to prove that John Henry Lewis *(Continued on page 44)*

Baer Cub Back in Spotlight

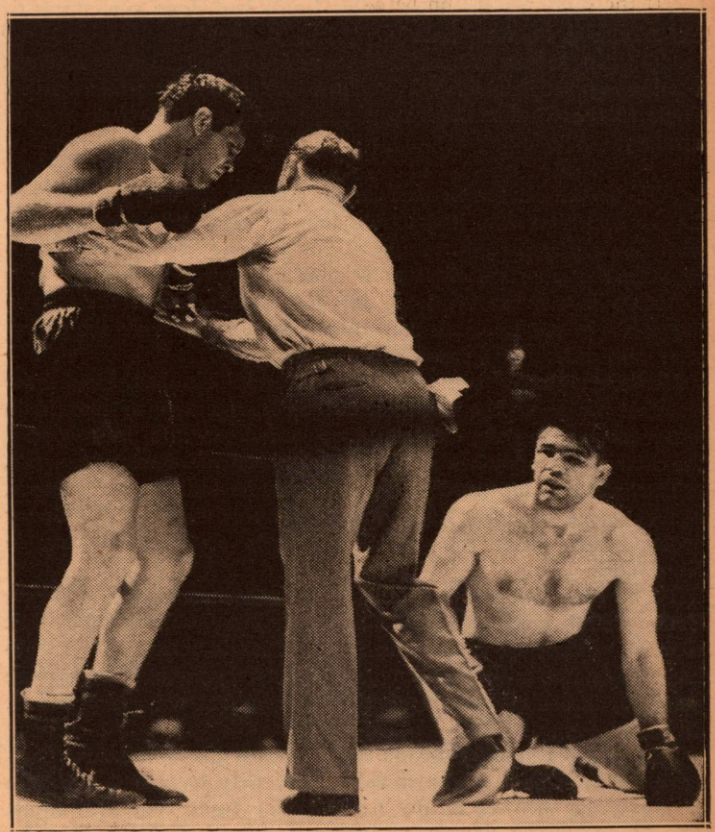
ON this page we see three views of the two knockdowns scored by Buddy Baer in his fight with Nathan Mann in Madison Square Garden. It was a severe test for Buddy, judged by the fine work of Mann in the four rounds preceding the kayo. Losing the first two rounds, Buddy came along like a wounded tiger in the seventh and battered his man into submission.



Mann lands on his back, with feet raised in the air, as Buddy's right crashes against his chin.



A right and left hook to the jaw put Mann down for the second time. He landed on his knees and Referee Donovan is seen pushing Baer away before he starts the count.



Just before the end. As Mann tries to rise, Donovan continues to shove Baer to a neutral corner. When Nathan got to his feet, he sparred, walked to his corner, and conceded victory to Buddy.

Joe's Second Godoy Test a Challenge

Louis Cannot Afford to Lose Face Again in Fight With Chilean in New York

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

ON June 20 in Yankee Stadium, New York, Joe Louis, heavyweight champion of the entire universe, meets Arturo Godoy, the Wild Goat from Chile, in a return bout. In their first engagement, Godoy astonished the fans, Louis, Godoy, Chile, China, Tierra del Fuego, and no doubt the N. B. A. as well, by lasting the limit of fifteen rounds.

After this strange contretemps, the Louis connections informed Michael S. Jacobs that they were not eager to see Joe in the ring with the croucher for a second time. Godoy presented a new problem in physics, boxing and logic, as well as locomotion, to Louis, and his none-too-nimble brain could not handle it.

After Godoy had gone fifteen heats with Joe, it was logical that he should get the outdoor shot with the title-holder. But after first announcing that the Chilean was next in line, Jacobs suddenly cooled on that proposition and began maneuvering in other directions.

First Mike looked to Tony Galento, who had had Louis on the floor, but whom the Louis connections preferred to the unorthodox Godoy. However, Galento had trouble with an eye. He also developed problems in training which were encountered afresh in preparations for the Baer fight. Louis had done something to Galento in those four rounds.

Mike then looked around among the fresh crop. But he suffered a stunning setback with Paychek's miserable showing against Louis in the Garden. The fight public will not get over that in a hurry.

* * *

IT dawned on Jacobs that for an outdoor fight he had to have an opponent who had shown that he could go some distance with Louis. Pastor did not appeal, for a variety of reasons. Little by little the situation eliminated them all except Godoy.

Arturo is not the ideal foe for Joe. Godoy hasn't the punching power to put Louis on the canvas, let alone threaten the champion with defeat by a knockout.

However, Godoy is not afraid of Louis. He has fought the Bomber for forty-five minutes and he knows that to crouch, to move around, to refuse to stand up and come into Joe, worries the champion. Godoy has an abundance of Latin-American courage.

The public is intrigued by the question of doubt as to whether, in the second meeting, Louis will find the solution of the Godoy problem any easier than he found it in the Garden ring in New York.

To be sure, interest in the fight is rather one-sided. That is, Godoy cannot improve on his showing in the first encounter. The element of surprise insofar as the Chilean is concerned is lacking. He is not a sufficiently masterful boxer to pile up enough points in fifteen rounds to take the title in that way. Nor can he hit hard enough.

Louis cannot stand a second fizzle against the South American. Down in that part of the world, where they have had a chance to digest the pictures of the Louis-Godoy fight, they still think, erroneously, that Godoy won. Joe has to wipe out that impression with a knockout in this second meeting.

Already the Brain Trust is at work, studying pictures of the Garden fight, and formulating plans to tumble Arturo on June 20. Blackburn is cogitating. All that is needed is the transfer of his thoughts to Louis. But we know that is not always simple.

* * *

IT has been my contention in these columns that Joe Louis is not a popular champion and in consequence cannot afford the type of setback he got from Godoy. In his effort to keep the public on his side, Louis has only one medium, through his fists.

This statement has been productive of a lot of correspondence. From members of Joe's race I get letters telling me that no Negro champion can be truly popular. I challenge this charge. It's not always easy, but it can be done.

Of course, it must be achieved through the happy medium. The Negro fighter must not run wild, as Jack Johnson did in his heyday. The Negro champion must not be retiring, as Louis is. After a fight, Joe moves out of the picture and goes to sleep.

If I were in Joe's place, I would let well enough alone. He is raking in a fortune, and that's the great desideratum in professional sport. Many of us would like to gain the plaudits of the crowd, and the pats on the back, along with the dollars. But Louis appears to have chosen the least dangerous method.

However, I still say he is not a popular champion.

There are fewer stories about Louis than there are about any man who held the title in the past. No ring legends are growing up around Jolting Joe. He does not appear to have any developed sense of humor. He is too stolid even for the vast majority of his own race, and this may be traced to the fact that he has Indian blood.

Once in the ring, Louis is not the Negro. He is more the Cherokee.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY has come up again with his proposal to organize sectional schools for boxers. Especially for heavyweights. The plan is a tremendous one and would defy the efforts at organization of any single promoter or manager. If we had a real national boxing body instead of the N.B.A., such schools could be made realities.

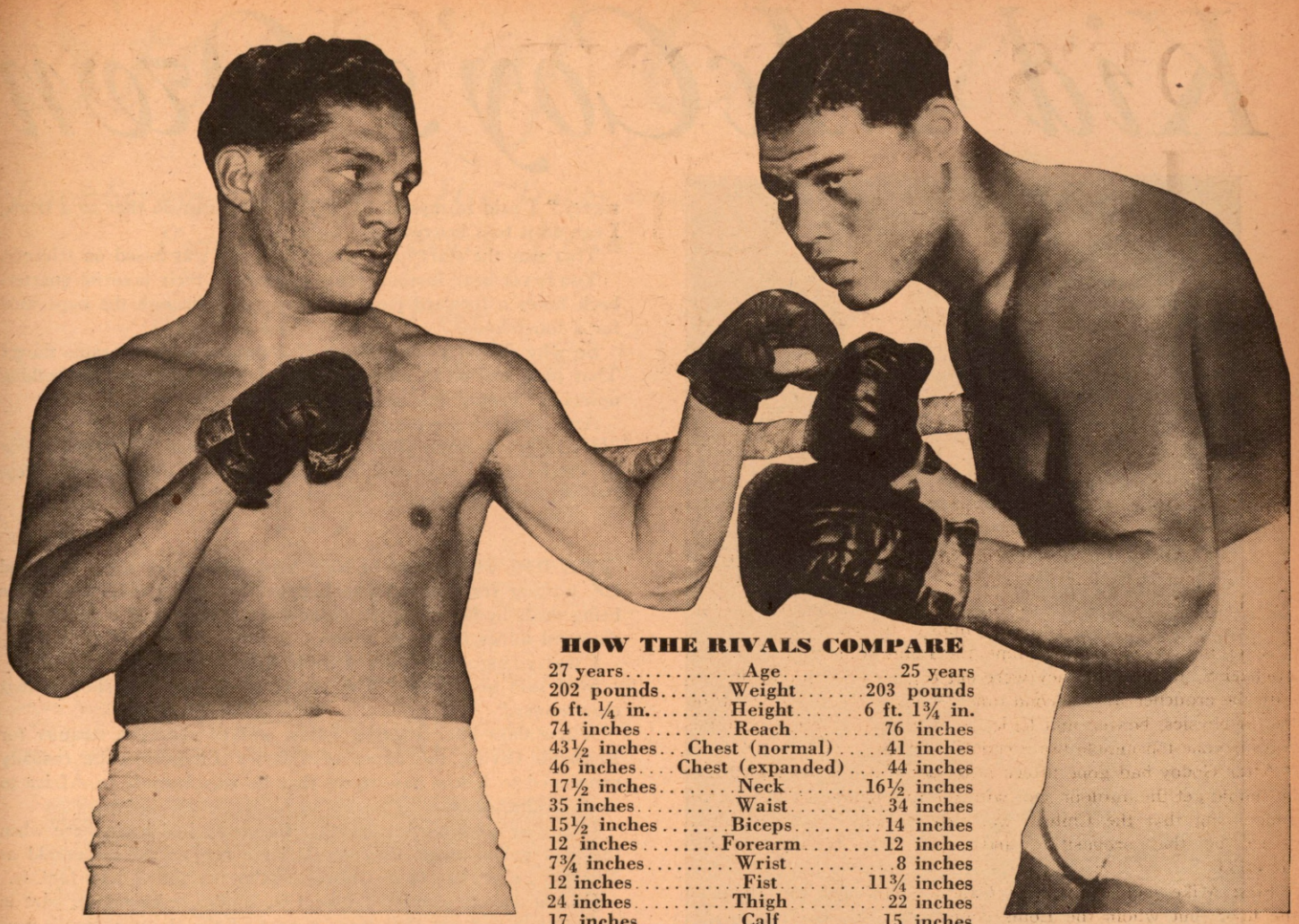
In fact, the opportunities for a national organization are tremendous. It could supervise local tryouts, very much after the manner of the baseball schools which are run by the major league clubs with farm systems.

A true national body could organize the movement for construction and support of a home for boxers who through old age, illness or injury cannot support themselves.

A real national association could develop and administer a fund for aid to fighters in financial straits, for operations on boxers who need surgical help.

A real national association could hold a tremendous boxing show to finance these activities, very much as the major baseball leagues hold the All-Star game every July for the benefit of old, ill and indigent ball players.

Right under the nose of the N.B.A. lie these urgent requirements. But instead of looking to these, instead of taking up matters



Arturo Godoy

HOW THE RIVALS COMPARE

27 years	Age	25 years
202 pounds	Weight	203 pounds
6 ft. ¼ in.	Height	6 ft. 1¾ in.
74 inches	Reach	76 inches
43½ inches	Chest (normal)	41 inches
46 inches	Chest (expanded)	44 inches
17½ inches	Neck	16½ inches
35 inches	Waist	34 inches
15½ inches	Biceps	14 inches
12 inches	Forearm	12 inches
7¾ inches	Wrist	8 inches
12 inches	Fist	11¾ inches
24 inches	Thigh	22 inches
17 inches	Calf	15 inches
11 inches	Ankle	10 inches

Joe Louis

in which our commissions have been wretchedly remiss, the N.B.A. hunts around for picayune matters.

It's like a cop dashing after a woman to give her a ticket for parking, while the bank next door is being robbed. THE RING long has urged a national boxing association. But it wants one that would have a constructive platform and do real things for the fighter—and for the public.

* * *

I WROTE that the commissions are remiss. I want to make a correction. There is one commission which is alive to the requirements of its position, and that is the body in Washington, D. C., with which Heinie Miller, president of the N.B.A., is connected.

Every boxer who fights in the Washington district has to pay a percentage into the Aid Fund.

If a fighter is hurt, this fund pays for a doctor. If a boxer loses his overcoat, as one did in the capital during the winter, and cannot afford a new one, the Fund buys him one.

If a fighter is in a financial jam—if, as happened to one during the winter, when he lost his wife some distance from Washington—the Fund sees to it that expenses are met.

As I see it, the need of a home for fighters, the need of help for fighters, transcends all other matters before the boxing public. Able fighters will get on, promoters will get on, managers certainly will get on.

But the fighter who is injured, the low-bracket scrapper who goes broke; the poor devil who gets punch drunk—these are the men we must look after. If we cannot look after them, we should stop making them risk the chances which bring about need for aid.

In short, if the N.B.A. is on the level, let it stand for help for the fighter and forget all about headlines, Congressional investigations, meddling with matches—and running out on itself—a favorite pastime.

IN another part of this issue you will find a defense of the National Boxing Association by Lieut. Col. Harvey Miller, president of that heterogeneous organization. THE RING afforded to Col. Miller the use of its columns not because it had any sympathy for the N.B.A., but because it felt Miller was being made the goat. Miller knows his boxing.

THE RING knows that when the N.B.A. made that ridiculous decision "taking" the lightweight title from Lou Ambers, Miller was opposed to that action. He has fought other moves which have not gone so well with the boxing fans, but has taken his medicine in the form of personal criticism only because he is the N.B.A. president and must stand for this abuse.

Miller's defense of the N.B.A. is interesting, but revealing. He makes an admission which is the real basis for general criticism of the N.B.A. He says he does not get whole-hearted support. If it serves the current purpose of some member state to ignore the N.B.A., as New Jersey has done, the N.B.A. is slighted. After the slight, the member state moves right in to tell everybody how boxing should be run.

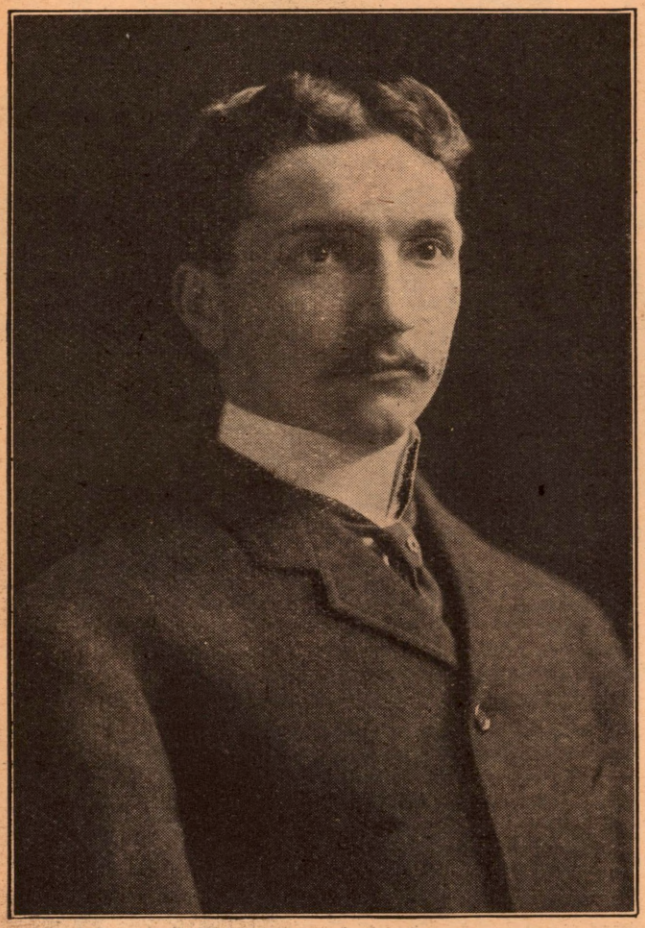
Obviously this situation borders on the travesty, and lays the N.B.A. open to wholesale ridicule all over the boxing world. Until the N.B.A. presents a united front in support of its decisions, and presents it all the time, and not merely when it serves the purposes of its members to stand united, the association headed by Miller will continue to draw ridicule, and even contumely.

To Col. Miller THE RING offers sympathy. It also presents its congratulations that at the next annual meeting he will step down from office, and will let some other man become the "fall guy."

* * *

IF the N.B.A. is to be congratulated on any detail of its jittery existence, it should be felicitated on the defeat of Representative Kennedy of Mary- *(Continued on page 34)*

Kid McCoy's Own



When The Kid sported a moustache.

Kid McCoy is dead. He passed away in a hotel in Detroit on April 17. The ring story of this clever, tricky, often unscrupulous fighter, is one of the most interesting in the annals of the roped square. With the help of Dean S. Jennings, of San Francisco, California, McCoy wrote this story of his fighting years.

KID McCOY, the trickster!

That's what they called me.

And they said I couldn't win a fight unless I fooled my opponents with some unexpected trick. But they were ninety per cent wrong. I knocked over the big fellows because I used my head. I won fights because I made a study of human weaknesses.

It all began years ago. One afternoon when I was a young fellow just learning to box, I wandered into a railroad station and sat down to wait for a train.

Just outside the door there was a pile of trunks as big as a house. They were heavy, unwieldy things and must have weighed two or three hundred pounds each.

And I thought to myself that I'd hate to be the baggage man who had to move them.

Just then I heard someone approaching. I looked up and saw a young fellow wrestling with the trunks. He couldn't have weighed more than 130 pounds. But he had those trunks hypnotized. He grabbed one of the largest, balanced it on a corner and spun it around like a top until it was in position near an open baggage car.

It looked easy and suddenly I got the idea.

"Keep the big fellows off balance and you'll have them at your mercy," I said to myself. "If a little man can do that to a trunk, I can do it to a heavyweight fighter."

That was the start of a career they say was based on trickery.

You never hear football fans complain if their favorite quarterback fakes a forward pass and then runs through the opposition for a touchdown.

So why should anyone object if a fighter does the same thing? That idea applies to any sport and I soon learned that nothing upsets the enemy quicker than the unexpected.

And surprises were my ace cards!

I still get a laugh when I think of a certain fight that I won by catching my opponent off-guard. It was a battle that kept the bettors' purses empty for some time afterward.

* * *

IN 1896, while I was in New York City idling away time and waiting for something to happen, I heard that fortunes were being made by boxers in the cities and towns around the Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa.

I was young and I knew I could fight.

So I said to myself: "Kid, you're going to get a slice of that easy money."

A few days later a young fellow walked aboard a steamer for England. Giving the name of Charley Fitzgerald, he casually mentioned to fellow passengers that he was enroute to Africa to work in the mines.

If any of New York's sporting fraternity had been there when the boat pulled away, they would have recognized Fitzgerald as Norman Selby, late of Broadway, better known as Kid McCoy.

On the way to England, I kept in condition by taking part in the athletic contests that were a part of the daily entertainment program.

I won the high jump, the broad jump and sailed through the boxing matches simply because I couldn't act awkward enough.

We reached London more than a week after leaving New York and I bought a ticket on a boat headed for Capetown.

In those days there were no passport difficulties and so it was no trouble to change my name again and become Harry Egan.

Enroute to the dark continent it was the same old story.

Harry Egan, watching the other passengers take part in the various sports aboard ship, was unable to resist the temptation to enter the boxing tournament. Against my own good judgment and previous plans, I signed up for the bouts.

The British entries thought they were the last word in boxing skill. And there I was, as Harry Egan, apparently just a raw-boned Yankee that didn't know one punch from another.

When the first bout was staged, I shuffled out of my corner as though bewildered. I pretended to be a right hander and tried to look as clumsy as possible.

We sparred around for a few minutes as though warming up. The Englishman had a faint, contemptuous smile on his lips and I could almost see the confidence oozing out of him.

Suddenly something happened. My right hand shot out, and my opponent flopped to the floor—out.

I hadn't intended to let that hook get away from me, but no one appeared suspicious and I felt relieved. I won the next six fights in a row. Five of them ended either in first or second round knockouts and the other two quit.

* * *

JUST before we reached African shores, an elderly and affable gentleman came up to me as I leaned over the deck rail.

"My name is Dr. Summerfield, young fellow," he began.

"I've been watching you in the boxing matches and I think you have a great future. I'm willing to help you. How about it?"

His question startled me and I almost bit my tongue trying to

Story of Career

Late Scrapper Wrote of His Tricks and His Experiences in South Africa

By "KID" McCOY
As told to Dean S. Jennings

keep a straight face and it was several minutes before I dared look him in the eyes and accept the proposition.

"That's fine," he beamed. "I'll give you a letter to James R. Cooper, one of South Africa's foremost fighters and he'll take care of you."

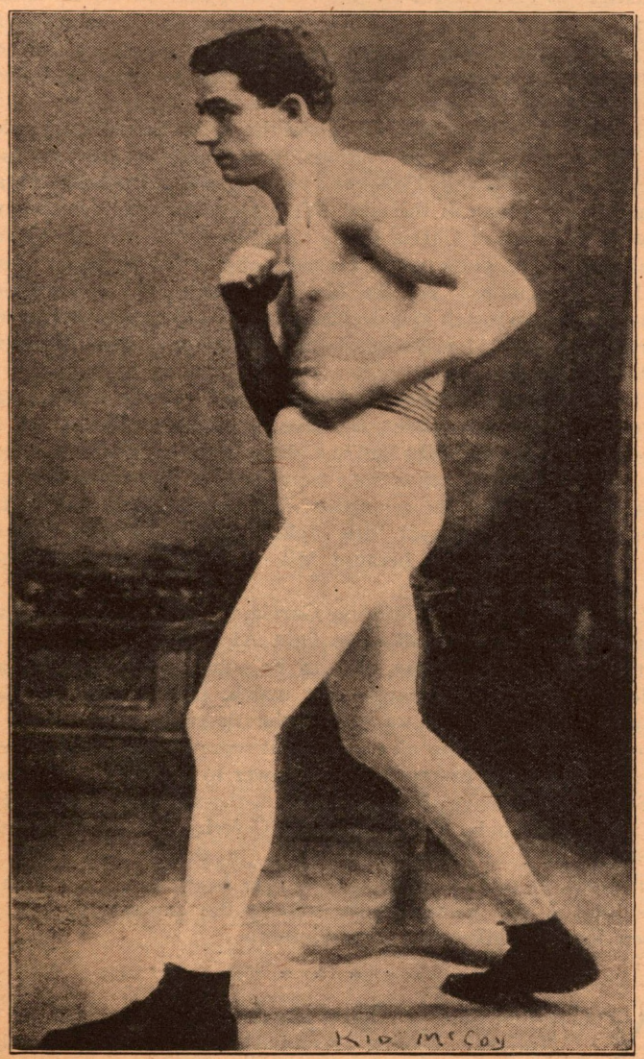
In the letter, Cooper was asked to teach me the correct way of standing in the ring and how to acquire a little polish.

"Please tell Egan," the physician had written, "not to be so clumsy with his right."

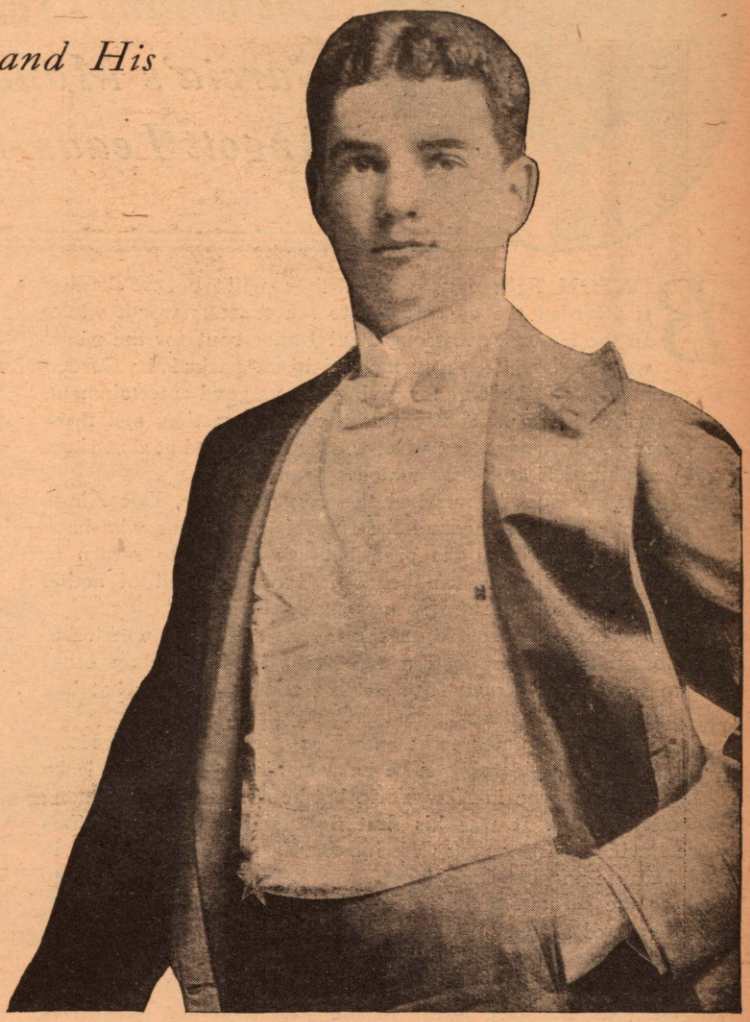
That bit of advice nearly ruined my trip.

For when I went to Cooper's home and began "training," he began harping on my right hand.

"It's all wrong, Yankee," the South African fighter laughed, "you'll never get anywhere unless you learn to handle that paw!"



Kid McCoy, the master of ring trickery, as he looked when he won the welterweight championship.



McCoy, the dude.

I lost my temper and when we stepped into the ring for a workout, I caught him on the chin with one that laid him out.

When he regained consciousness five minutes later he gave me a funny look.

"Say, Egan," he said, "come out to the house for dinner on Sunday and we'll talk over your future."

After the dinner, I was on the porch at his home, putting away a few cool drinks, when he suddenly appeared with a pile of pink "Police Gazettes" in his hands.

I stared at it as though paralyzed.

For on the cover of one I saw a picture of myself in fighting togs and underneath was the tell-tale caption:

"Kid McCoy—leading welterweight."

In that instant I saw my plans tottering!

* * *

JAMES R. COOPER, the trainer who handled my affairs when I reached Africa, after seeing a picture in the "Police Gazette" which he felt certain was me, eyed me rather suspiciously when I informed him that the fighter on that cover looked like me but wasn't yours truly.

"No, I suppose not," he sarcastically replied as he looked me over from head to heels and then took another close up view of the cover, labelled, "Kid McCoy, leading welterweight."

"Say, who do you think you're spoofing?" he snapped out. "Do you think I'm blind or that I'm such a sap you can deceive me? Own up, Yankee, and stop hiding the truth. *(Continued on page* 42)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Bostonians Prove They Will Support Good Shows
Garcia's Manager Takes Issue With N. B. A.
Angott Leads Rivals; Has No Championship

BOSTON fight fans proved they will support boxing if afforded the opportunity to see contests worth while. In the Henry Armstrong-Paul Junior bout for the world welterweight title, a turnout of 16,469 packed the Garden and commended Rip Valente for giving them a good entertainment.

Of course Hurricane Henry was the big attraction, and there aren't many Armstrongs, but what was accomplished at that show can be continued if attractive matches are made.

"It was a pleasure," remarked the veteran scribe, Doc Almy, "to see many old faces around the ringside, fight fans who have tuned in at the radio in the past, but are certain to return to Boston's Garden if they can be assured of the kind of action viewed in every bout on the Armstrong-Junior card."

I journeyed to the Hub to see for myself and I left wondering why Boston wasn't as good a fight city as were many other Eastern centers. I learned from scribes and managers what had been the trouble and it seems that difficulty is about over.

The Armstrong-Junior fight ended as I had expected. Hank has gone back considerably since he won his first world title by beating Petey Sarron in New York, but he still is kingpin among the welterweights. It was his first fight since his hectic affair on the Pacific Coast against Ceferino Garcia and he looked bad in spots because of that long layoff, yet he was good enough to prove to the spectators that "Hurricane" is no misnomer.

He swarmed all over his opponent and never let up in a severe whirlwind attack. Yet he missed more than I have ever seen him do. That he was off edge on accuracy was evident, but on nothing else. He took shocking blows to the chin from his aggressive rival, but never faltered. He came back, stood toe-to-toe with Junior and banged away until Junior, not he, was forced to yield.

* * *

THE Maine challenger was dropped four times and would have been finished in the seventh round had not Referee Martin come to his aid and halted the contest, thus saving Junior his clean record of never having been counted out, though the bout goes into the record books as a kayo for Armstrong. Paul was down for a nine count the previous round and again early in the final heat before the bout was ended.

In the first he was floored twice for four counts each. Yet, despite those first two downs, Paul came back with fire in his eyes and dynamite in his fists and with terrific right hooks banged Henry's head back time and again in the second to win that round clearly. He continued his bombardment to gain an even break in the third round, but thereafter it was all Armstrong.

Henry kept piling up points, but didn't have things all his own way. Junior was dangerous with his tearing in tactics and uppercuts and hooks, but the punishment he suffered from the champion kept wearing him down until it became obvious that it was only a matter of minutes before he would cave in. He would have collapsed had not Referee Martin interceded.

The welter king had set the pace and the challenger, like most of the fighters who have faced Homicide Hank, wilted before the stretch was reached. Henry weighed 139½ pounds to 141 for the challenger, and the fight was for the crown, N.B.A. to the contrary, notwithstanding. The National Boxing Association, it will be recalled, put its foot down on the bout as a title affair.

GEORGE PARNASSUS, manager of Ceferino Garcia, informs me that the statement of the National Boxing Association that he refuses to accept a fight with Al Hostak to settle supremacy in the middleweight division, is not based on fact. He declares that ever since he won the New York support for Garcia, he has been trying to get Hostak to accept terms for a world championship battle, but without success. Parnassus said:

"I have been dickering with Nate Druxman for a fight for Garcia with Hostak to clear up the middleweight muddle, but without success. Not that I think that Hostak is entitled to any more recognition than is my boy, whom I regard as the champion, but because I am most eager, following your suggestion, to clarify matters and to help boxing by having either Garcia or Hostak eliminated.

"Nat, I did everything you asked for in your recent editorial in re the middleweight muddle. I went out of my way to get Druxman to give Garcia a chance to meet Hostak for the championship, but Druxman, wants none of my boy's fighting. He knows what's in store for Hostak, hence has turned a deaf ear to my request. I went as far as I could with Druxman, to whom I was referred for the match.

"I asked Druxman that the purse be split, fifty-fifty. I asked for an outside referee of National prominence—Jack Dempsey, George Blake, Arthur Donovan, you, or any other such figure, to act as third man in the ring. Well, Druxman likes that match so well, he insists if Garcia wants to fight Hostak, I must take the small end of the purse while Hostak collects the champion's end.

"How rediculous! Yet the National Boxing Association sees fit to stand by Hostak and declare that Mike Jacobs won't permit Garcia to fight Al! Mike has nothing to do with this. I'll agree and have agreed.

"Let Hostak fight Garcia in his home town at the terms I have suggested—split the purse and have an outside referee. Or I'll agree to have Garcia fight him in California, New York, Michigan, New Jersey, or any other state he desires at the same terms. Is that fair? Can any one ask more? Yet, again I say, the N.B.A. tries to belittle my great little fighter with such poppycock as 'he won't fight Hostak because Mike Jacobs wants to promote the fight!'

"You can state that Ceferino Garcia, the middleweight champion of the world, is willing to fight Al Hostak in any city for sixty percent of the gate, this to be split, equally, by Al and Ceferino. If we can arrange that match, it will be credited to fighting qualities of THE RING, the magazine that plays no favorites, and stands for all that is right regardless of race, color or creed of fighter or promoter. More power to you and THE RING."

So there you have the straight-from-the-shoulder statement of the man who guides the destinies of Ceferino Garcia. If Hostak, through Nate Druxman, will agree to the terms offered by Parnassus, as fair terms as I have ever heard of for a match of this kind, I will award to the winner the handsomest belt yet given for a middleweight championship.

* * *

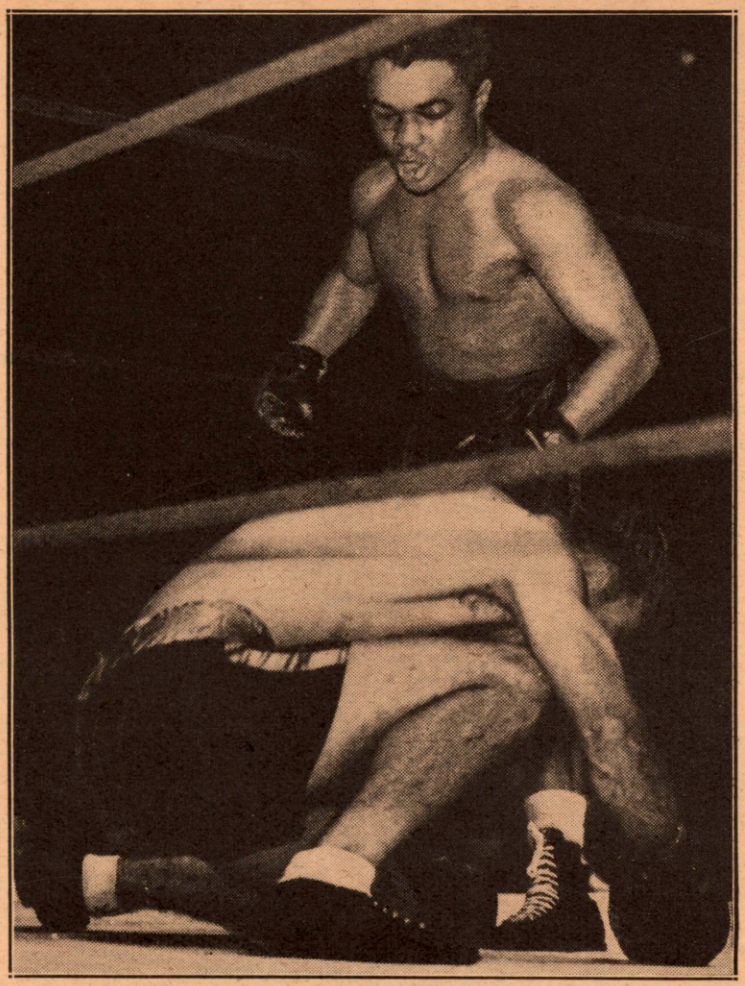
NOW that Sammy Angott has defeated Davey Day for the National Boxing Association's "world lightweight crown," I would like to see what would happen if Caplin, manager of the internationally recognized world title-holder,

Lew Jenkins, decided to accept an offer he has from, Sammy Wolfe, a Chicago promoter, to bill Jenkins in the Windy City in a championship bout! Would Joe Triner, head of the Boxing Commission sanction such a championship fight? I daresay he would.

Mr. Triner voted to relieve Ambers of his crown because Lou wouldn't meet Day. No doubt Joe felt that Day, who had won and lost a contest with Angott, would beat Sammy in the rubber match at Louisville and pressed the issue for vacating Ambers' title, on that account. But now that Davey has been eliminated by Angott, would the Chicago Commission ban a world championship match in its sector with Ambers' conqueror, the new king?

You guessed it—of course not. There can be no doubt that such would be the case despite Joe Triner's vote against Ambers in the N.B.A., based on previous acts of N.B.A. members.

By beating Day, Angott has gained the leading contender's post in the lightweight division, and nothing more. Instead of being rated second, he now supercedes Day. If a title match is arranged between him and Jenkins, which I hope will be the case to settle further arguments, then the Texan socker would get the lion's share of the purse, the champion's end and Angott, that of the challenger.



The third knockdown of Paul Junior in his fight for the world welter crown with Henry Armstrong before a capacity crowd of 18,000 at the Boston Garden. Armstrong proved too fast for his Maine opponent.

Despite all arguments and defense of N.B.A. action in re championships, "The Ring" continues to take the stand that the N.B.A. officials are ruining boxing, rather than helping it, by relieving champions of their crown in territory controlled by that organization. The arguments of the N.B.A. are very weak.

I have received word from Louisiana that the Louisiana State Commission, through its chairman, is trying to get six members of the National Boxing Association to quit the N.B.A. because of the favoritism shown to Pete Scalzo.

* * *

WITH Angott holding the N.B.A. lightweight crown and Petey Scalzo designated the "world featherweight champion," it won't be long now before the N.B.A. takes its sock at Henry Armstrong and relieves him of his laurels. The cry of the N.B.A. is that Henry has failed to defend his title in six months.

How ridiculous! He has fought three times—against Joe Ghnouly in St. Louis, Pedro Montanez in New York and Paul Junior in Boston, since the first of the year. Admitting that Ghnouly was not entitled to be classed as a contender, we cannot ignore the right of Montanez to such rating. Montanez, when he fought Armstrong, was one of the outstanding world welters, and Junior, though rated by Ring as seventh best lightweight, frequently fought as a welter with excellent results. He scaled 141 pounds to 139 for Armstrong, hence why the refusal of the N.B.A. to recognize that fight and the Montanez bout as legitimate champion affairs? Even banning the Junior affair, there still remains the defense against Montanez, yet the N.B.A. says it will take Henry's title from him because he has failed to defend his crown in six months!

The N.B.A. was doing constructive work so long as it kept away from the making and breaking of champions, but when it began to meddle in those, it held itself up to ridicule. The Ring has received hundreds of letters praising its digest, "What is the N.B.A.?" Those proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt that boxing fans throughout the world are opposed to having titles vacated or matchmaking by commissions.

* * *

TO the general public, the defeat of Lou Ambers by Lew Jenkins in such summary fashion came as a stunning surprise. Those on the inside had been watching Ambers for some time with apprehension as they had seen a gradual slowing up of the Herkimer Hurricane and felt that if he ran into a stiff puncher who also could move around, Ambers would be in something more than jeopardy. However, the insiders did not believe that Jenkins was quite ready, quite polished enough, to outmaneuver the veteran. Well, Jenkins had everything, and gave one of the most remarkable exhibitions of fighting and hitting in the history of a class which has been graced by such stalwarts as Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Battling Nelson and Freddy Welsh.

This man Jenkins worked like a lightweight Dempsey. They used to say that Dempsey typified the killer instinct without which no man could hope to achieve a reputation as a knockout artist. In his demonstration against Ambers, Jenkins proved himself a lightweight assassin, if ever there was one in that division.

Jenkins is the picture of a fighter. Straight, thick hair, always disheveled. Khaki shirt, open at the throat. A face scarred by many fights. The eyes—gosh, what eyes that bird has! They are cold, light blue, sometimes they have that steely glint you see on a lake as the sun is going down. There is absolutely no mercy in those eyes of his. He keeps fighting all the time.

The rise of Jenkins over Ambers helps to add to the discomfiture of the N.B.A. Some time ago the N.B.A. made the silly announcement that it had taken Ambers' title away from him because he had not fought its selection inside of a given time. The impressive triumph of the Texan leaves no doubt as to his class. Is the N.B.A. now going to have the effrontery to tell the public that Jenkins is not lightweight king of the world, and must beat Angott, the N.B.A. king, to win the crown? There is only one world lightweight champion, Lew Jenkins.

* * *

THE N.B.A.'s fight against picked opponents for championship matches is a commendable one, but again I express the opinion that you cannot deprive a title-holder of his crown because he won't meet the outstanding contender. We would prefer to see the leaders pitted against the champion, but with the exception of Joe Louis, not a champion since John L. Sullivan started his

reign in 1882 has permitted dictation in the matter of opponents.

Picking an opponent is the prerogative of the title holder. He has gained that right by winning the crown. If he is a fearless champion, he'll do what Joe Louis has been doing—meet all comers. If he wants to keep his crown on ice, then he will pick on has-beens and palookas and by such act, will lose the respect of the fight fans.

Both his drawing power and prestige will lose by it. Thus it behooves a manager to make a proper choice. I cannot say that Al Weill, Eddie Mead or managers of other champions have always followed this code, but I will venture to remark that when opportunity for a good gate has presented itself—and that is the biggest factor in commercialized boxing today—these mentors have not hesitated to take on the toughest for their champion. You cannot blame them for manipulating.

* * *

BOXING for sport's sake belongs only to the amateur field in this era. It is a huge commercial enterprise. The boys in it, when they reach the grade, expect to be highly remunerated. Their life in the ring lasts only a few years hence they are entitled to get all they can and the best terms every time they enter the ring in defense of a title.

Therefore a manager, Al Weill or Eddie Mead, for example, seeks easy shots as tune up bouts for his champion, then goes after the big haul when the time is ripe. That's the manager's job.

But the N.B.A. says a manager mustn't do that. He must take an opponent who is rated high, and give him the chance at the title regardless of his drawing power. Well, after all, business is business and unless a manager can be guaranteed a fair sum for the chances he is taking with his meal ticket, he should not be blamed for refusing to sign against an opponent unless such a fighter has potential drawing powers.

Let's face the facts. What's the use of hiding behind the bush. Boxing is a business, not a sport.

The whole trouble in boxing, brought about by the N.B.A. edicts, is based on refusal of promoters to take chances of heavy losses by pitting a poor drawing fighter though a ranking contender, against a champion, especially if the promoter has to give the title holder a guarantee. What is more, such conditions will never change in boxing. So long as we have commercialized boxing, so long will this condition exist and the quicker the N.B.A. takes cognizance of it, the better for its organization and boxing in general.

* * *

THOSE who have questioned the fighting heart of Nathan Mann because he retired of his own accord in his fight with Buddy Baer in Madison Square Garden, can rest easy. I think that Mann has displayed his courage on many occasions. When he quit, he had ample reason for doing so.

He had a deep cut in the corner of his left eye from which the blood was spurting and he was bleeding heavily from the nose. While the latter could not have been the subject of much worry, the eye injury was. Too often a fighter needlessly tries to show bravado by continuing to fight with an eye cut, only to find, shortly after, that his sight has either been impaired or he has lost it completely.

I walked into Mann's dressing room immediately after the fight and asked him why he refused to go on and he replied:

"This cut may not appear to be much but the blood was spurting and I value my eyesight more than I do a victory."

Fair enough. No one can blame Nathan for assuming that attitude. In fact, it is commendable since the ringsiders know that he was badly cut.

In winning, Buddy Baer made a comeback that should enable him to get into the big money again. He showed championship form in the first two rounds, but faltered badly in the next four in which Mann had the going all by himself. Then, when the seventh started, the Garden fans were amazed to see a rushing, blood-thirsty young cub leap out of his corner, tear into his opponent and hook an uppercut with jarring effect.

Three times he dropped Mann, twice for nine and once for a five count. Then Mann resumed fighting for a second, turned around towards his corner and signalled Arthur Donovan, the referee that he was through. Thus the New Havenite was eliminated from the picture and the brother of Max Baer got a new lease of life as a heavyweight prospect.

* * *

BOXING in Great Britain suffered an irreparable loss in the death of John Mortimer, who will be recalled as the man who brought Tom Heeney to America to fight Gene Tunney. Mortimer, brother of Bernard, another famous British sportsman, died at the age of 64. He had been actively engaged in boxing promotions in Portsmouth and South Hampton, his home town, for more than a quarter of a century.

"Uncle John" was one of four brothers, the elder being Bernard Mortimer, who, together with brother John, became known in two continents as keen searchers for boxing talent. Their great ambition was to bring a world's championship to Great Britain.

Their first find was Joe Beckett who sadly disappointed the brothers. Later they were rewarded by finding Tom Heeney. Uncle John went to New York with him, and after a series of good fights with lesser talent, Heeney was eventually matched with Gene Tunney for the world's heavyweight championship. Tunney won in the 11th round, Heeney retiring with both eyes badly damaged. At a later period, "Uncle John" discovered "Seaman" Watson, one of the finest small boys the Old Country has produced.

"Uncle John" would interest his listeners for hours, describing the difficulties they had to surmount in New York, when he arrived there with "Seaman" Watson to challenge Kid Chocolate for his World Title, but the pugnacity of "Johnny" Mortimer eventually convinced the Boxing Board, that both he and Watson meant business, and the fight took place. The colored boxer got the verdict, but "Tommy" Watson gained all the applause, and a great name as a fine clean fighter.

Joe Legon (left), Cuban welter king, and Buster Carroll of Boston in their fight at Tampa, Fla., which the Cuban won by a kayo in the seventh. Then he scored a seven-round kayo over Billy Cooper. Legon, a good two-fisted fighter, is in New York for a campaign. He has won thirty-six fights, lost one and drew in five. He is twenty-three years old and comes from Camaguey, Cuba. He seeks a fight with Pedro Montanez.

JOE JACOBS, *the Perfect Manager*

The Little Man With the Big Brain and Big Cigar, Was a Real Broadway Character—Sleep Was Just a Lot of Trouble for Him

By WALTER STEWART

(Reprinted by permission from the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*)

WALTER STEWART, for several years boxing expert of the New York Telegram *prior to returning to Memphis from where he originally came, was a close friend of Joe Jacobs. Walter was on the scene at the Stribling-McTigue contest and knew Jacobs intimately.* THE RING *Editor thought so well of the article printed below, that he asked Walter's permission to reproduce it. It is a colorful story of Joe Jacobs as we of New York knew him.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

DAWN came over Manhattan in shoes of polished silver—curved delicately about the island's topless towers and slumped down into Broadway. Charwomen walked stiff-kneed toward the subway burrows—whistling men furbished brass door jambs—garbage cans banged cheerily against their parent trucks.

Joe Jacobs looked down into the paling gulch. A 10-inch cigar was wedged into a corner of the trap-like mouth. An overcoat the color of fresh butter was belted about him and his linen was starched perfection. Hat pulled down fore and aft, he scowled around the cigar.

"Why do guys sleep at all?" he asked..

That was the philosophy of the little man with the big brain. Why must guys sleep at all when there are so many things to do? He found out a few weeks ago when darkness closed in on him for all time—when he really slept at last. So death came to Joe Jacobs, a game little rooster who clutched at the hours as they whisked past.

The greatest managers of our time were Joe Jacobs and James J. Johnston. Jack Kearns? No, Jack had one great fighter—a fellow named Jack Dempsey. He made a fortune with Dempsey, but any other capable director would have done that. Joe and Jimmy were touched with genius. They picked up fighters far below the sow's ear bracket and turned them into gold. And now Joe Jacobs is dead.

You cannot say that he died as he would have wished to die, for fellows of his sort never wish to die. Life is too full of things yet unsavored. But he died typically—his pockets stuffed with crisp folding money and a heavyweight going for him in a big way. He died as the lights of Broadway fingered the dusk—as the night life began to stir.

For Joe was a Broadway guy—one of the few authentic Broadway guys. He knew everyone that mattered. Show girls, millionaires, gangsters, cops and politicians. He was a grand friend, a tough enemy—a man with an instinct for success. He made fortunes, but was always on credit. He was too lavish for anything else. Yes, he had one-way pockets, but the tide was ever on the ebb.

* * *

JOE was a fighting man himself—and always overmatched. He was buying wine one night in Dempsey's and had reached the stage of feeling no pain. Murray Lewin was at the next table—Murray Lewin, fight writer for the *Mirror* and a useful fellow with his knuckles. Joe said something—Murray said something. Joe kicked Murray on the shins. Murray flattened Joe with a left hook. Two years later, five of us rode to Chicago to watch two men in fighting trunks.

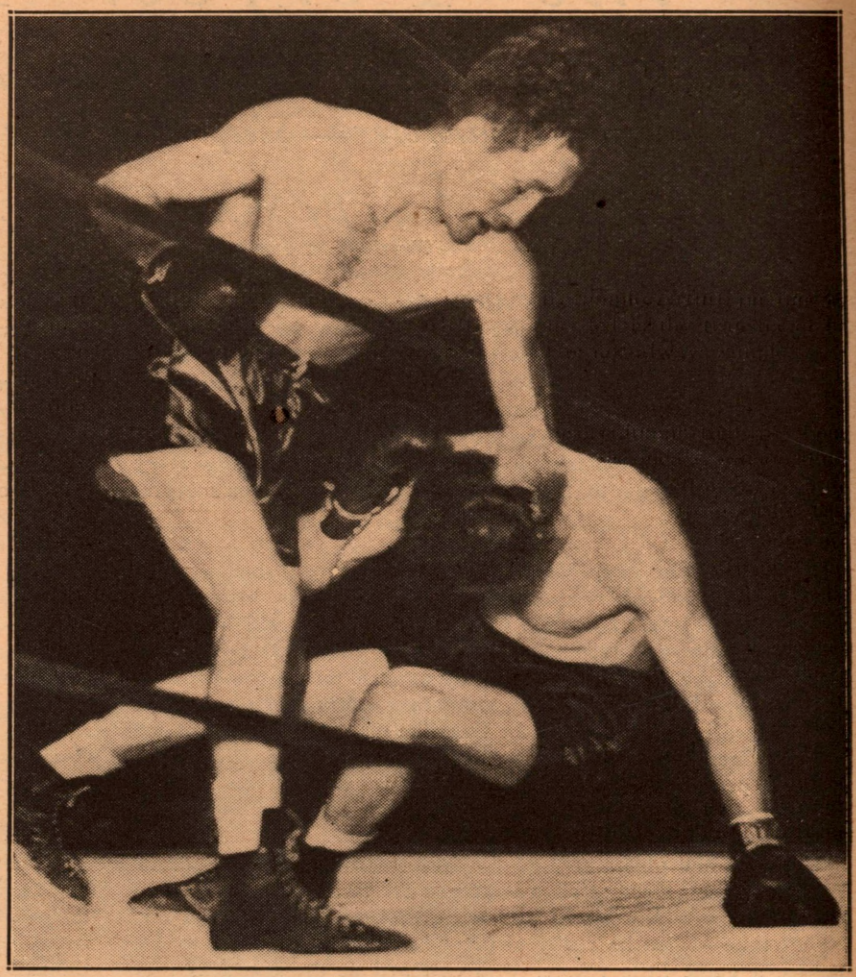
(Continued on page 41)

When Max Schmeling discussed the "phantom fight" with Joe Jacobs, his American manager.

FISTIC WORLD ACCLAIMS NEW CLOUTING KING

Lew Jenkins, the Former U. S. Cavalryman Revives Interest in the Lightweight Division—Knockout of Ambers Gives the Texan High Rating As a Puncher

By NAT FLEISCHER



Just before Ambers was sent down for the third time. Jenkins' fists put the champion through the ropes in the third round.

LOU AMBERS, the Herkimer Hurricane, who had withstood the attack of such sterling performers as Tony Canzoneri, Pedro Montanez, Henry Armstrong and Jimmy McLarnin, learned the meaning of the Blitzkrieg in Madison Square Garden on the night of May 10, when former United States Cavalryman Lew Jenkins of Sweetwater, Texas, bombarded him with an assault such as the champion had never before experienced and before the third round was over, a new world lightweight champion had been crowned. Ambers, who had been floored on a number of previous occasions but has never been knocked out, was halted by the slim, skinny-legged ex-soldier in 1.29 of the third round in a battle that started and finished in hurricane fashion.

Thus, Jenkins, whose punching power was a known quantity but who had never been given credit for his socking prowess because until he faced Ambers he had not clashed with a first class fighter, proved to the skeptics, the writer included, that he belongs among the elite in the fistic world. Ten months ago he was traveling around the country in a broken down flivver trying to fight his way to recognition, and today he stands on top the fistic ladder, the king of the division once headed by such ring immortals as Benny Leonard, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Jimmy McLarnin, Freddie Welsh, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast and Joe Gans, among others.

The new title-holder may not be the best the division has seen in the last three decades, but as a clouter he rates with the leaders of that period. If his sharpshooting punching was gained through his training in the military service, then it behooves every boy who aims to duplicate Jenkins' feat to do a little time in Uncle Sam's Army.

I have seen fighters in all classes enter a championship affair with an abundance of confidence, but I can't recall when I watched a challenger emerge from his corner at the clang of the gong, sail into the crown wearer, unleash a two-fisted bombardment even before the champion had time to get set for the first delivery of a punch, and win a world crown practically with the initial blow.

* * *

THAT'S exactly what Jenkins did. He wasted no time. It mattered little to him that the gambling element had quoted him the underdog at 16-to-5, or that the scribes had predicted that Ambers would duplicate against him the licking Herkimer Lou administered to Al Davis. Jenkins' mind was set on one thing—the goal of his ambition—the championship.

Like a fiery little devil he raced out of his corner and from then until Referee Billy Cavanaugh mercifully intervened when he saw the glassiness in Lou's eyes, the thud of leather kept pounding against the champion's chin.

Jenkins used his right and left with equal precision. His aim was so accurate, the punches landed with bulls-eye effect, just like bullets emerging from the gun of a Texas Ranger. They reached the target without a miss. The kid from the Southwest dropped Ambers four times, once putting him almost through the ropes with a two-fisted attack. With the exception of a portion of the second round, Lew had things all his own way.

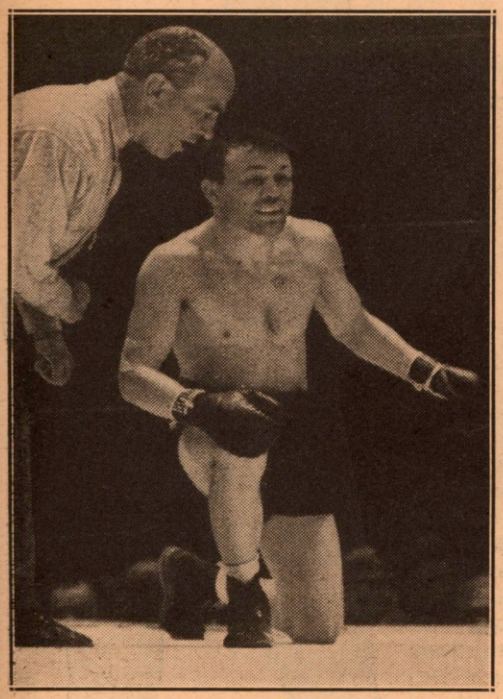
The ferocity of the attack took everyone by surprise, but none so much as it did the defending title-holder and his mentor, Al Weill. Well-timed lefts and rights took their toll before a minute of the first round was over. The ex-cowpuncher from Texas, with panther-like leaps, didn't give Ambers an opportunity to perform his usual bobbing and weaving. Lou was too much engaged in trying to keep on his feet.

* * *

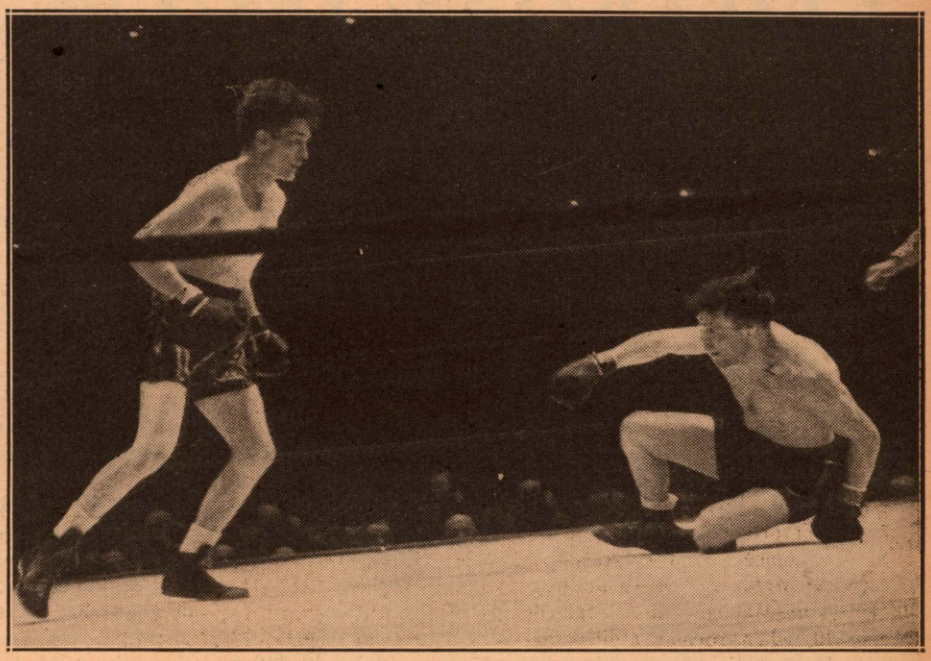
THE upstate New Yorker lacked the dash, the fire of old. Making weight had brought him into the ring a dried-up human, peaked and drawn. But in the final analysis, it must be admitted that regardless of that problem, it was the flaying fists of the newly crowned king that turned the trick and none can take that credit from him.

(Continued on page 34)

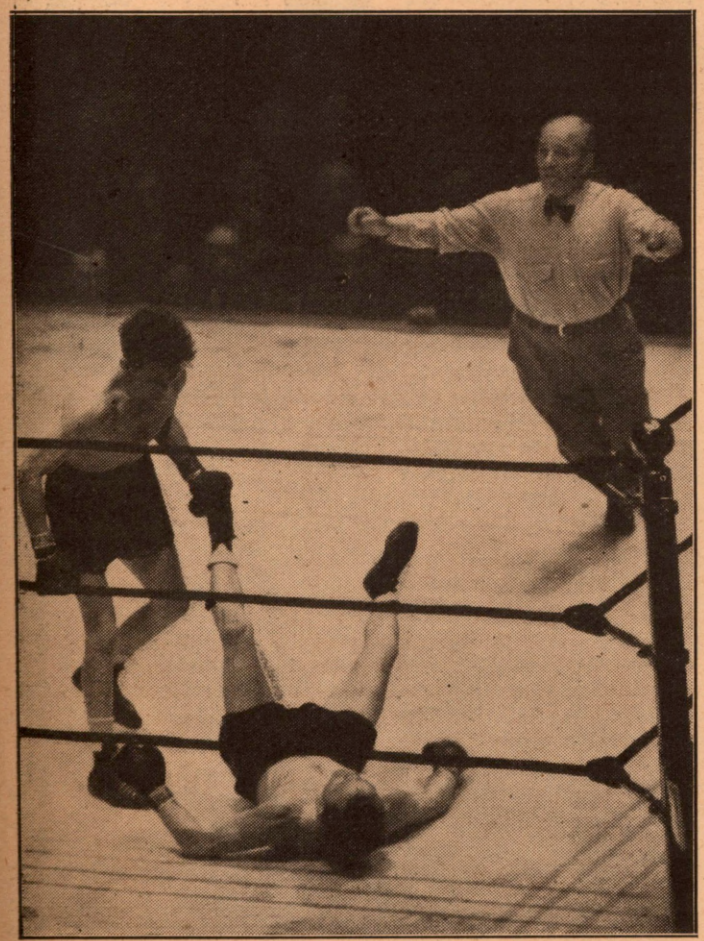
Passing of a Champ



Lou Ambers rests on one knee as Referee Cavanaugh counts over him in the first round.



Knees buckled under him, Ambers is dropped for a second count of five in the second round.



A spectacular knockdown. Here we see the champion, feet in air, body partly under lower strand, as he takes a count of seven on the third knockdown.

Ambers struggles gamely and barely gets off the canvas at the count of nine in final knockdown. Shortly after, the referee halted the bout.

CLEVELAND THUNDERBOLT

Lem Franklin, the Hard Hitting Mid-Westerner, Former Amateur Champion, Hailed by Critics—Carries a Hefty Wallop—Recent Victory Over Lee Savold Adds to His Prestige

By GENE ENGEL

OUT in the Middle West, sports critics are talking of another Joe Louis, a bomber whose right, they say, is even better than that of the heavyweight king. His name is Lem Franklin, better known as the Cleveland Thunderbolt. This colored boy is 24 years old, stands six feet one and three-quarter inches, and weighs 202 pounds. He has massive shoulders and the strength of a bull.

He was born in Mobile, Alabama, on May 30, 1916, and has been brought along by his father, Irving (Pop) Franklin and a prominent Chicago business man, Leon Motts. Pop took over the reins of his son after Larry Amadee, who conditioned John Henry Lewis and now does the same for Holman Williams, found he could not spare sufficient time to train Lem.

Lem has skyrocketed to a point where he will soon be ready for the cream of the heavyweights among the choice 10.

Franklin has proven his worth at the expense of Lee Savold, highly regarded Des Moines, Ia., left-hook artist, and Willie Reddish, the versatile boxer-puncher from Philadelphia, Pa.

It was during the fall of 1939 that the ever-dangerous Lem fought Savold in Chicago. The first round wasn't half completed, when a crashing thrust from the herculean Lem's ponderous fist, blasted under Lee's heart. Savold dropped like a log groaning audibly. He managed to rise and though under constant fire he weathered the storm.

The second stanza and concluding chapter of this embroglio found Lee utilizing his ringcraft to the extent of bobbing and weaving underneath Franklin's murderous clouts, and then a right under the heart and Savold was counted out. Later it was revealed that the Iowan had suffered three fractured ribs.

* * *

IN bringing to light Lemuel's major five-round conquest of Willie Reddish, Franklin proved his worth as a heavyweight. The fifth round was only a minute gone when Lem riveted a right to the side of the jaw and the stout-hearted Reddish went into a stupor.

Reddish went into the pro fighting ranks after winning the international Golden Gloves honors. He experienced several setbacks, among them his first defeat at the hands of Paul Williams. Then came a number of victories, but after he had knocked out Dutch Ullmer at Detroit in two heats, he lost to Freddy Fiducia.

It was then that he was told he would have to develop a good left if he wanted to make any headway and he went about the task. He went to his brother Irving, a Cleveland promoter, and there started anew. He belted out Jack Monroe in the first, then went to Chicago where he stopped Sandy McDonald in 22 seconds of the first and from there to Detroit where Billy Allen went out in one heat. Charley Belanger of Canada was the next victim. Lem had now gained proper experience, but not enough to stand off such a veteran heavyweight as Eddie Simms.

Following a brief rest to enable a bone in his hand to mend, he came back with a bang. He gained a 10-round verdict over the big Abe Simon but dropped the decision in 10 to Tony Musto, after which Pop Franklin decided to do all the training of his boy.

For the next three months, Pop kept Lem out of the gymnasium and had his son resort to the task of wood chopping, regular daily rounds of hiking, short jogs and watched Lem's diet. Pop's main objective was to build Lem's weight up. This he did. From 192 pounds Lem's poundage was increased to 202 pounds. The result revealed an even more dynamic Lem Franklin from a clouting standpoint.

Lem Franklin of Cleveland.

Lem went out again to gain a foothold in the fistic world. He started off with that startling kayo of Lee Savold. Then he fought a draw with the fleet-footed, Clarence Brown in 10, and stowed away the hard-hitting Perk Daniels in less than a round. These bouts were held in the Windy City.

Lem then opposed Eddie Simms in an encore at Hammond, Ind. He floored Eddie for an eight count in the first frame but lost the decision. Lem dropped no prestige with this loss because he gave a fine account of himself. Back to Chicago he went, where he stopped Buddy Millard of Indianapolis, Ind., in two frames and battered out Andy (Kid) Miller of Sioux City, Ia., in two rounds. The Commission called it a no-contest, then reversed its decision giving Franklin the kayo victory. Incidentally, Miller hit the deck five times.

Franklin continued his knockout string with his stunning five-round annihilation of Willie Reddish, making it five kayos out of his last six appearances against seasoned opposition. As an amateur, Lem proved his mettle.

Franklin upon graduation from Central high school, in Cleveland, O., where he completed four years of a general academic course in June, 1934, joined the C.C.C. camp and was sent out to Bakersfield, Calif., where a large unit was stationed. It was here that Lem became interested in boxing. He won the camp championship—Lem bowled over all competition. *(Continued on page 44)*

LATKA BROTHERS BOOMING

George Aiming at Lightweight Crown; Younger Billy is Rising Among Middleweights

By HAL TENNEY

George Latka, professor of boxing at Santa Clara College, snapped as he was explaining fistic points to his class.

CALIFORNIA, long a cradle of fistic stars, now comes forward with George Latka, whom it nominates for the lightweight championship, this to be achieved within a year. Already THE RING ranks George ninth in his division. And he is climbing fast.

It is interesting that George has a younger and heavier brother—Billy—who is aiming at middleweight laurels. The Conns may be eclipsed before long, as a brother act in boxing.

In three years of professional boxing Latka has compiled an enviable record. Actually he has lost only one bout in his professional career, and boasts a string of fifteen consecutive victories. Among his victims are Umio Gen, Kui Kong Young, Frankie Martin, Mike Martinez, Tomboy Romero, Jimmy Vaughn, Chief Evening Thunder, Georgie Hansford, Georgie Crouch (twice) and Baby Arizmendi. He has, up to this time, had thirty-five contests as a professional boxer.

In the amateur ranks George won fourteen tournaments, was runner-up in three, and semi-finalist in three, including National A. A. U. and Chicago Golden Gloves. He started fighting in Gary, Indiana, winning the tournament three consecutive years. He was taught the finer points of the game by Mickey Dudak, who also started off Pete Lello, Tony Zale and Willie Joyce. However, his pro campaign was launched in San Jose, California.

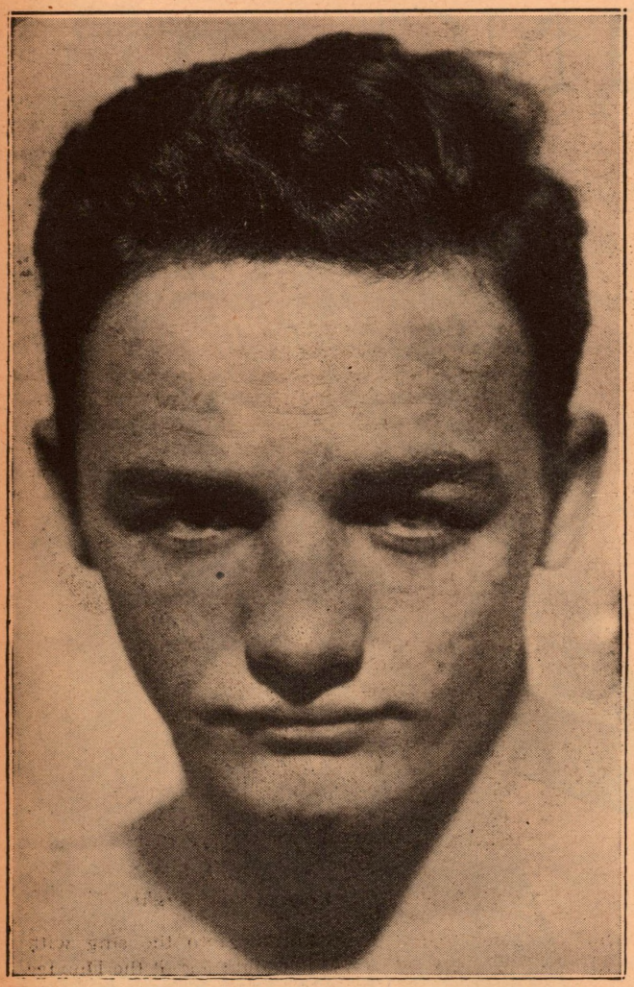
Latka is indeed an unusual fellow. He comes of a family of 12, and is the tenth child. He has worked his own way through college and is boxing coach at the University of Santa Clara. He speaks five languages, has a fair knowledge of anatomy, kinesiology, physiology, psychology, philosophy, mythology, economics, English, composition, commercial geography, algebra, geometry, business machines, accounting, biology, botany and zoology.

In addition he has written serious articles, and actually has been paid for them! George also was a feature writer on a college paper.

(Continued on page 47)

And here is George at the San Jose State College, which he attends, writing autographs for a bevy of co-ed beauties.

Winter Shows Develop



Tommy Tucker, light heavyweight from Long Island who is doing excellent work.

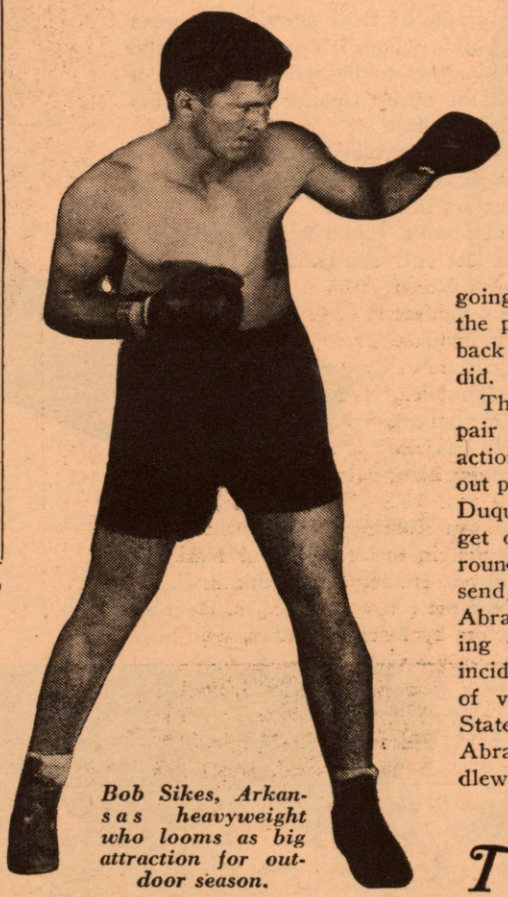
AS UNCLE Michael Jacobs casts eager eyes about him for further heavyweight fodder for the unending appetite of Joseph Louis, fistic entrepeneurs throughout the country are delving into the undiscovered mines of the long neglected middleweight, welter and light-heavy classes. Even as Tex Rickard did before him in the days of Dempsey, Jacobs, blessed with a gifted and eager champion in the person of Louis, is making hay while the sun shines. Considering the infrequency with which Louises and Dempseys appear, who can blame Jacobs for making the most of his opportunity?

Bearing this in mind, boxing barons out in the hinterlands are figuring that perhaps it is best to leave the Rajah of Rumson, N.J. to his heavyweight manipulations while they turn their attention to the doings among the 160 pounders and other divisions, particularly to the middleweights. This has led to plenty of activity among the middles in good boxing cities and the class enjoys much popularity in Pittsburgh, Boston, Portland, Richmond Va., and other big boxing centers right across the continent.

Strangely enough, the 160-pound lads have never seemed to hit their true stride in the boxing metropolis of New York with the result that most of the up-and-coming middleweight talent has been uncovered in other cities. Pittsburgh, Pa., has always been a happy hunting ground for the middles. Smokytown fight fans, ever on the lookout for a second Harry Greb, the steel capital's most celebrated pugilistic product, still have a warm spot in their hearts for the natural sized punchers.

IT'S not strange therefore that the young man who is looked upon as one of the best 160 pound prospects to come along in years, is the latest toast of the Pennsylvania settlement. It all goes back to the occasion of the second Bettina-Conn fight in Forbes Field last Fall with 25,000 Pittsburghers gathered in the ball park awaiting the appearance of Conn's leading rival for public favor in those parts, Billy Soose, in the semi-final. The ex Collegian, who had been going like a house afire, was favored by the assembled burghers to continue his upward climb at the expense of one Georgie Abrams. Abrams has an attractive record and wasn't regarded as a setup by any means, but Soose was the darling of the crowd.

It didn't take the fans long after the gong to realize that Soose was in for a stormy evening, Abrams, ever aggressive, smothered Billy's smooth boxing with a rapid fire attack that earned him the eight round decision and the respect of the big gathering that had come to see the local pride shine but instead had seen him suddenly eclipsed.



Bob Sikes, Arkansas heavyweight who looms as big attraction for outdoor season.

The fight was a close one. There were the inevitable skeptics who were calling it an "off night" on Soose's part, and with this kind of talk going around, there was nothing for the promoters to do but bring 'em back again, which they, of course, did.

The second match between the pair exceeded the first both in action and interest. A record turnout paid $6100, packing Pittsburgh's Duquesne Gardens, to see Abrams get off the deck twice in the first round, down Soose in the fourth, send him to his corner in bad shape. Abrams battered his way to a slashing ten round verdict. This bout, incidentally, checked a long series of victories by the former Penn Stater and established Georgie Abrams in Pittsburgh as the middleweight they'll have to beat.

* * *

THIS wasn't the first time Abrams had sent a big town crowd home singing his praises. His climb to prominence really dates from that winter's evening in 1939 when an unheralded scrapper out of Washington, D.C., he gave rugged Babe Orgovan, topheavy favorite over him, a thorough going over, in the now demolished Hippodrome in New York City.

Even as their Smokytown brethren, Gotham wiseacres wanted to see more of the capable Jewish boy, so the Capital City lad was tossed into a wind up with dangerous Harry Balsamo, a few weeks later at the old show house.

Abrams turned in a classic of boxing against the hard hitting Harlem Brakeman. A slugger on occasion, George turned boxer this particular evening, and Balsamo's attempts to park his dynamite right on his chin were so futile wags in the balcony kept shouting, "What'er ya doin' Harry, flaggin' that Bronx express?" This victory clinched a spot in the Big City's fight affections for the Washingtonian, but New York isn't particularly fruitful territory, for middleweights and Georgie's next big impression was made in the already mentioned Pittsburgh goes with Soose.

Fine Summer Talent

Middleweight Division Yields Best Attractions—Abrams, Dellicurti, Zale, Christoforidis and Basora Lead Field —Webb Best Light-Heavyweight Prospect—Steve Belloise, George Latka, Cal Cagni and Jack Walker in Public Eye

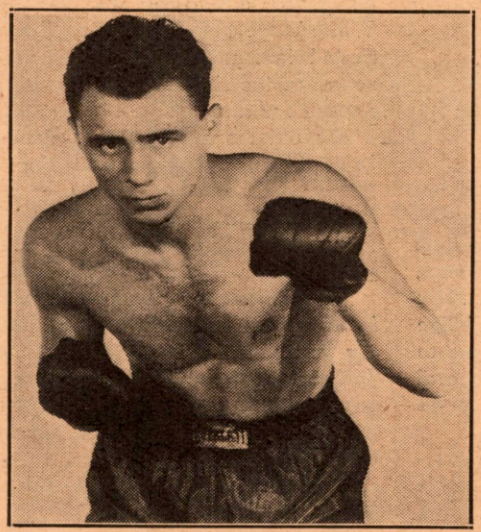
By TED CARROLL

When Abrams' fighting days are over, his career won't be, for even if he fails to win the title, an eventuality mentor Chris Dundee can't imagine, he can always turn to his art talent which is considerable. A cartoonist of genuine ability, he showed such promise in his boyhood days that he was tendered a scholarship to Notre Dame University, somewhat unusual for one of Jewish faith.

* * *

ABRAMS' life is full of out of the ordinary happenings, he made his arrival on this globe on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918, and Papa Abrams carried away by the twin arrival of a son and heir, and peace at one and the same time, promptly tagged the newcomer with the middle name of Freedom.

Native of Roanoke, Va., the family moved to Washington, D.C., where young Georgie won considerable fame as a high school basketball player, so much so that he was forced to choose between the court and the ring, and with an eye to comparative returns from each, he chose the latter.



Steve Belloise, one of country's best welter prospects.

Then followed a brilliant amateur career in which he annexed numerous sectional titles as a welter, and a long uninterrupted string of 25 pro victories climaxed by a win over former champion Teddy Yarosz.

There was considerable home town rivalry between Steve Mamakos, rugged Greek, and Abrams. This culminated in a pair of bouts with each winning a decision. The second embroglio, a win for Steve, found Abrams not in the best of shape. A siege at Hot Springs followed this setback, one of the three in his career, then his path crossed that of the enterprising young manager, Dundee, and since then his progress has been unswerving, a draw with Fred Henneberry being another of Abrams' noteworthy accomplishments.

Dundee never stops calling attention to the fact that Abrams is a natural middleweight, and not one of the 165-pound variety.

Another recent triumph was attained at the expense of the promising puncher, Ernie Vigh, who had been kayoing his rivals with monotonous regularity until Abrams convinced the young man a punch isn't everything, by copping an eight-round decision over Vigh in March. Since then, Georgie has beaten Joe Sutka in Detroit for his 31st victory in 34 bouts. Nothing would please

Victor Dellicurti, New York middleweight.

Dundee better than to get Abrams into the ring with Hostak, then if the other middleweight ace of the Dundee stable is successful against Garcia, the young mentor might go down in history as the only man ever to handle two champions of one class at the same time.

* * *

THE always-on-the-move Dundee seems able to pull good fighters from all parts of the country like a magician pulls rabbits out of a hat. His latest discovery, 175-pound Jimmy Webb, was dug up by the effervescent manager down in the Panhandle country of Texas. Chris watched the young St. Louis-born Texan being outsmarted by his clever Ken Overlin, and the thought dawned upon him that the left-hooking young Irisher might be a much more difficult proposition against a slower, less tricky opponent.

Dundee's observations proved correct, as usual. Examination of the youngster's record disclosed knockouts over such as Joey Parks, Ralph Chong, Cowboy Owens, Al Globe and Maxie Owens. This convinced Dundee he had something in Jimmy. His opinions were bolstered by Bob O'Donnell, Houston, Tex., theatrical man, who had seen Webb in all his Houston showings, had taken a fatherly interest in him and was convinced that the boy had the makings of a champion.

"A kid with a natural left hook who can't miss them big guys," reasoned Dundee, and forthwith he matched his new protege with Charley Eagle and Buddy Scott, full-fledged heavies. To everyone's surprise, Webb, spotting both gobs of weight, won the decisions, and it was off to New York for 22-year-old Jimmy immediately after. Jimmy Smith, a promising big fellow, only lasted a round with him on the Joe Louis-Arturo Godoy card in Madison Square Garden. Then followed a draw with Stanley Hasrato and knockouts over Ira

(Continued on page 45)

When Promoters

Tex Rickard, whose efforts to stage the Johnson-Jeffries fight in California proved costly. He dropped $35,000 when the Governor ordered him to keep the fight out of the state.

THE making of matches between prominent fighters nowadays is a comparatively simple matter compared with the tribulations and worry some of the old-time promoters had to undergo. Maybe some ring followers, remembering the recent hullabaloo over the bout between Max Baer and Tony Galento, which Mike Jacobs had intended to stage at the Garden as a charity affair to help Finland, which came to grief so far as New York City was concerned, after much oral argument with the Boxing Commission and columns of press comment, may disagree with this statement.

But the Galento-Baer mixup lists as a rather unusual occurrence, and it wasn't a title engagement anyway. When you figure out the number of times Joe Louis has defended his crown since ascending the heavyweight throne, a record outclassing by far any established by his predecessors in fistic king roles, it must be admitted that the fates have been kind to Mike Jacobs in the matter of sending the great colored ace, Mike's best box office attraction, into frequent action.

That goes for Henry Armstrong, too, and indeed for any boxer tied up with Jacobs. Of course, the present system of putting a number of top-notch men under contract to one promoter gives a decided advantage to modern showmen in the pugilistic line. The late Tex Rickard was the first promoter to do that sort of thing on a large scale and made a brilliant success of it, while under Jacobs' artistic manipulation the concentration of talent has taken in a still wider field of endeavor.

* * *

NEW YORK lost the first Tunney-Dempsey battle for the heavyweight title because the Commission of that day insisted that Dempsey should first fight Harry Wills, a match that Rickard didn't want and obstinately refused to stage. He didn't believe it would draw, and anyway Tex wasn't keen to bring about a heavyweight title tussle between a white and colored boxer. His experience with the Johnson-Jeffries mill he promoted in Reno, and the disagreeable aftermath which followed Johnson's victory had soured Rickard on such matches. He came in for a lot of rather unwarranted hostile press criticism on that occasion, and wasn't taking any chances a second time.

Subsequently it turned out that there had not been much danger of Wills becoming another Johnson by grabbing Dempsey's title, when Jack Sharkey whipped him decisively in 1926, Harry losing on a foul in the thirteenth round.

Rickard took the Tunney-Dempsey title contest to Philadelphia, where Jack lost his crown in ten rounds. The laugh was on the Commission, and since then, New York's boxing fathers have not specialized in the fine art of driving important matches away from Gotham.

That first Tunney-Dempsey bout always recalls the fact that it was the only occasion on which I heard the late Jack Curley cut loose with a poetical quotation. Said Jack, with reference to the Commission's adverse action:

"They sure pulled a boner. It reminds me of a verse I learned as a school kid.

"'Like the vile Indian, who threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe!'"

* * *

A MATCH that proved a tough proposition to make was that which brought Jim Jeffries out of retirement to meet Jack Johnson. By his defeat of Tommy Burns in 1908, the colored boxer had established his claim to the heavyweight title. The White Hope campaign to find a worthy opponent for Johnson had fizzled lamentably. There was much talk of inducing Jeff to return to the ring and face the great Negro, but the ex-champion refused for a long time to even consider such a proceeding.

His old manager, Billy Delaney, paid a visit to Jeff's home in Burbank, California, with the intention of influencing the big fellow to change his decision of remaining on the sidelines. Delaney took Curley along with him. Jack and Jeffries were intimate friends, and Billy figured that Curley might use his persuasive powers successfully on the ex-champ.

"That experiment was an awful flop," said Curley afterward, in discussing his experience as ambassador. "When we got near the house Jeff and his wife were sitting on the porch. I saw Jeff spring to his feet and stare curiously in our direction as we approached, evidently trying to make out who we were. Then he ducked indoors. His wife gave us the glad hand, then opened the door and shouted:

"'Okay, Jim. You needn't stay under cover. It's Delaney and Jack Curley.'

"Jim came out, grinning good-naturedly.

"'Hello, fellows,' he said. 'Don't be surprised that I beat it. There's so many pests butt in here and annoy me with their fool chatter that I wanted to be sure who you were.'

"The old champ looked like a regular farmer. He had overalls on, and sported a tattered straw hat. He was tanned and seemed to be in fine health. We talked about the coming match between Tommy Burns and Marvin Hart, scheduled to take place at Colma in the near future, and Jeff said he meant to see it.

"He wasn't overly interested in fighting, however, and presently began to talk about his farm. There was a nice bit of land right close by, and Jeff pointed to it.

"'I'd like to buy that,' he said, and raise alfalfa on it. But it's going to cost a lot more than I think I can afford just now.'

"That was Delaney's cue, and he spoke up:

"'I can tell you how to get that land, and enough dough besides to take over all the land you'll ever need,' said Billy.

"'How do you mean?' asked Jeff.

"'It's easy,' rejoined Delaney. 'Just take one more whirl in the ring, and beat Johnson!'

"The big fellow made no reply. He just gave Bill a wicked look, jumped up from his chair and went inside the house, slamming the door behind him. For a moment nobody said a word.

Trod Rough Trails

Making Matches of Importance Today is Easy Task Compared With All the Worries Encountered in the Old Days — Dan Stuart's Difficulties in the Fitz-Corbett and Fitz-Maher Bouts Recalled

By GEORGE T. PARDY

"So that's that, Billy," I said. "We'd better be moving, and we headed back to town.

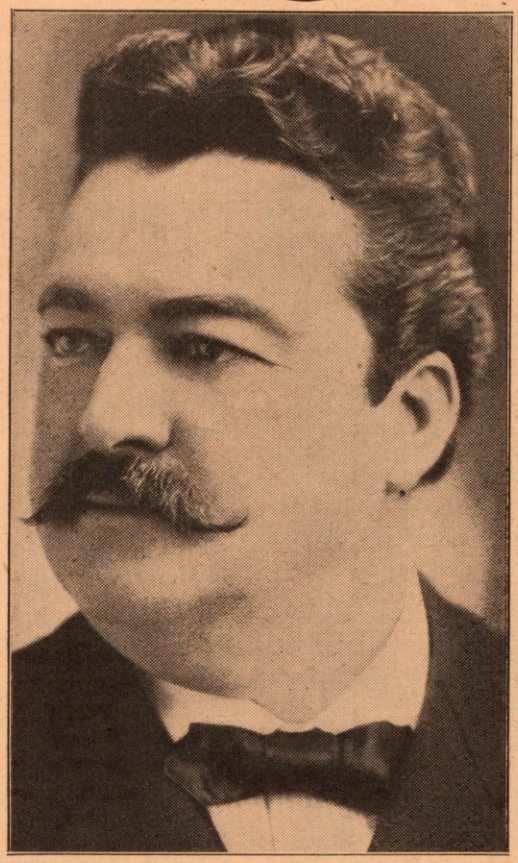
* * *

"BUT when I again saw Jeffries it was in 1909, and he had yielded to the promoters. It was illegal to sign fight articles in New York, as boxing was under a ban just then. So the signing took place in Hoboken.

"At Harry Frazee's request, I took Jeff on a tour, with Sam Bergeras as his sparring partner, and Frank Gotch, with other wrestlers supporting him on the card. Business was poor at first, and after a bad night in Toledo Jeffries was so mad that he threatened to quit the show. I had to talk my head off in order to hold him, but finally I succeeded.

"In the long run, Jeff was glad he stuck it out. The East hadn't been kind to us, but the West gave us a swell reception, and at the conclusion of the tour the ex-champ drew down $112,500 for his end.

"That, with the $117,000 he received for losing to Johnson at Reno, July 4, 1910, made up the largest sum Jeff ever netted during his fighting career. And remember, the purses were very small potatoes compared with those of today. Also, Jeffries, big and gruff as he was, had a lot of unsuspected sentiment in his makeup, and defeat hurt his pride so much that it was many a year before he really got over the disaster.



Dan Stuart, who promoted the Fitz-Corbett and the Fitz-Maher fights and had plenty of headaches before the fights took place.

* * *

"BUT all the trouble I had with the Jeffries-Johnson match didn't begin to equal the promotorial difficulties I had to overcome in bringing Johnson and Willard together. In the first place, I was practically broke at that time, the year 1914, and I had to borrow money to make the mare go! It took over six months of the hardest work of my life, and I traveled some odd 15,000 miles before final arrangements were concluded.

"Willard was easy to sign. He was all steamed up over the idea of getting a shot at Johnson's title, and consented as soon as I approached him. Getting hold of Johnson was the mean assignment, for Jack was living in Paris. We exchanged cables, but that was slow work, and I decided to head for France and see him personally.

"But just before sailing, I received a cablegram from Jack, stating that he was going to South America. I cabled him to wait until I arrived in London, and it was there that we met. He was still set in his notion of going to Buenos Aires. He has skipped bail on a Federal charge, and that barred him from entering the United States.

"But finally, after a long argument, he consented to meet Willard, and signed a contract with me, agreeing to fight Willard in a battle scheduled for any number of rounds up to forty-five, the location to be named by me later, and Johnson to get $30,000, win, lose or draw.

"I got back to New York December 12, 1914, and then came the big problem of selecting a suitable site for the battle. Juarez, just across the Mexican border, was chosen at first, but later Havana was decided upon. Johnson reached there safely with his wife, and the show came off according to schedule on April 15, 1915, with Willard, winning on a knockout in the twenty-sixth round.

"To the best of my knowledge no boxing promoter ever had, or is ever likely to have as strenuous a time fixing up a championship heavyweight match as I did in the Willard-Johnson affair."

Curley was probably correct in making this statement. Certainly in these days no promoter would be obliged to dash all over the North American continent, and take a trip across the Atlantic, financed on borrowed money, in order to stage a fight.

* * *

OF course, the bare-knuckle scrappers had a heck of a time dodging the authorities when looking for a location to pull off a mill, but that was all. Promoters were not hampered by such difficulties as surrounded the luring of Jeffries into the ring with Johnson, or persuading the latter to risk his title with Willard.

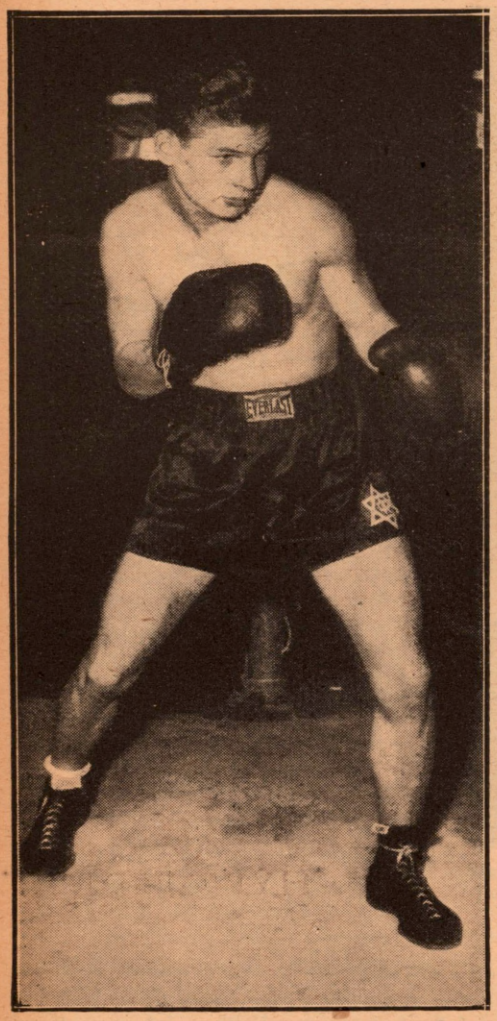
The first glove contest in which the heavyweight title was at stake was that in which the mighty John L. Sullivan bowed his head before California's boxing pride, James J. Corbett. When John L. issued a sweeping challenge to the world, offering to defend his crown against any white man, with colored pugs barred, Corbett induced the officials of the Olympic Club of New Orleans to bid for the contest.

Sullivan insisted that a purse of $25,000 and a side bet of $10,000, winner take all, would be the only terms on which he would fight. The Olympic Club agreed to the demand, and Corbett got the shot.

That was easy for the promoters. But Corbett had to do a whole lot of worrying about raising the money for the side bet. His bankroll was a slender one, and $10,000 was a considerable sum to get hold of then, especially when not one man in ten believed that the young Californian had the slightest chance of defeating the champion.

But Jim and his manager, the versatile Bill Brady, were game, and as a first step toward nailing *(Continued on page 41)*

RUSHING 'EM



Al Davis, whose rout at the hands of Ambers, proved that he had been rushed too quickly into bouts with experienced, veteran opponents.

THE spectacle of seeing husky, young, ambitious Al Davis trying to cope with the ring genius of Lou Ambers brought back to my mind many other cases where those back of a young ring upstart brought him along too fast.

Now there is no question that Davis had been carefully nurtured in the beginning. He has a sweeping left hook to the body and that blow accounted for over thirty victims, many by knockouts, before they decided that Al was ready for a top-notcher. So they sicked Al on cunning Lou!

There has been a tendency to underrate this Herkimer Hurricane. Perhaps, at times, I was so inclined myself. Then he fooled me. He met Pedro Montanez, the Puerto Rican lightweight, in Madison Square Garden one night. It was an over-the-weight match and Montanez defeated Lou so cleverly that I, like so many other critics, thought that here was the laddybuck to take Lou's title. So, Lou got $90,000 in hand for defending the lightweight title against Montanez later on, in the now celebrated "Carnival of Champions" show that night when Barney Ross defended the welterweight title against Ceferino Garcia, Sixto Escobar lost the bantamweight title to Harry Jeffra and Fred Apostoli stopped Marcel Thil, recognized in Europe as the world's middleweight champion.

When Lou's lightweight title was "on the line" he was quite a different performer. He was "cute," cautious, convincing and clever! That's why he is entitled to wear a big "C" on his sweater.

In that fight, by actual count, Montanez landed just THREE hard blows on Lou. That's how fast the champion was going around him and running up a splendid score of points.

"He hit me three times," said Lou in the dressing room. "One I give him. He got it through. The other two landed because I got careless and he popped me, both times on top of the head."

* * *

THAT, then is the kind of opposition they sent Davis against, a fledgling who hasn't had one-tenth of the experience of Montanez. As for Ambers, he was an established veteran when Davis was playing marbles, in knee-breeches, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, N. Y.

As this is being written, Lew Jenkins is up in the mountains at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., training to fight this same Ambers for the title. Lew has been fighting two years while Lou has been at it, bootleg amateur and professional, a dozen years or more. My leaning is toward Old Man Experience. It makes me believe that Jenkins will be puzzled and hauled around like Davis was. You can't get away from that experience thing.

Davis got a nice piece of money for taking a ten-round lacing from the champion. I don't know that the money did him any good, if his fighting morale was impaired in any way. There were times in that fight when Davis actually dropped his hands in disgust and seemed about to walk out of the ring. That is not good for a youngster. They should not be subjected to such humiliation before great crowds. Remember this kid has only now come up out of the little incubator clubs, those arenas where they are supposed to develop champions.

* * *

WELL do I remember how they took a great little fighter in San Francisco along too swiftly. His name was Hanlon, "Cute" Eddie Hanlon, who fought Young Corbett, Battling Nelson, Abe Attell and the toughest kind of opposition they could dig up for him, just because he was GOOD!

He was a brilliant performer. I don't mean by that he had the cleverness of Attell, Jem Driscoll or Griffo. Eddie fought with what Bill Naughton then described as the "turtle defense." That is to say, Eddie milled with his head completely covered with arms and elbows. When he came out of his "turtle" shell, he was a savage little fury!

Eddie was only seventeen when he fought Young Corbett and had him on the floor for the healthiest count any visiting fighter ever got. Eddie Graney called it a draw at the end of twenty rounds. That didn't satisfy Eddie's handlers. He must fight Corbett again!

This time, not taking Hanlon so cheaply as he had on the first occasion, Corbett paid more attention to his training and he stopped Hanlon in the sixteenth of a twenty-round fight. I'll never forget the scene of that finish so long as I live. Tad, the famous *Journal* cartoonist, then a kid artist like myself, in San Francisco, sat with me in the press row and we were burned up as we listened to Nat Goodwin calling for Hanlon money. Corbett had told Nat to back him to the limit and Goodwin was not a piker.

Hanlon, almost an altar boy compared to the seasoned and hard hitting Denverite, suddenly dropped his hands to his sides, helpless. Corbett, a gallant if ever there was one, dropped his, too, and walking up to the referee, said:

"Mister Graney, I don't want to hit that game little boy any more! Won't you, please, for the sake of his future, STOP THIS FIGHT?" He did.

* * *

NOW mind you, that came from a warrior who, two years before, had startled the boxing world by knocking out Terry McGovern at Hartford, Conn.! That was on Thanksgiving Day, the day on which the hearts of Terry, Joe Humphreys and Sam Harris were almost broken. An unknown, 1-to-6 long shot, had come along and ruined a great world's champion!

Right off that fight, Corbett defeated Eddie Lenny, Kid Broad, Joe Bernstein, Young Erne, Crockey Boyle, Austin Rice and Billy Maynard. Yet, despite triumphs over such stars, the smart alecks who had Hanlon, looking for a fat purse, asked "Sunny Jim" Coffroth to bring Corbett out to fight Hanlon, then the rage in our town!

It is true that Eddie held him to a draw the first time. Also it is true that Corbett, after getting one peek at the "kid," neglected his training and spent more time calling up his book maker to bet $5,000 to a race, the nags being in action at Oakland at the time. Corbett had a telephone installed in the gym and he bet 'em up high. He didn't train faithfully. They followed him on the road

TO "DOOM"

That's What Really Happens When the Youngsters, Not Yet Fully Developed As Fighters, Are Pitted Against Veterans' Experienced Hands —Al Davis' Case in Bout With Lou Ambers Also Recalls That Case of Eddie Hanlon and Other Fine Prospects

By HYPE IGOE

one morning and two hours later found him asleep at a water pump, his belly full of agua fria.

That was in 1902. One month after his close call with Hanlon, in February of 1903, Young Corbett knocked out Terry McGovern a SECOND time! It took him eleven rounds on this occasion. In December of the same year he stopped Hanlon, a seventeen-year-old BABY!

Eddie Hanlon was a burned-out "old man" before he was twenty-two. Think of the shame of it! Think of the brutality of sending so young a boy against that kind of competition!

* * *

OH, don't think that Eddie started at seventeen! Just hang onto your easy chair and don't swallow your pipe when I tell you that I saw Hanlon and Abe Attell fight in the ring, four rounds, on Telegraph Hill, in San Francisco, when they were both FOURTEEN!

Starting so early didn't seem to have the same wear-and-tear effect on Attell. At the start of his career, Abe was a knockout artist. He ran up a score of twenty-four knockouts out of about thirty fights and then, after fighting George Dixon three times, Abe suddenly changed his hitting for cleverness and he became one of my All-Time Great Four—Griffo, Driscoll, Attell, Jim Corbett—for exquisite cleverness. He and Hanlon went to it again, three years after that four-round fight on the hill, and they fought a twenty-round draw!

Ah, thank Heaven that there are commissions, such as New York's controlling organization, which keep these youngsters back in the divisions where they belong! By establishing a round limit for boys of certain ages, an idea fostered by the late William Muldoon, youngsters can't move up into the main events into which Hanlon was shoved because the rules limit boys of seventeen to four and six rounds. That was the best rule ever passed for the protection of youngsters, whose greedy managers would toss them to the lions for the sake of a few paltry dollars. I don't say that they still don't do it. Every now and then a "smart" manager turns the trick, but it doesn't help his boy any.

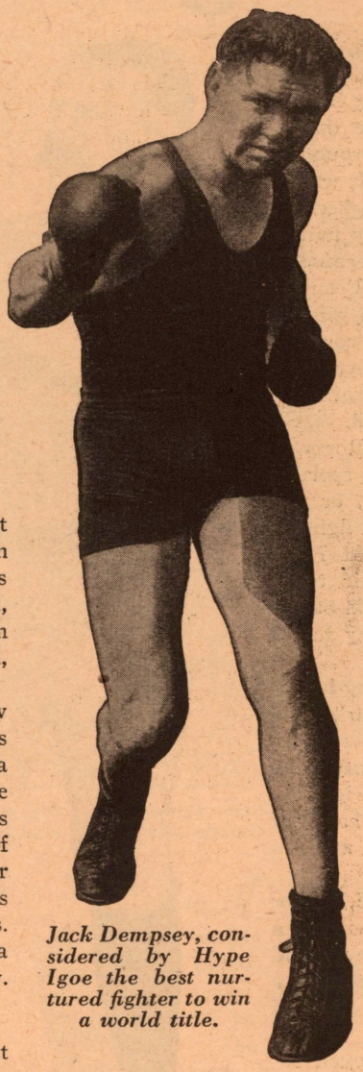
* * *

THE old slogan—"Go in dere kid and mix it up wit dat guy—he can't hoit US"—isn't pulled so often these days. The rules have put avaricious managers in their places, too, and that's why I'll ever be in accord with boxing commissions like New York's board because I KNOW they pass rules and make decisions, odd to the reading public at times, because THEY ARE TRYING TO PROTECT THE SPORT AND THOSE WHO MAKE THE SPORT POSSIBLE. They can make mistakes. What commission of any character doesn't?

When you speak of rushing a youngster too fast, it is my opinion that a great deal of harm is showered on young boys who come up through the amateurs. I've heard experienced referees of these bouts, egging on kids to "more action" when they are in there, merely concerned with "outpointing" an opponent. In England they admire cleverness and an amateur is not goaded into fighting before he knows HOW to fight. Here the crowd rules and, having paid their admission and reservation fees, they demand action for their money.

Another abuse of the amateur is that seasoned boys of three or four years' amateur experience, holding titles, have soft young urchins tossed at them in the finals, and it is a cinch for the vets to win. In winning, if the title-holder happens to be a hard hitter, the green kid gets a shellacking he'll never forget.

There should be an amateur rule prohibiting a good boy from holding a title more than one year. Let him defend it a year after winning it and then make him step down because, by now, he has acquired the technique of a professional. In fact, he has only to take one step and he is an honest-to-goodness professional. Green boys should not be pitted against this kind of amateur because many of them have had more experience than the first professional they decide to fight.



Jack Dempsey, considered by Hype Igoe the best nurtured fighter to win a world title.

* * *

WHEN I say good boys are ruined by rushing them along too fast, you, the reader, might say to me, quite rightly: "How about Jim Jeffries? He was Jim Corbett's unknown, twenty-two-year-old sparring partner at Carson City, Nev., when Jim was training for Bob Fitzsimmons. That was in 1897, and in the same year, this twenty-two-year-old boiler maker went from Carson City to San Francisco and knocked out Theodore Van Buskirk, a fight I saw.

Nine more fights and Jim Jeffries fought and knocked out Fitzsimmons, the man who had taken his boss' title away from him in Nevada! Jeff was rushed, yet didn't he become one of the world's greatest heavyweights? Answer that, Hype Igoe."

Well, my friend, the reader, wherever in all the world you may be reading this bible of boxing, THE RING Magazine, let me say, first of all, that Jim Jeffries was an amazing athlete. He was perhaps the most powerful giant who ever won and lost the title.

I do not put in with a lot of the old-timers who declare him the greatest who ever lived. Jeffries, at twenty-four, it is true, won his title in his tenth professional fight. In fighting his way up to Bob Fitzsimmons, Jeff banged out of his way, among others, poor old dying Peter Jackson. I never saw anything so sad in all my life. Old Peter was dying of tuberculosis and, without letting Jeff in on it, some of Peter's friends made the match with the young giant, hoping that Peter *(Continued on page 40)*

In the Gas-Lit Era

IF some of the old Pittsburgh, Pa., fistic fans were alive today, they could tell of many a thrilling bare knuckle fight and adventure that took place on the historic old battleground at Collier's Station, West Virginia. It was a favorite spot for the old Pittsburghers, especially to pull off a fierce, bloody mill there half a century ago, chiefly because it was just across the state line of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the mobs who attended the old slaughtering fights could usually make their escape into either of the latter states, if the West Virginia authorities were too hot on their trail.

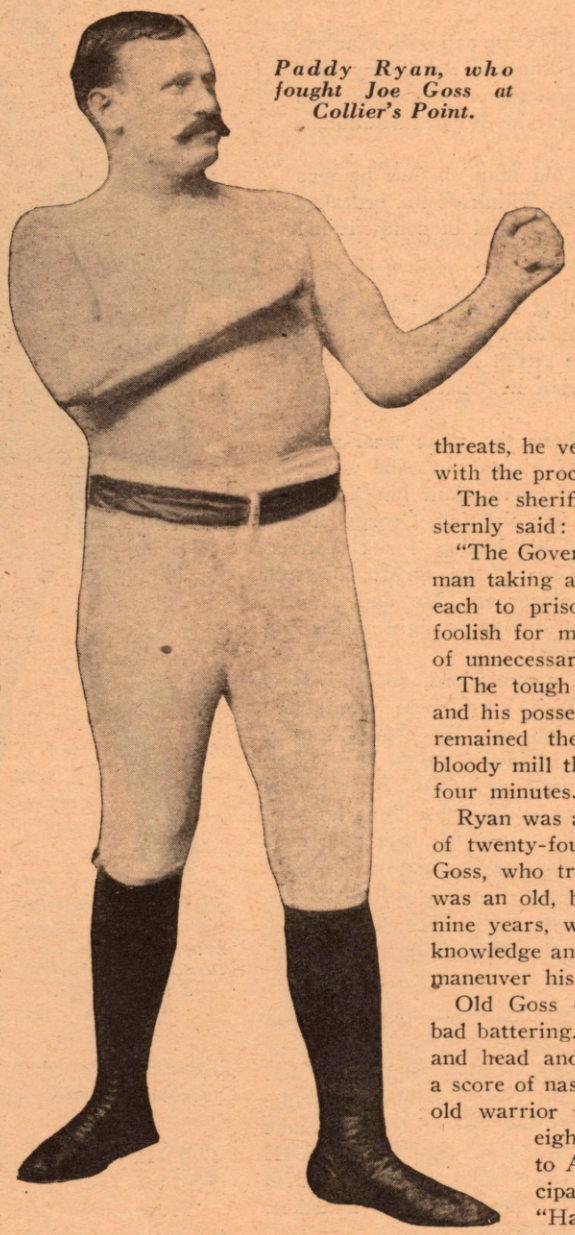
What tales Johnny Newell, Roger O'Mara, Sam Freeman, the old sporting editor of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, or Lee Fairchild, who refereed several hard fights at Collier's, and a host of other noted Pittsburgh fans could relate about their tough experiences and adventures on the old battlefield. But they have all passed away to the happy hunting ground.

How they sneaked down there, long before daylight, on a steamboat on the dark Ohio River, and then drove over the terrible rough, rocky mountain roads for some twenty miles in all sorts of crude and rackety rigs, expecting any moment to fall into the hands of some sheriff's posse and land in jail, makes a good story.

Not such a pleasant outlook, indeed, but the adventurous, haphazard old fight fans were a hardy, fearless lot of sports, and they would take almost any kind of a risk to witness a rattling mill with the bare fists on the turf years ago.

There always seemed to be so much romance and adventure to these old mills that lured men of almost all classes to the ringside by some strange infatuation. Doctors, lawyers, professors and merchants, as well as thugs and bank burglars, all took a chance in the rough old days.

The last important prize fight that took place on the famous battleground at Collier's Stadium was the 87-round mill between Paddy Ryan of America and Joe Goss of England for the heavyweight championship a bout that attracted wide attention.



Paddy Ryan, who fought Joe Goss at Collier's Point.

THE Ryan-Goss bare-knuckle fight was staged in the center of the very picturesque vale. It was on the most beautiful spring morning of June 21, 1880, shortly before a glorious sunrise flooded the valley with its golden rays, that the bloody combat started, with a mighty howl of cheers from the roughest and toughest mob I've ever seen at a ringside.

Yes, the sheriff was there with a posse of about twenty deputies, each armed with shotguns. But after the sheriff had looked the desperate mob over and heard their wicked threats, he very wisely concluded not to interfere with the proceedings.

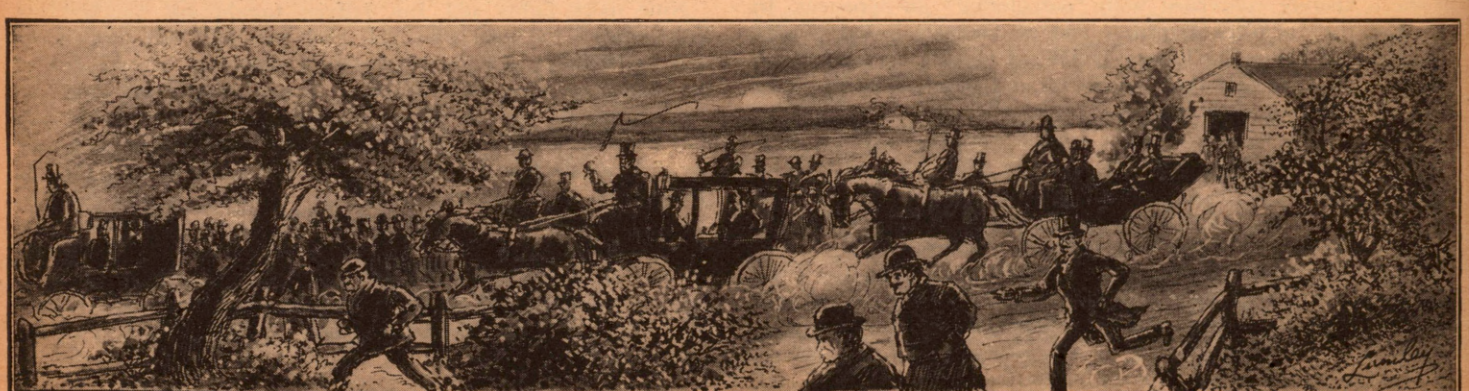
The sheriff, however, read the riot act and sternly said:

"The Governor of West Virginia will get every man taking any part in this prize fight and send each to prison in due time. I see it would be foolish for me to interfere now and cause a lot of unnecessary bloodshed."

The tough mob merely sneered at the sheriff and his posse, who climbed up into the trees and remained there, apparently enjoying the long, bloody mill that lasted for one hour and twenty-four minutes.

Ryan was a young, strapping, well-trained man of twenty-four years of age at the time, while Goss, who trained principally on Old Tom Gin, was an old, battle-scarred ring veteran of forty-nine years, who depended chiefly upon his fistic knowledge and long experience to outwit and outmaneuver his much younger opponent.

Old Goss certainly did give young Paddy a bad battering. He peppered him all over the body and head and had him bleeding profusely from a score of nasty cuts and wounds. But the gallant old warrior couldn't finish Ryan. So after the eighty-seventh round poor old Joe turned to Arthur Chambers, who was his principal second, and in a stage whisper said, "Harthur, I cawn't go hany longer, me bloomin' bellows is busted." Meaning his wind was gone. So Chambers threw the sponge into the ring. He decided that Goss had been punished enough for a day and Referee Lee Fairchild immediately declared Paddy Ryan the



Here is a night scene. Fight fans leaving the rendezvous by cab and by foot to get to the secret battle field.

By A. D. PHILLIPS

On November 28, 1939, A. D. Phillips celebrated his 88th birthday. The following morning he died suddenly. A few days before, he completed a new series of fireside chats, stories of the old days in American boxing history. Originally there were six articles but the sixth was too long to be run in this issue, hence a seventh and concluding article will appear in the next issue. As a memorial to him THE RING is publishing these stories posthumously. His contribution is of historic value. This is the sixth article.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

A scene in the old days when fights were illegal and the fans had to sneak out to the battlefield to avoid arrest. The above shows the hazards the fight enthusiasts encountered.

new heavyweight champion of the world, amid the howls of the desperate gang of iron puddlers, who kept yelling like demons for Ryan during the entire eighty-seven rounds. They insisted the world title was at stake because Goss was British, though Jem Mace at the time was English title-holder.

After the fight, I saw the victor sitting on the edge of the platform of the backwoods railroad station, in a very mournful mood, feeling the many big bumps all over his head and face. He looked anything but like a victor of a big title and a popular hero.

"What the 'ell's the matter with yer, Paddy?" asked old Goss, as he appeared quite chipper and cheerful, upon the scene.

"What's the matter, eh? Why look at the beatin' I took for a couple of hundred. Why that won't even pay my trainin' expenses, Joe."

"Cheer hup, Paddy. Hain't yer the blawsted champ now. Cheer hup, me pal. You'll get a ton of brawss now. Stop yer bledin' blubbering boy," consoled the defeated old warrior to the doleful victor, who was evidently in considerable pain.

It was rather a strange sight indeed to see the loser trying to console his conqueror. But what a game old bird Joe Goss was! No British fighter was ever so popular in this country as old Joe. Even John L. Sullivan declared him to be "a grand old pal."

It was Goss who really taught John L. the rudiments of boxing and the many crafty tricks of the trade, when Sullivan was a mere novice starting out in the game in Boston for his first ring combats there.

Joe Goss, a well-liked British bare-knuckle fighter in the heavyweight class.

ACCORDING to some of the old natives around Collier's station, there were many ancient duels fought on the famous battleground where the bare-knuckle pugilists battered each other up for so many years in strict violation of the stringent laws against all pugilistic encounters of any description.

The sensational duel between James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the New York *Herald* and Fred May, which occurred some fifty years ago, is said, by those who claim to know, to have taken place on the old Collier's station battleground.

The real details of the big society scandal that brought about the duel were never fully reported in any of the newspapers as Mr. Bennett used every possible means to suppress the publication of the unsavory affair.

And now it's rather late to attempt to reveal or resurrect the old scandal which caused so much sorrow and unhappiness to all those concerned.

But what thrilling and sensational scenes took place on the old battleground, running back to the days of the revolution, when "the valiant gentlemen of the first families of Virginia" defended the noble name of their aristocracy on the field of honor! With coffee and pistols for two—not with common five-ounce gloves or the still more crude and rude bare fists. Oh, no, nothing so vulgar as gloves and fists—pistols, guns or swords, if you please, for the noble aristocrats to defend their offended honor!

* * *

AFTER Nonpareil Jack Dempsey had retired as a collar and elbow wrestler, and became a professional pugilist

in 1883, his first manager and backer, John Shanley, of old Williamsburg, matched him against Ed McDonald and Jack Boylan.

The gallant Nonpareil polished off both of these opponents with skin gloves so cleverly that Shanley proclaimed him "the lightweight champion of Long Island," a rather vague title that didn't mean very much in the pugilistic world.

However, it sounded well to Dempsey, who was very proud and ambitious to shine in the ring, and he openly defied all comers to meet him for the nondescript title and a substantial side stakes in a finish fight, with skin-tight gloves, in which style of milling the Nonpareil was almost invincible and was never defeated.

A host of tough, dangerous battlers disputed Dempsey's claim to be called a champion, and many challenges were hurled at the Nonpareil. His old, shrewd backer gave them all a hearing and finally signed an agreement with the backers of Harry Force for a finish fight, to take place on September 3, 1883, in some secretive spot to be selected by the referee three days before the mill.

The match was for $500 aside and each backer agreed there should be only ten spectators aside, who were to pay $10 a piece to witness the bout. What a lot of hustling there was for the tickets and the tip a few days before the affair!

Gus Tuthill, a great admirer of the Nonpareil, who afterward became Nonpareil Dempsey's manager and backer, offered $100 for four tickets, which he finally secured after much trouble and maneuvering.

* * *

A COUPLE of days before the fight all the insiders seemed to be hustling about town endeavoring to locate the battleground. It was not until the day of the mill that the referee whispered the spot he had selected to the chosen few hushed fans.

But how it spread like wildfire at the various sporting resorts along the Bowery and Broadway! At Harry Hill's famous rendezvous, on Bleecker and Crosby Streets, were Billy Madden, George Siler, Dave Holland, George Law and many other noted sports, all anxiously awaiting the tip.

Other groups gathered at Owney Geoghegan's, Billy McGlory's and various pugilistic headquarters on the Bowery. All were seeking to be at the ringside. They were willing to take any chances to get there, by hook or crook.

The selected battleground was a large dining-room in an old dilapidated roadhouse on the Coney Island Boulevard, not half a mile from the ocean.

From 8 o'clock to midnight, closed coaches and cabs continued to roll up filled with enthusiastic fans in front of the hostelry. The back stable stalls and yard were packed with all sorts of rigs.

It certainly was rather too conspicuous a display not to attract considerable attention, but we were all fully assured by the roadhouse proprietor and his staff that everything was fixed all right with Boss John Y. McKane and his police officials.

"Don't worry any, gents," said the genial hotel keeper, confidently. "There won't be any interference from the Coney Island coppers. The Boss gave me his word this afternoon it was OK. So enjoy yourselves."

* * *

WITH this assurance, everybody seemed to cut loose trying to outbuy each other in round after round of drinks. It was a very gay and festive gathering and the wine and other inveigling beverages flowed very freely until near midnight, when it was announced that the men were about to enter the poorly constructed ring.

Some two hundred fans immediately rushed into the dining-room to secure a good position close to the ropes. There they stood patiently for almost an hour.

"Bring on the fighters!" yelled Bob (Crow) Murray. "What sort of a song and dance is this?"

"This is an all night shindig, Crow. Keep your clap closed or you'll alarm the cops," answered Charley Johnston, trying to get Murray's goat.

But Mr. Murray refused to be silent. He swore like a pirate at the top of his voice and was very boisterous, indeed. In fact, he offered to fight any 140-pound man in the room for a hundred dollars aside as a sort of a preliminary to the star bout.

There was a lot of this sort of wrangling going on until finally the two clever lightweights entered the ring. Both were trained to perfection for a long, hard battle, especially The Nonpareil, who had all the appearance of a champion, even at this early stage of his brilliant career.

Harry Force seemed to be more rugged and powerful, but he was not built on the fine symmetrical lines of the Nonpareil, lines which so frequently distinguish a champion in almost every sport.

There was some contention about Force's gloves which had hard seams on the back of them, and some long delay when the referee ordered Harry to use another pair thrown into the ring by a spectator.

At the call of time, Force rushed at Dempsey, who neatly sidestepped away, while Harry almost fell in his desperate plunge on the ropes.

In the second round Harry rushed again and missed. They sparred in the center of the ring and Jack cut his opponent a left-hander across the nose that brought the blood. But he made no claim for first blood as was the custom in those days.

"You're too wild, Harry," yelled Jim Giddings, the noted cockfighter. "Measure your blows better, my boy."

But Force was up against a remarkably defensive fighter, and wasn't able to land a real effective punch until about the ninth round, when he hit the Nonpareil quite a stinger in the stomach, that aroused Jack, who counted with his left, cutting a nasty wound on Harry's eyebrow.

Dempsey fought in his usual careful, skillful manner, waiting for his foe to lead, which he invariably ducked, sidestepped or blocked, then countered like a flash with his cutting left.

With these clever tactics, it could be easily seen by the knowing ones that The Nonpareil would win after he had bled his opponent into exhaustion.

* * *

"CHEESE it, the cops are coming," some fellow loudly roared in the middle of the eleventh round. There was a wild stampede for the doors and windows. Even the two fighters, their seconds and the referee rushed to get away.

What a wild scene! What confusion and excitement! Pandemonium reigned galore!

It was no false alarm, for soon the clam-digging Coney Island coppers were as busy as bees, clubbing and arresting every fan they could lay their club or hand on. They showed no favors to newspapermen, prominent politicians or anybody else.

In the stuffy old Coney Island caboose that night, some forty sporting gentlemen and scribes were packed like sardines in durance vile. It was a hard night, indeed, for some of the wealthy clubmen to endure in the foul close cells with a lot of bums!

When they were called up before old Judge Williams in the morning, whose nose blossomed like an over-ripe raspberry from drink, they were a sorry looking sight to behold.

The veteran magistrate was quite a reader of character and finance, for he fined the sports according to their appearance. The wealthy clubmen were soaked $25 each while the poorer fans got off with a five-dollar fine. The scribes got off with a reprimand.

"You know we need a little money for the winter on the Island," whispered the wise judge to one of his court officers.

Less than ten years after this raid, Boss John Y. McKane was the chief promoter of a big boxing club at Coney Island, which produced a profit of many thousands of dollars for him and his satellites. How the mighty moguls change when its to their interest!

This was the first and last fight that Richard K. Fox, the noted sporting publisher, ever attended in this country. He swore he would never witness another as he was fined $25 and locked up with a lot of hoodlums all night in a close cell.

If Judge Williams had known it was the noted publisher, he would probably have fined him $500 or more.

* * *

WHENEVER the pugilistic game became rather dull and the fly-by-night promoters needed a little money to whoop things up around the sporty cafes in New York City, during the gruelling old skin glove days, they *(Continued on page 46)*

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

MAX BAER

THAT is his correct name. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, February 16, 1909. He comes from Jewish-German-Irish parents, his mother being Irish. When four years old he moved to Haywood, Colorado, and when twelve, his family moved to Livermore, Cal., where his father bought a ranch. Max quit school to work for his dad. He was a cowpuncher and general handy man. When 16, he had grown to sturdy manhood.

He took a fancy to boxing and for the fun of it, got gloves and engaged in several contests on the ranch. He proved adept with the mitts and was urged to follow the sport. At eighteen he became a boxer. Bob McAllister took him in hand and taught him the finer points. He signed him for a fight with Chief Caribou in Stockton, Cal., May 16, 1929. Under McAllister and after four fights, Max quit McAllister and went to work in the iron mills of J. Hamilton Lorimer.

That work made him a strong man. It developed his shoulders and expanded his chest. Soon he had a devastating punch. Lorimer accepted the management of Max but later turned him over to Ancil Hoffman, who to this day is his mentor. It was after Frankie Campbell had been killed by Baer in their fight in California in 1930 that Lorimer decided to have Hoffman handle Max. Shortly after, Hoffman and Baer came East for a campaign and he was beaten by Ernie Schaaf and Tommy Loughran. He was unimpressive, but highly colorful.

He knocked out Tom Heeney in 1931 just before losing to Loughran and after the defeat he went back West. It was that year that he fought a twenty-round bout with Paulino Uzcudun under Jack Dempsey's management at Reno, Nevada, and lost the verdict.

After several reverses, he came to New York and regained his prestige when he stopped Max Schmeling in the tenth round. It was that victory that got Max a title fight with Carnera whom he stopped in eleven rounds in 1934 to win the crown.

He dropped the title to Jimmy Braddock in fifteen rounds by decision. That same year, 1935, he was knocked out by Joe Louis in four rounds. He went to England, where he lost the verdict to Tommy Farr. He beat Farr easily in a return engagement in New York to start a comeback.

TOM SHARKEY

HIS correct name. Born Dundalk, County Louth, Ireland, November 29, 1871. Height 5 feet, 8½ inches; weight 196 pounds.

Ran away from home when in his 'teens. Shipped on the sea as a cabin boy. Eventually became sailor. Joined United States Navy. Reached position of master-of-arms. Learned trade of horse-shoeing in Australia where he spent three years. Learned his fighting at sea. Engaged in many impromptu mills before taking up boxing as profession.

Started his active career in 1892. Best early fight was with Australian Billy Smith, July 25, 1895, scoring knockout in seven rounds, at Colma, California. Gained national reputation as fighter in 1896 when he fought an eight-round draw with Alec Greggains, San Francisco, March 12. On April 16 he won an eight-round decision over Joe Choynski and on June 24 fought a draw with Jim Corbett, San Francisco, four rounds. Engaged John L. Sullivan, three-round exhibition, Madison Square Garden, same year.

He won a questionable decision over Bob Fitzsimmons on a foul, December 2, 1896, Wyatt Earp, the referee, awarding him the verdict amid wild scenes. Sailed for England June 16, 1897. Toured England, Ireland and Scotland, meeting all comers. Rolled up many one-round knockouts on tour.

Lost twenty-round decision to Jim Jeffries, May 6, 1898, and again to Jeffries on November 3, 1899, at Coney Island, New York, in twenty-five rounds. He knocked out Kid McCoy on January 10, 1899, in ten rounds and beat Jim Corbett on November 22, the previous year, in nine. Bob Fitzsimmons stopped Sharkey in two rounds at Coney Island, August 24, 1900.

Fought the leading heavyweights of the world and was noted as one of the hardest hitters in the game. A rough fighter. Could take severe punishment and give. Merciless in the ring. Had supreme confidence in his ability. Never won championship, but very close to it.

Always dressed flashily and wore big sparkler in his tie. Fond of horses. Owned splendid trotters.

Sharkey had black hair, black eyes, neck like a bull, chest carried tattoo of ships, trunks green, red, white and blue sash. Worked last year as strong man in the California World's Fair and has been again engaged for this year.

ERIC BOON

WAS born in Chatteris, a town of 5,000 people, about eighty miles from London. Started boxing four-rounders when twelve years old. His father is a farrier. Eric is a powerful lad and carries a knockout punch, as his record shows. Tommy Farr says Boon is the hardest hitting lightweight England has had in two decades. When only sixteen he beat George Kelly, the Irish lightweight king, in a twelve-round bout.

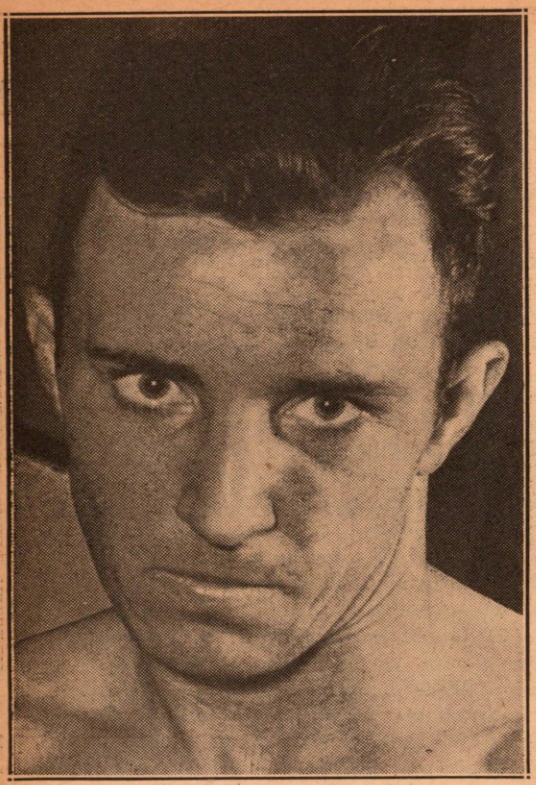
Attended King Edward public school. Has been an ardent follower of fisticuffs since he was ten. Got thirty shillings, about seven dollars, for his first fight. Had to bicycle to London for his second fight because he couldn't obtain his fare. Beat his man, got ten dollars and decided to stick around to see what luck he could have in obtaining additional opponents.

A few years later, when he fought Dave Crowley for the British lightweight crown, he collected £500, or about $2,000, and last year when he beat Arthur Danahar he was rewarded with his largest purse, £3,000, then worth $15,000 in American currency. He stopped Danahar, a big favorite in the betting. He has just turned twenty-one. At nineteen he had already engaged in 260 fights, more than the average American fighter has in an entire career.

Before entering the beak-busting business Boon worked in the village blacksmith shop and he attributes his heavy hitting to the swinging of the sledge hammer. Is one of England's best drawing cards. The smashing lightie is not all fighter. He can box and can crash in punches from all angles. He loves the fighting game and that is one of the reasons for his quick success.

Among his best victories were an over-the-weight match with Jimmy Walsh when Jimmy held the lightweight title, a two-round kayo of Raymond Renard, Belgian champion, and knockouts over Billy Masters and Eric Dolby, Len Wickwar, Arthur Danahar, Dave Crowley, Johnny McGrory, and Lem Lemaux, the French fighter. He also has victories over such good boys as Mistos Grispos, Alex Jackson, Johnny Ward and Matt Moran. He is now a member of the British Army.

NEW



Irish Dan Dowling, St. Louis heavyweight.

ST. LOUIS has a heavyweight youngster who is well thought of in that locality. His name is Irish Dan Dowling. He was born in St. Louis but his parents were born in County Cork, Ireland. Dowling is claimant of the heavyweight championship of the South though his claim is disputed by Buddy Knox, Jimmy Webb and several others. He lays claim to the honors because of his victories over Nevilles Beach in 10 rounds and a one round kayo of Bob Sikes.

At least Dowling does hold the white heavyweight championship of Missouri. THE RING Editor is trying to arrange an elimination tournament to decide the Southern heavyweight title and Dowling will be a participant if it can be arranged. To the winner will be awarded a RING Sectional championship belt.

Dowling is responsible for causing a big boom in boxing in St. Louis. He is a colorful youngster who packs a punch and can take it. George Wilsman is handling this fine prospect who stands six feet four inches and scales 198 pounds. He has a reach of 78 inches.

Dowling is trained by one of the country's best handlers, Harry Trendall, who boxed Packy McFarland, Leach Cross, Lew Tendler, Willie Ritchie, Freddie Welsh, Ted Kid Lewis, Joe Mandot, Ray Bronson and Bobby Waugh among other stars, and under Trendall's tutelage, Dowling should develop into a first class fighter.

* * *

Jimmy Bivins

CLEVELAND has a new middleweight "find" in Jimmy Bivins who since the first of the year has had six fights and has won all. Jimmy, welterweight champion of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* Golden Gloves tournament last year, and finalist in the national tourney, looms as a good prospect in the higher division. Charles Shane, Jr., who is handling him, thinks well of the boy's chances.

To date here is Bevins' record for 1940: Kayoed Emory Morgan, 2; beat Tito Taylor, 4; beat Joe Sutka, 8; beat Joe Sutka, 8; stopped Young Tiger Flowers, 3 and beat Nate Bolden, 8.

Bivins received considerable praise from Jack Johnson, former world heavyweight champion, upon Jack's return to New York from his recent Western trip. Speaking to reporters in New York Jack said of Bivins:

Teddy Wint, Mount Vernon, N. Y., heavyweight.

"The moment I saw him box I knew that he had the makings of a great fighter. He has a wonderful stance, is a fine puncher with either hand, and has an abundance of courage."

Jack thinks so highly of this lad that he has made a special trip to Cleveland to see if he can gain his contract.

* * *

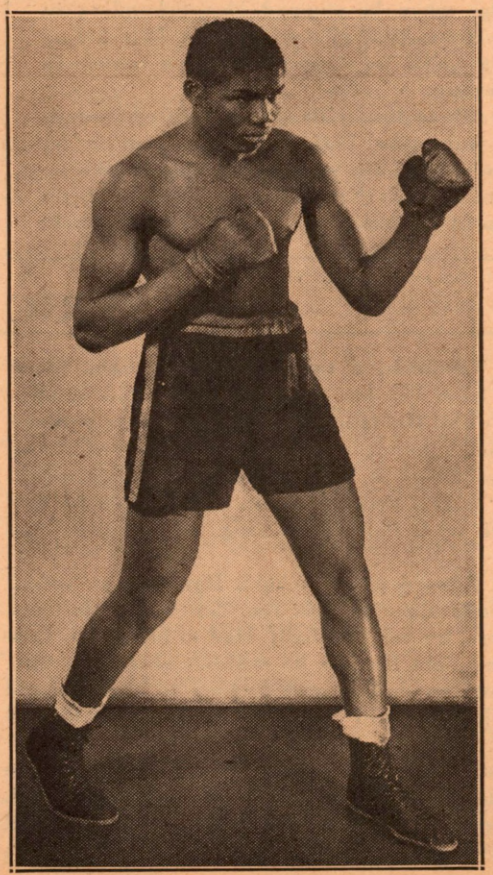
Tommy Sullivan

DOWN in Australia there is a young bantamweight who is good enough to be touted by the scribes as the next world bantam king. His name is Tommy Sullivan. He has engaged in 25 fights at this writing of which he won all but one. He has scored 14 knockouts and has gained 10 decisions.

Sullivan is a tall, skinny fellow, who is only 18 years of age and scales in fighting trim 115 pounds. He packs a wallop in either hand and that is what has gained for him a big following. He is one of a large family.

Tommy has everything a boxer needs to carry him to the front if we are to judge by the reports from Down Under. He possesses courage, boxing ability and has considerable power behind his punches. He is the most likely successor to Mickey Miller as Australian champion. A bout is in the making and they may be meeting each other before our next mail arrives from Australia.

Tommy made the grade according to the Australians when he decisively whipped Joe Kerwick recently after having been floored twice in the early rounds. His manager, Cyril Angles, Sydney's leading sports commentator of the air, was much pleased with his boy's showing, as Kerwick is one of Australia's best little fighters.



Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland middleweight.

* * *

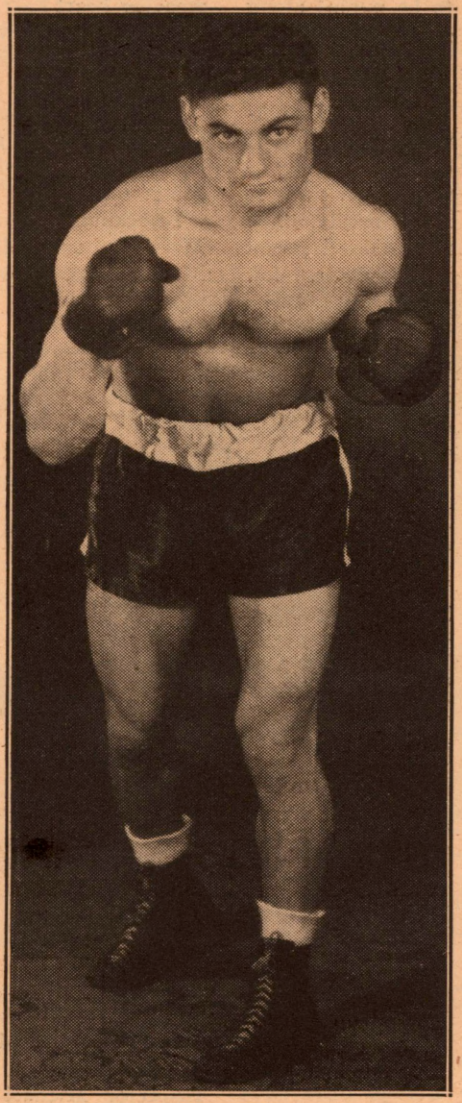
Al Sinibaldi

NOT since Norman Conrad and Tony Dupree came into the fistic spotlight has the Granite State boasted a fighter with the class of Al Sinibaldi. Hailing from Cascade, N. H., now fighting out of Lewiston, Me., he has the equipment to carry him far. In two years of pro fighting, he has won 19

FACES

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By RIGHT CROSS



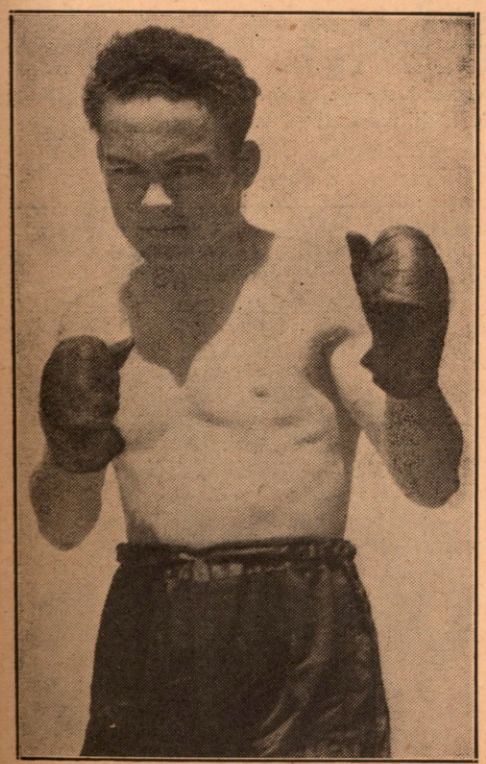
Al Sinibaldi, New Hampshire light-heavyweight.

out of 22 battles, losing two close decisions, to Lou Brouillard and Danny Peal. He has won 11 by knockouts, seven decisions and one draw. His only setback has been at the hands of Tiger Lewis, when the referee was forced to stop the setto when Al's eye was closed tight.

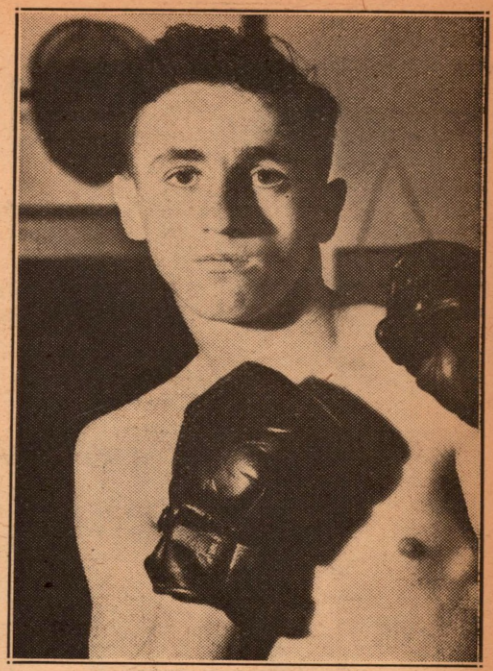
He is five feet 10 inches tall, and his best weight is 173 pounds, but he has been forced in the heavy class because of the lack of good 175-pounders. When he was just starting, he lost a decision to Lou Brouillard for the New England title. This was quite a feat for a comparative novice, for Brouillard has discouraged more than one good prospect. The fact that Sinibaldi has been trying ever since to get a return go without success, shows the stuff he is made of.

Sinibaldi is a big favorite because he is all action within ropes. Rangy, with a good sock in either hand and capable of absorbing plenty of punishment, his battles are usually thrilling. His outstanding wins have been his K.O.'s of Roy Kelly, nine; Jack McLellan, three; Johnny Hayes, one; Domenic Ceccarelli, two and Danny Needham, seven.

He won the light-heavyweight championship of New Hampshire from Leo Salvas in 10 rounds. He defeated Lou Cooper, holder of the heavyweight championship of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. He took the 175-pound title of Maine from Danny Needham in 10 rounds and won decisions over Marty Gordon and Johnny Duarty. He fought a draw with Marty Gordon.



Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, Florida, promising feather.



Tommy Sullivan, Australian bantam star.

* * *

Tommy Gomez

TEN knockouts in 10 starts—that's the ring record of Tommy Gomez, 170-pound belting bellhop who has Tampa fans hopefully excited, writes Woodrow Thompson of the Tampa *Daily Times*. Tommy packs a devastating wallop in either mitt and is rapidly catching on to the finer points of the game under the careful direction of Joe Leto, brother of welterweight contender Jimmy Leto.

Gomez, who celebrated his 19th birthday anniversary last Christmas Day, launched his boxing career six months ago and has already made such a hit with Florida West Coast fans that he is fighting eight-round semi-final bouts exclusively. He has been putting on weight steadily since entering the ring and expects to develop into a full-fledged heavyweight within a short time.

To date, Tommy's most noteworthy triumphs have been at the expense of the veterans Bob Monin and Leo Bailey. He battled Monin twice and those two scraps really "made" him according to Manager Leto.

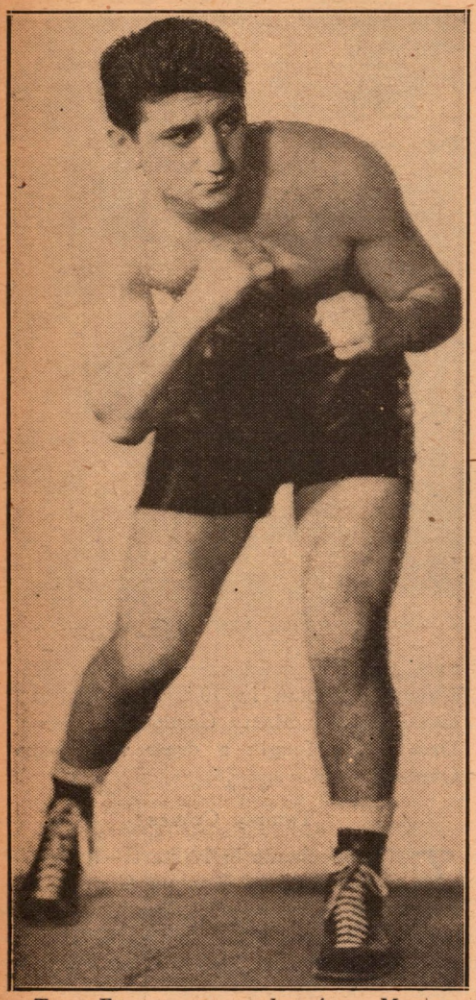
Prior to his first scrap with Bob, he had run up a string of half a dozen easy knockout victories. The Monin fight was a "test" and Tommy passed it successfully by picking himself up off the canvas half a dozen times to score a clean knockout in the sixth round. Monin, too, had been on the floor in every round up to that time.

Two weeks later, in a return bout, Gomez won handily in five rounds. This time Monin was unable to get up after the first knockdown.

In his next start, Gomez finished Leo Bailey, a veteran of 10 years or more in the ring, in three heats after flooring him four times.

And here's the remainder of Gomez's record: Jack Wallace, K.O., 2; Jack McMullen, K.O., two; Billy Parker, K.O., one; Young Ricco, K.O., two; Sam Fretto, K.O., two; Jack Raleigh (a heavyweight), K.O., 2; and Bob Parrimore, K.O. one.

With a colorful figure like Tommy Gomez coming up, Frank LaMarque, local boxing promoter, hopes to build the game back up to the high level it once held here.



Tony Ferrara, star welter from Mount Vernon, N. Y.

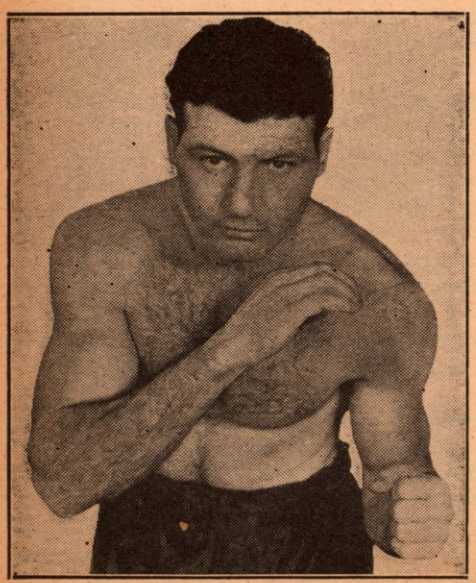
The young fighter, who is a bellhop in a local hotel, is to be nursed along carefully until he learns a little more about the art of boxing. He's a natural slugger but is developing ring finesse with surprising rapidity. The newest development is an effective left jab which he didn't possess six weeks ago. He works it well.

* * *

Larry Bolvin

RHODE ISLAND is betting on Larry Bolvin, little two-fisted dynamo, to bring it its second featherweight championship. He is a hard hitter; a great crowd pleaser, and a serious-minded kid. The featherweight division will soon have in him another colorful star.

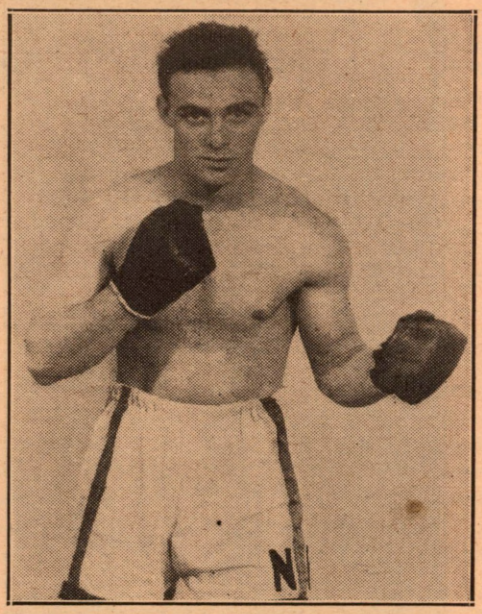
Larry is built powerful above the waist, making him sturdier than most boys of his weight. He keeps going forward, always shuffling ahead, taking two punches sometimes, to land one. But when he does land, look out, for the minute his opponent weakens, Larry is a tiger, never letting up till the final bell.



Jack Dancer, Modesto, Cal., middleweight.

Larry first began to attract attention when he put away Tony Dupree, after knocking him down 10 times inside of two rounds. Then followed two 10-round decisions over clever Jimmy Gilligan. In each bout Gilligan was floored several times. How Gilligan finished his first fight on his feet after taking such a pounding, remains a mystery. Only Gilligan's amazing heart carried him through.

Larry Bolvin, Rhode Island feather.



Tony Costa, clever little feather, was going on high, when he bumped into Bolvin. Costa lasted but three rounds. A punch to Eddie Reed's left ear put him away in the fourth.

Larry's lone defeat was at the hands of Al Luciano, who doesn't care for a return go. As an amateur, Larry won 176 out of 187 bouts, as well as winning about every amateur title in the 112 and 118-pound classes. The following is his complete pro record:

Knockouts: Martin Taber, three, Johnny Schibelli, one, Bobby Martinez, one, Martin Taber, three, Jerry Hall, two, Eddie Maston, two, Tony Dupree, two, Tony Costa, three, Eddie Reed, four. Decisions: Eddie McGraw, six, Biff Lemieux, six, Davey Crawford, eight, Sam Crocetti, eight, Jackie Hadley, six, Jimmy Gilligan, 10, Jimmy Gilligan, 10. Lost: Al Luciano, five. Won by decision: Biff Lemieux, eight.

* * *

Teddy Wint

THE City of Mount Vernon, the home of THE RING Editor, is one of the hotbeds of amateur fighting in the East. It has developed many simon-pures who, after turning pro, have made good. The best of Westchester County's medal chasers, hail from Mount Vernon. One of the most recent "finds" is Teddy Wint, a Negro lad who has just turned 21 and weighs 189 pounds.

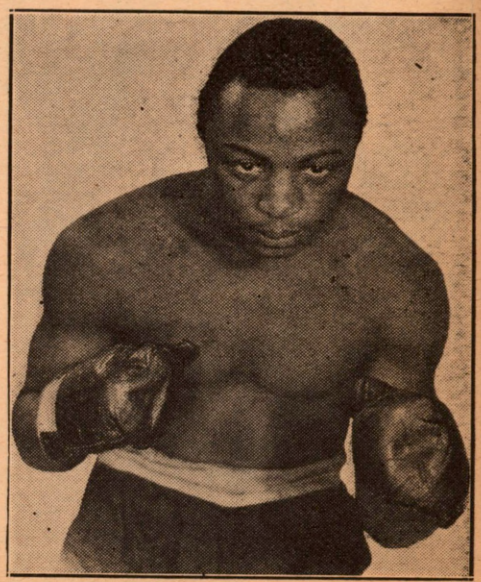
Wint, born a West Indian, but now living in the City of Homes, is managed by Michael Yannelly and Bob Ruffalo who have brought out many other stars. Teddy has won 17 fights and lost only one and if properly developed is likely to make much headway as a professional. He won the Pan-American light-heavyweight amateur title; the New York, Metropolitan, Eastern and National Diamond Belt championships and won the heavyweight crown in the Golden Gloves tournament but dropped the verdict in the nationals. Inspector Michael Silverstein, Chief of Mount Vernon police, who long before he entered the department handled some of the best fighters in the East, thinks well of Wint's chances.

* * *

R. J. Lewis

EASILY the best fighter to come up from the ranks of Rocky Mountain warriors since George Manley, R. J. Lewis, 20 years old, Denver middleweight star, is fast becoming a sensation on the mountain circuit.

A product of the amateurs, Lewis won his first fistic spurs in 1938 when he advanced to the finals of the Kansas City Golden Gloves tournament. Previous to the Kansas City meet, he had



Ray Price, Northwest lightweight champion.

won regional tourneys at Garden City, Kan., Rock Springs, Wyo., and Reno, Nev.

In 1939 he won the Golden Gloves meet at Kansas City and went to the finals of the Chicago meet before he was eliminated.

Back in Denver, he won the A.A.U. Rocky Mountain title, and went to San Francisco for the national finals. Here he lost to Terry Orchard of Utah in the finals.

At this point, the veteran Willie Williams, one of the region's most capable welterweights a few years back, induced young Lewis to try his hand at the professional game.

Turning professional late in 1939, Lewis stopped Howard Davis in his debut. In quick succession came victories over Joe Aguilar, Colorado 158-pound champion, Gene Robinson, Sailor Harrison, a kayo win over Terry Orchard, Truman Harvey, Mack Payne and Arlington Spilsbury, Utah middleweight champ.

Lewis has been beaten but once as a professional, that being a close decision to the veteran Jackie Burke at Salt Lake City.

He is under the very capable management of H. A. Maxwell, of Denver, who is bringing him along slowly and who is convincing fistic critics here in the mountain section that he has a potential world's champion in the Ebony Buzz-Saw.

* * *

Ray Price

RAY PRICE, 19-year-old colored lightweight, looks like the best prospect on the Pacific Coast at the present time. He is the Northwestern lightweight champion.

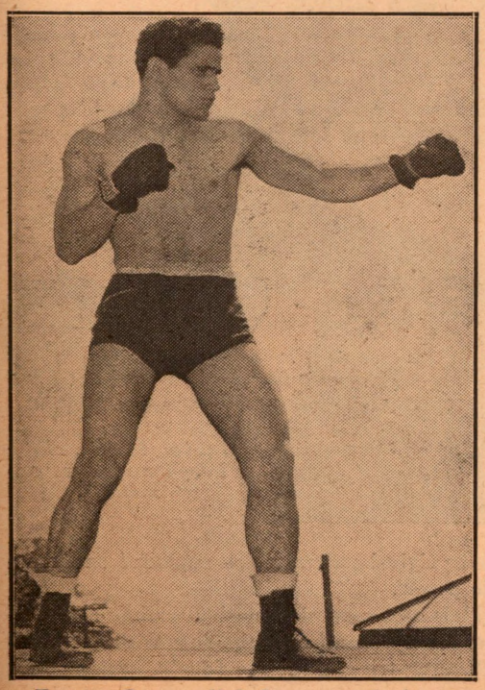
At the age of 17 he won six amateur tournaments. At 18 he won the Northwest lightweight championship. Since coming to California a year ago, he has scored 19 knockouts out of 24 contests.

He has the stuff that makes the title-holder. A good boxer, and a perfect puncher. By the time he reaches his majority, he should be a first class lightweight contender.

* * *

Tony Ferrara

IN Tony Ferrara, the city of Mount Vernon, N. Y., has a youngster who bears watching. A terrific puncher, this young welterweight who has been fighting only a year and a half, is one of the best attractions among new comers seen in several years. He has been the mainstay of Joe McKenna's popular White Plains Club where every time he fights, he crowds the place.

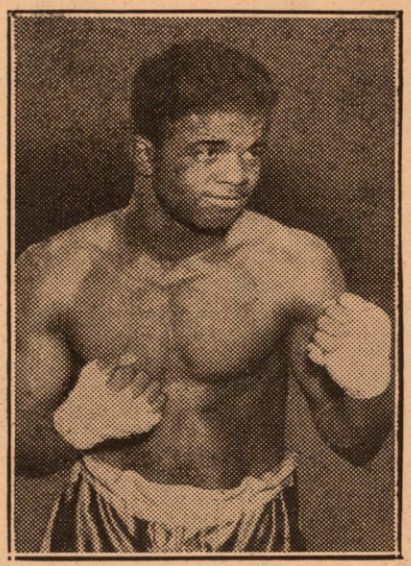


Tommy Gomez, light-heavyweight from Tampa, Fla.

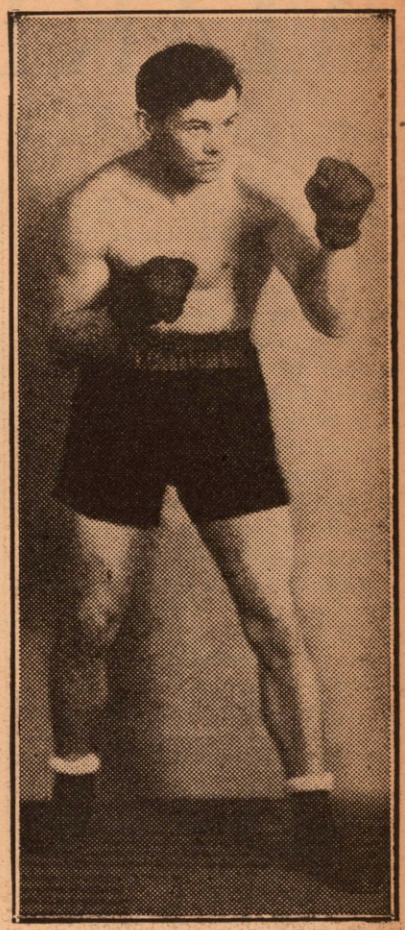
Ferrara is one of a family of 14 children, most of whom attend in a body every time he goes to the mat. Though he has lost three fights this year, to Eddie Dunne, Maxie Berger and Steve Belloise, he remains the idol of the Westchester fans. Each battle has been a tough one. To date he has picked no easy marks and if he continues to hold the attention of the fight going public, it won't be long before he'll be headlining in New York City shows.

Howard Burton

IN the decade previous to the year 1937, Wilkes-Barre had been lost in the eyes of the boxing world, but within the past three years it has regained some of the prestige it at one time held. All indications point toward a successful future in the line of fisticuffs for this city. The reason for this pickup of enthusiasm is because of two seemingly promising local welterweights, namely, Howard Burton and Stanley Mrak.



Howard Burton, Wilkes-Barre welter.

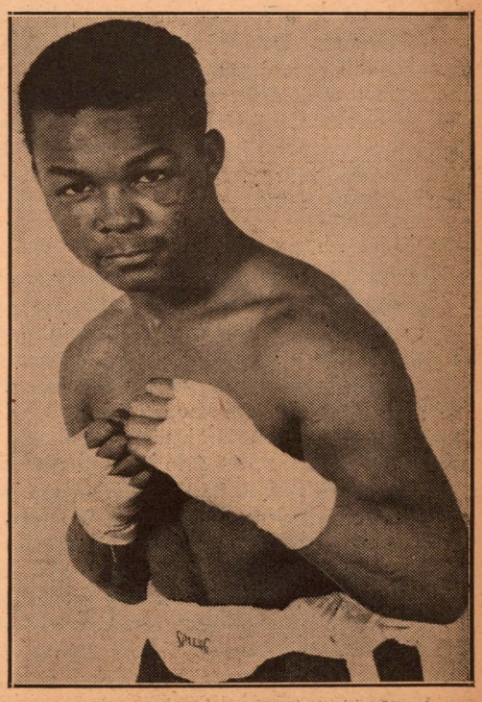


Stanley Mrak, a good welter from Wilkes-Barre.

Howard Burton, a colored boy, who has been picked by THE RING'S correspondent, Joe Brady, as the best welter in the coal regions, is 20 years of age, weighs 142 pounds and has had 37 fights in all at this writing. Of these fights, 19 were in the amateurs and 18 as a professional. He lost one amateur bout, that in the finals at the Diamond Belt Tournament at Philadelphia.

In his 18 professional bouts, Burton has yet to meet defeat. He has 16 wins, 14 via the decision route and two by way of K.O. route. This boy has been held to two draws, but at later dates, converted these draws to decisions. This colored lad has beaten every local fighter that stepped into the squared circle with him and those whom he has not

(Cont. on page 47)



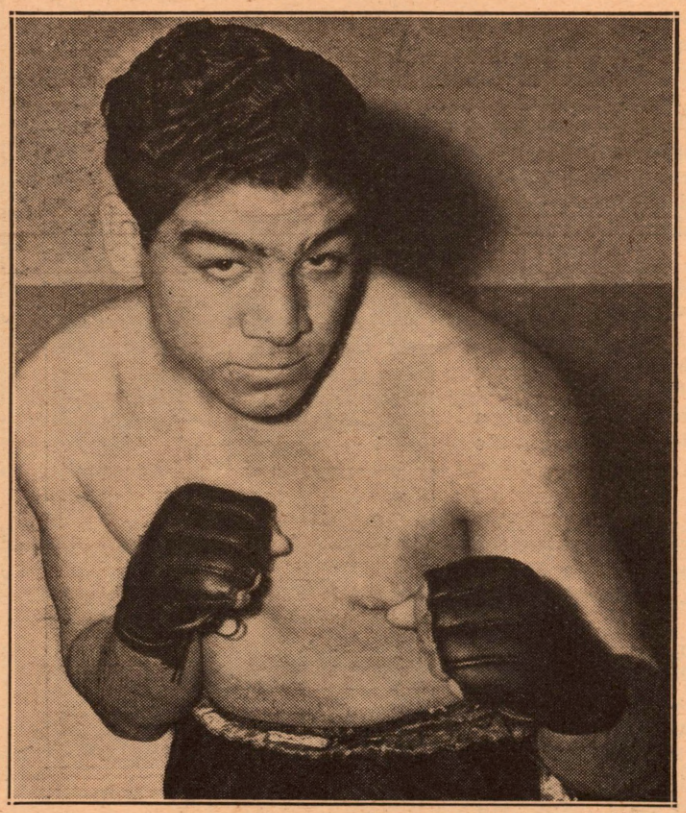
R. J. Lewis, Rocky Mountain district middleweight.

MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN

Harry Balsamo

THE story of Harry Balsamo is that of a clouting demon who made tremendous progress in the first three years of his professional career, sank almost to the bottom of the ladder just when it seemed he was ready for a shot at the middleweight title and then, after an enforced rest, came back with a bang in the light-heavyweight division and now looms as a fine prospect in the heavier section. He rates a real threat in the division headed by Billy Conn.



Most of the credit for Balsamo's phenomenal comeback is given by Harry to his young manager, Jack Barrett, who had been his trainer since 1935. It was Barrett's confidence in Balsamo and his careful handling of the sensitive, quick-tempered battler, that restored him to the top rank. Joe Farman, owner of the Midtown Health Club, a physical culturist, did much to build up the Belting Brakeman, morally and physically. No longer does Harry lose his temper in the ring. He is now a calm and clever boxer. Farman, who is part manager of Balsamo, taught him how to gain self-control.

As an amateur, Harry had about half a hundred battles. When he entered the money class, he still held onto his job as brakeman for the I.R.T. Railroad Co.

Harry was an immediate sensation as a pro. He won bout after bout via the kayo route. Then came managerial trouble. That, of course, prevented the high-strung Balsamo from fighting at his best. Unwittingly, Barrett added fuel to the mounting fire of dissension by objecting strenuously to a match between Harry and the seasoned Solly Krieger. Jack claimed the Belting Brakeman was not yet prepared for such stiff opposition. So, when the match was made in spite of his protests, Barrett resigned from the board of strategy. Krieger, as Jack had prophetically pointed out, derailed the Brakeman—giving him his first real setback.

* * *

AFTER a six months rest, Harry and his managers patched up their differences and Balsamo resumed his fighting career. His TNT-loaded fists put several ambitious middleweights to slumber. Then his managers made their second mistake. They matched him with the tigerish Glen Lee. So badly did Lee cut Balsamo's face that the bout was halted in the ninth round—and caused the disgruntled Brakeman to quit the boxing game.

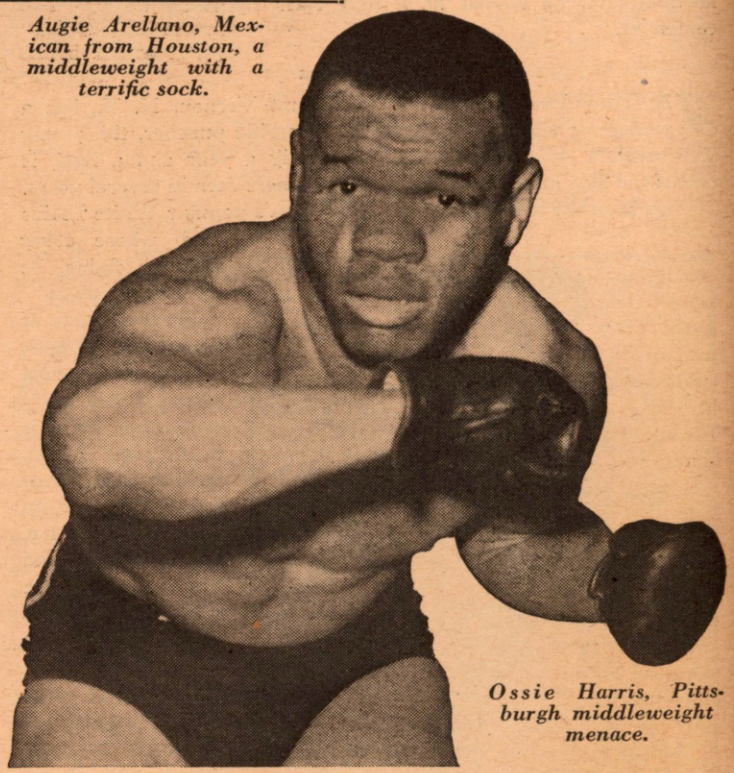
Harry Balsamo reacted to his retirement in the same manner as hundreds of retired battlers did in the past. Not only did the lure of the ring prove too strong for him, but added to it was the knowledge that he was too good a fighter, and much too young to retire; also the loss of large purses which he could earn with his fists. Six months out of the ring was all Balsamo could endure. Determined to resume his career, he asked Barrett to assume sole management. This Barrett did by buying Balsamo's contract.

After scoring four straight knockouts under Barrett's management, Harry was forced to stay out of the ring for several months because of an attack of appendicitis. His first bout, when he thought he'd fully recovered, was against the clever Georgie Abrams, and he was beaten. Then came another rest. After taking things easy for six months, the Brakeman returned to the squared ring in September, 1939, and banged out a victory over the rugged Babe Orgavan. He then defeated Walter Franklin and beat Bud Mignault, kayoed Domenic Ceccarelli and drew with Stanley Hasrato. In another battle with Walter Franklin, the latter held Balsamo to a draw. It was such a great contest that they were rematched.

* * *

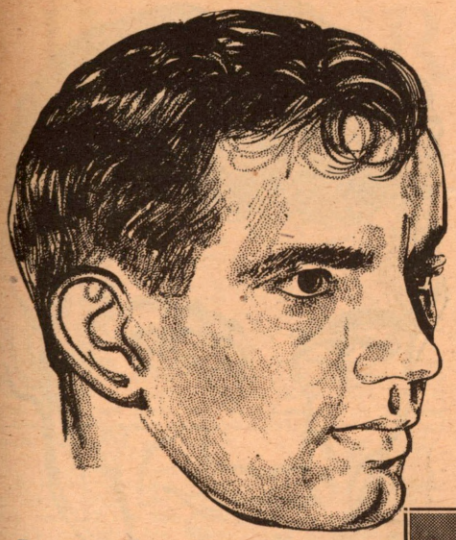
THE rubber match was fought before a packed house. It was one of the most sensational battles ever held there—and the best fight of Harry's hectic career. No longer was he wild. Nor did he lunge and swing. Harry boxed carefully and cleverly. He jabbed, stepped about and hooked. He countered. He shot over right-handers which exploded on Franklin's chin with terrific power.

Taking the clever Hebrew's most devastating wallops, Balsamo came back strong and drove him all over the ring with fierce and staggering punches. Walter tried hard. He fought back gamely, but the Belting Brakeman was fighting like a superman—with the result that he pounded Franklin into submission in nine rounds.



Augie Arellano, Mexican from Houston, a middleweight with a terrific sock.

Ossie Harris, Pittsburgh middleweight menace.



Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight with a fine record.

heavyweight class today. He is married and has a son. He likes art and often spends his spare time puttering around in his garden, or painting landscapes in water color and in oil.

Dave Castilloux

EVER since the halcyon days of the dynamic punching Al Foreman, Montreal fight fans have been on the qui vive for a new lightweight hope. And now she has one in the person of little Dave Castilloux, classy 135-pound native son.

Castilloux, who has outgrown the featherweight poundage, has all the earmarks (although minus the cauliflowered badge of inexpertness) of a great ringman. He possesses speed, ringcraft, stamina and a straight, cutting left hand. And by his recent wins in Toronto over Leo Rodak and Charley Gomer, he seems to be right in line for a smack at the crown which rests on the head of doughty Lou Ambers.

Although a Montrealer, Castilloux has had to fight in another city for recognition—and so has Maxie Berger in that respect—Toronto being the town where he can really pack the cash customers in.

It was the turning point in Dave's career when Jack Corcoran matched him with Ginger Foran at the Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens at the featherweight limit. Foran at that time had just arrived from merrie old England with the scalp of Champion Johnny McGrory hanging at his belt, and was expected to contest the world's title after becoming acclimatised.

What a surprise the Liverpool boy got! Instead of rushing in tearaway fighter as he had expected, Castilloux proceeded to give him a boxing lesson, beating him to the punch, outgeneralling him and keeping a move ahead throughout the ten rounds. It was the same Foran who a few weeks ago dropped Scalzo, newly "crowned" N.B.A. feather king, three times in New York.

It was an exhibition of boxing on the lines laid down by Jem Mace, father of scientific boxing: "First weaken 'em wiv your left hand afore yer right" that would have gladdened the cockles of the hearts of National Sporting Club members in London, where boxing is appreciated firstly as the "sweet science."

As it was, Castilloux's exhibition established him in Toronto as the No. 1 attraction, and he proceeded to go from one victory to another. All against increasingly better men. Handled by M'sieu Godbout, versatile Montreal fighter's pilot, Castilloux has made only one faux pas since then—when he dropped a split decision to Leo Rodak in New Orleans. He claims that it was due to the heavy atmospheric conditions when he couldn't get going properly. However, Dave atoned in Toronto recently, by easily winning over Rodak.

Perhaps the most important development in the Castilloux arsenal has been the "killer instinct" without which no fighter can ever be bracketed with ring immortals. And with it the Montrealer has developed an accurate heavy right cross! And while he is not yet the murderous puncher that Al Foreman was, he looks like becoming the greatest lightweight ever developed in the Dominion . . . . and worthy to hold a major title.

Since January, Castilloux, whose New York agent is Nat Rogers of the 20th Century Sporting Club, hasn't lost a fight. Up to this writing he has engaged in six bouts and won five and drew in the other. His record shows victories over Leo Rodak, ten rounds; Charley Gomer, ten; Quentin Breese, eight; Wesley Ramey, eight; and Billy Marquart, ten. He drew with Gomer in their first eight-round mill.

Harry Balsamo, the New York brakeman, who is making a fine comeback as a light-heavyweight.

Ossie Harris

OSSIE HARRIS, the colored middleweight from Pittsburgh, may never become a champion, but he is a pleasing, two-fisted fighter who should go quite a way in his chosen profession. Ossie is one of the few lads who in only half a dozen fights, graduated from the raw, novice class to a position among the elite.

He started his career as an amateur and leaped into the spotlight by his fine exhibitions. In 1936 he was chosen to represent Pittsburgh in inter-state bouts at Buffalo, N. Y., and he came back with the championship trophy. He kept right on bowling over opponents until in 1938 he won the senior Middle Atlantic crown and the Diamond Belt championship. It was after carrying off that title that he decided to turn pro but he found it difficult to convince any of the Pittsburgh managers that he could wage a good battle, and was worthy of a trial.

Discouraged, he went to Jim McGirr, promoter of amateur shows who occasionally ran a pro card, and McGirr gave him his first chance. He was most impressive. He then was taken in tow by a Pittsburgh sportsman, Harry Pittler, and under the latter's guidance Ossie has come along in leaps and bounds. He started by engaging in a thrilling bout with Jimmy Burns and then came a six-rounder with Dave Chacon, the Mexican, whom Harry beat. It was that victory that finally established Harris as a top boy in his home city and now he is called by the scribes of that burg, "Pittsburgh's Henry Armstrong."

In his next start he beat Willie Poland, who prior to their contest had won seventeen in a row. Poland was stopped in the fifth. When Harris graduated into the better class fighters, he tackled Frankie Cavanna in ten rounds, his first long bout, and Harris won the decision. Since then he has beaten Frankie Terry in ten; Carman Notch in ten and stopped Jemmy Devlin in six.

On April 26 he was declared the loser on a foul in seven rounds in his bout with Bobby Masters, but the following day the commission ruled that since a fighter cannot win on a foul in Pennsylvania, Harris won by a knockout. Thus his record for 1940 is clean with six victories in as many starts. Harris' rise has been rapid. He may yet reach the top. *(Continued on page 47)*

Coley Welch, young Irish middleweight, who threatens seriously in the 160-pound class. He hails from Portland, Maine, and many good critics expect great things of him.

Fistic World Acclaims

(Continued from page 14)

With sturdy fists, Jenkins went about his task with a vengeance. He took advantage of every slip of the champion. When he crashed a long right to the chin, the first clean punch of the fight, and saw Ambers' legs wobble, the Texan didn't waver. He rushed forth and rights and lefts found their mark with such telling effect that the champion was down for a count of five before a third of the session was over.

It was a pretty, solid right that brought Lou down for the first time, but he didn't seem hurt. He nodded to his seconds as he rested but when he got to his feet, he didn't have a chance to recover. The suddenness of the attack that followed made it appear that there would be no second round but Ambers survived the assault.

It was the cagy Ambers of old who made a splendid comeback in that session, but only until Jenkins caught up with him again. The cow-puncher was repeatedly beaten to the punch by Lou, who had all the better of long exchanges. Twice Jenkins was forced to hold and wince as the champion tossed a series of uppercuts that rocked Lew's head.

But Jenkins waited for the opening and when he got it, he repeated the fistic attack. He punched quickly, rushed his man around the ring, clouting him with rights and lefts, and dropped him for another five count. Still Ambers was not groggy. The blows had hurt but the champion continued to keep his wits.

He exchanged blows on rising and the trading continued until the clang of the bell, which Ambers apparently heard, for he dropped his hands to his sides but Jenkins did not. He laced across two terrific rights after the round had ended, and Ambers walked to his corner with shaky legs. Because of the commotion and the fact that Jenkins had not been aware that the round had ended, no penalty was attached, but the punches had weakened Ambers, nevertheless, especially the second one.

* * *

CAME the third and last round. It was one that Ambers will remember for a long time. With reckless abandon, Jenkins sailed in to end the fray. He knew he had the champion in hand. He sensed victory and nothing would now stand in his way.

With both hands flaying, he rushed Lou to a neutral corner, then bombarded him with lefts and rights until with a terrific body attack, he had Ambers over the lower strand falling through the ropes. Lou took a count of seven and when he got to his feet, he was bleary-eyed.

It was evident now that the end had been reached. He was groggy. He could scarcely raise his hands, yet gamely faced his opponent and tried to ward off a fierce bombardment of crashing rights to the chin.

Down went the Herkimer champ for the fourth and final time. He took nine and feebly got off the canvas, his eyes fixed on his manager. Ambers tried to steady himself, but Jenkins was on top of him. Another two-fisted barrage crashed against head and chin and as Manager Weill attempted to jump into the ring with towel to halt proceedings, though such procedure is contrary to New York rules, Referee Cavanaugh stepped in and stopped the battle.

A new champion, a Texas cow-puncher and soldier, was acclaimed by a gathering of 13,186 persons who paid $57,992 to see the mill. Jenkins, who scaled 132 to 134½

Cocoa Kid, New Haven welterweight, who holds his own among the leading welters of the country.

His victory over Davey Day gained for him the leading lightweight challenge post.

for Ambers, should make a good title-holder. His style appeals to the crowd and his victory will liven the lower divisions this summer during the outdoor season.

Joe's Second

(Continued from page 7)

land for re-election. Kennedy is the man who asked Congress to conduct an investigation into the manner in which professional fights were run in this country. The insinuation was that Kennedy did not like the way Mike Jacobs was conducting his promotion business.

Over on the other side, war raged. Civilization was in jeopardy, established law and order had become farcical outside of England and France, Sweden and only a few other countries on the Continent. Planes rained bombs—and Kennedy asked the United States Congress to investigate boxing!

In the United States millions of men willing to work were out of work. Millions of families eager to support themselves in gainful occupations were forced to accept a national dole. Wise men in Washington wrestled with budgets, with problems of internal and international perplexity. And Kennedy asked the United States Congress to investigate boxing!

No wonder Kennedy's constituents in Maryland became dissatisfied with the way in which he was representing them in Washington. No wonder Kennedy got a beating at the polls. Boxing is fun. But it is not a matter for national concern, and official investigation. Boxing may be in need of reforms, but it certainly does not call for Congressional investigation, particularly in the picture of national and international bedlam.

There will be no investigation of boxing in Washington. And the N.B.A. is to be felicitated on having got rid of a by-product of its silliest phases. The Kennedy Bill, we are informed, will never come up for a hearing. It's as dead as a door nail.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

G. Herbert, McKenzie City, British Guiana

Q.—What was the weight of Joe Louis when he fought Schmeling in the first battle and when he fought Jack Roper and John Henry Lewis?

A.—The weights were: Schmeling, 192; Louis, 198; Louis, 200¼; John Henry Lewis, 180¾; and Louis, 200; Jack Roper, 204¾.

Wilfred Zane, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—I am 16 and would like to join the Golden Gloves tourneys. Is there any gym in New York where they teach one to box, where I won't have to pay?

A.—I think the best plan for you is to start at some gymnasium in Waterbury where they have amateur boxing. Watch them work and if you think you have the qualifications to become a boxer then you can start slowly with them and work your way upward.

Edward Ewell, Monterey Park, Calif.

Q.—Where can I get the complete boxing career of Harry Wills and a photograph of him in boxing togs? I see the April issue of THE RING didn't mention his name. Does your magazine have a grudge against him? He was recognized as leading contender for a number of years.

A.—The Everlast Record Book of 1925 would have his complete record. We hold no grudge against Wills or any other boxer, past or present. You should know that. There is no fairer magazine in the world than THE RING. Race, creed and color don't count with us. All are treated alike. Nowhere is there a publication that practices the brotherhood of man as does THE RING.

Nicholas Lincoln, Copper Center, Alaska

Q.—Can Arturo Godoy beat Joe Louis if they meet again? Did Louis fight with all he had? Is Godoy a hard hitter compared with Louis? Can you tell me if Dempsey was ever floored in his career? How did he lose to Tunney, by decision or knockout? Is Godoy the toughest man Louis has fought?

A.—Has a good chance. Yes. Not a hard hitter but an annoying one. Dempsey was floored many times. Lost two decisions to Tunney. They are all tough.

Reader, Powhatan Point, Ohio

Q.—What became of "Blue Bird"? The last I heard of him he was boxing in Canada. Did he quit or didn't he make the grade? Did Schmeling quit boxing? Do you think Valentin Campolo will ever box Louis for the heavyweight title?

A.—Blue Bird was a wrestler and has retired from the game. Schmeling is still anxious to continue boxing but the war has halted his efforts. Campolo is strong and game but doesn't have too much fighting ability.

John M. Biggs, Tarentum, Pa.

Q.—What seems to have happened to Tippy Larkin? I thought he had more promise than any of the other lightweights? Why ruin THE RING by devoting all that space to wrestlers? Most papers won't give them any space at all. Do you publish a record book and is it out yet?

A.—Too much layoff and not able to take a punch. The Ring has many wrestling readers and we must cater to them as well as to the boxing fans. There will not be any record book published this year.

Henry Hatch, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Why are college boxers allowed to wear jerseys or jackets covering the upper part of their bodies while amateurs and professionals wear trunks only during their bouts? Which of the following three is the cleverest and hardest punching boxer: Jack McAuliffe, Benny Leonard or Lou Ambers? Who was the cleverest light-heavyweight of all time? Who is the better boxer, Loughran or Conn?

A.—Merely an old college custom which probably affords greater protection to the boys when they are engaged in the manly art of self-defense. I think Leonard would win the vote there, both in hitting and boxing ability. Tommy Loughran. Loughran.

Charles Wyatt, San Quentin, Calif.

Q.—What became of Young Joe Louis who fought around Denver? In the Question Box some time ago it was stated that every time a heavyweight champion faced an opponent, other than a sparring partner, his title was automatically at stake. In the March, 1940, issue it said that Tommy Burns had 14 fights in two and a half years that he had the title. If both those statements are true, I would say that Burns defended his title more than Louis. Please straighten me out on this. What was the largest amount ever paid at the box office for a ringside seat at any fight? I have heard arguments that some seats at the ringside cost a hundred dollars or more.

A.—Louis has retired. It is true, according to the records that Burns put his title into competition more times than Louis, but some of the men that he faced were hardly more than sparring partners and could not be considered in the same light of the opponents that Louis has faced in defense of his title. Ringside seats for Sullivan and Corbett in New Orleans sold for $100 and two rows of seats for Carpentier and Dempsey fight were sold for $100. In England when Carpentier fought Ted Kid Lewis, ringside seats were sold for $100.

Amiello De Luca, Auburn, N. Y.

Q.—Can you please let me know how many knockouts Jimmy McLarnin scored in his entire career? Also how many knockouts he scored in 1927? The Everlast Record Book says that he scored four knockouts in that year but I read another record book that shows six kayoes in the same year. Which is correct?

A.—Nineteen knockouts. Four is correct.

Henry O'Donoghue, Dundascaul, Eire.

Q.—How many times did Tom Sharkey fight Jim Jeffries? In any of these fights wasn't it agreed that Jeffries should be declared the winner unless Sharkey succeeded in knocking him out?

A.—Jeffries won a twenty- and twenty-five-round decision over Sharkey in their only meetings. No truth to that.

Gus Athams, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—How many times did Mike Belloise meet Paul Lee and what was the outcome?

A.—They met four times and Belloise won the decision each time.

Al Turay, Lakewood, Ohio.

Q.—Do you think Jimmy Adamick will fight again? Whom did he fight last? What is the nationality of Henry Taylor, the light-heavyweight and where does he live? Is it true that Tony Zale is Polish? What is the nationality of Jack Marshall, and his home? Don't you think that Eric Boon has a good chance of beating Lou Ambers? What is the nationality of Tony Novak who recently turned pro? Why did Matt Raymond retire.

A.—No. Roscoe Toles. Philadelphia Negro. Yes. Irish-American, and comes from Dallas, Texas. Boon is a good little scrapper but doesn't figure to beat Ambers. Polish. Managerial trouble with Tommy Loughran.

Arthur Hemingway, Belfast, Ireland.

Q.—In the fight between Joe Louis and Arturo Godoy, does Louis get credit for having any knockdowns against Godoy?

A.—Yes, when Godoy went down twice without being hit to clown, by touching the canvas with his gloves and playing leap frog, he automatically was down and the referee, Arthur Donovan, erred in not counting over him twice.

William Kiefer, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q.—Was Kid Lavigne living in Saginaw when he died? Does Ad Wolgast still live in Cadillac, Mich.? Where and when did Jim Corbett die? How old was Harry Greb when he died?

A.—Lavigne died in Detroit. He was working for the Ford Motor Co. Wolgast is in a sanatorium in California. Corbett died at his home, Bayside, L. I., in 1933. Harry Greb was 32 years old when he died. He was born in 1894 and died in 1926.

Ray Lindley, Onawa, Iowa

Q.—Is it true that Jim Braddock gets ten per cent of all of Joe Louis' purses?

A.—No. Joe Gould, manager of Braddock, is suing Mike Jacobs on behalf of Braddock and himself for an accounting of all the profits of the Joe Louis fights. They were supposed to get 20% of the profits, not of Joe Louis' purse.

E. Match, Seguin Falls, Ont., Canada

Q.—I would like to know Garcia's measurements at the time he fought Fred Apostoli? If not Garcia then any other top-notcher in the middleweight division.

A.—Garcia: Height 5 feet, 7 inches; weight 155 pounds; reach 71 inches; chest, normal 37½ inches, expanded 41 inches; neck 15½ inches; waist 30 inches; thigh 20½ inches; biceps 13¼ inches; forearm 11½ inches; calf 14¼ inches; ankle 9 inches; wrist 7 inches; fist 11¼ inches.

Homer Anthony

Q.—What can you tell me about a certain fighter named Terry McHugh? Did Corbett ever win a fight on a foul in England? When was Bob Fitzsimmons in his prime?

A.—McHugh was a classy bantamweight from Allentown in the early twenties and looked like championship timbre. Jim Corbett never fought in England. Fitzsimmons best years were from 1892 to 1898.

Gerald Anderson, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Q.—Would you please tell me the weights of gloves used in actual professional bouts from flyweight to heavyweight classes? What do you think of Tommy Pallatin? What is the average training routine for a boy between the ages of 15 and 17? Do you consider 14 ounce gloves heavy enough to prevent serious injury while sparring?

A.—Five ounces through the welterweight class and six ounces from middleweights to heavyweights. Fairly good prospect. From three to six rounds of training three times a week. You will increase your height about half an inch in a year. They are heavy enough.

Leonard Peck, Martinsburg, W. Va.

Q.—How many times did Tommy Farr fight Joe Louis for the championship in the United States?

A.—Once. Louis won the decision.

Joe Pavan

Q.—I am 18 years old. I want to become a professional boxer. Can I become one through the book on "How to Box"?

A.—It will take much more than that. You have to have some ability and liking for boxing before you can take it up as a business. The book will help you over the rough edges. Gym work is essential.

Garth Fanning, Portland, Ore.

Q.—Who in your opinion is the greater fighter, Joe Louis or Henry Armstrong? Do you know where I could get photos of them?

A.—Pound for pound, Armstrong is the greatest fighter in the world today. Photos of them can be obtained at The Ring Book Shop for $1.25 each.

Laurence Smith, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—How do you think Cocoa Kid would do with Henry Armstrong? Why isn't he given higher recognition? Who would win between Chalky Wright and Harry Jeffra? Is George Sheppard considered a good manager?

A.—Armstrong would be favored. The Ring rates Cocoa Kid second among welterweight contenders. If you mean the N.B.A. ratings please forget them. They are too busy taking titles away from champions who have earned their laurels in the ring. Wright. Sheppard is one of the best hustlers among the younger crop of managers and has a good reputation.

John Turner, Tulan, Calif.

Q.—Who is the youngest referee in the state of California? How old is he and what is his nationality?

A.—That information can be obtained from the State Athletic Commission, Los Angeles, Calif. Off-hand there are fellows like Frankie Van, Mushy Callahan and Jack Means who are eligible to pass as young fellows. Van and Means are Irish and Callahan is a Hebrew.

Raoul D. Carlson, San Pedro, Calif.

Q.—Can you tell me what Sammy Mandell is doing now? How long did he hold the lightweight title? What is Jimmy Braddock doing now? Will Pat Comiskey get a crack at the heavyweight title?

A.—Mandell is running a gymnasium and handling amateur boxers at Rockford, Ill. Won the title in 1926 and lost it in 1930. Braddock is working for a liquor concern. If he improves in the future.

Tony Quintero, La Habra, Calif.

Q.—I am five feet seven inches and weigh 136 pounds and am 14 years of age. What will my height and weight be when I am 18? Also how can I build up hard muscles?

A.—Five feet eight and one half inches tall, 150 pounds in weight. Plenty of exercising in the gymnasium.

Conchita M.

Q.—How was Henry Irving, a middleweight who fought around Washington, D. C., 10 or 12 years ago, rated? Was he classed as a good fighter? Where is he now?

A.—He was considered a very good hitter who fought some good men in his time but he was not listed among the first raters. He is still in Washington.

Kid Silva, Santa Clara, Calif.

Q.—What will my height and weight be when I am 21? I am 18 years of age, weigh 158½ and am five feet eight and one half inches tall. Who was the best heavyweight of all time?

A.—Height five feet 10½ inches and 180 pounds in weight. It is all a matter of opinion. Jack Johnson is my choice.

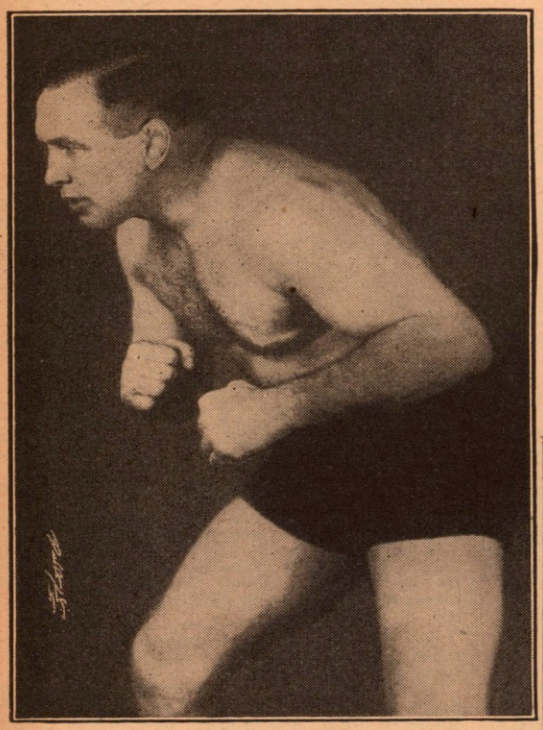
Jack Stewart, Essex, Ontario, Canada

Q.—Not long ago in THE RING I read that Gene Tunney was the only native New Yorker who held the championship of the world. Wasn't Lou Salica, a New Yorker, once bantamweight champion? Who in your estimation would win the following fights: Montanez-Davis; Montanez-Roderick; Holman Williams-Armstrong; Jenkins-Ambers; Zale-Garcia; Shivers-Dellicurti; Clark-Conn; Lesnevich-Bettina; Toles-Nova; Toles-Farr; Max Baer-Godoy; Pastor-Conn? Who is the more clever boxer Pastor or Conn? Do you think Roscoe Toles could give Louis a good fight? Why isn't Benny Goldberg, unbeaten Detroit bantam, rated highly? Do you regard Howell King, Detroit middleweight, as a good prospect? What are the prospects of Milton Shivers. Bobby McIntire and Johnny Whiters?

A.—Salica was never the world bantam champion. He only won the New York state title. Davis, Montanez, Armstrong, Ambers, Zale, Dellicurti, Conn, Lesnevich, Toles, Farr, Godoy, Conn. Conn. Maybe. Looked good for a while. Very good. Whiters figures to make the most headway of that trio.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL



Rudy Dusek, a veteran who is still going strong. He is one of the best drawing cards in the mat game.

FIRST it was the Thunderbolt; then came the villain; then the wild man and now the Angels have it in wrestling circles. Carl Pojello started it all when he brought from France, Maurice Tillet, and now every palooka who looks like a monstrosity is dubbed an "Angel." As a copyist, Jack Pfeffer holds the world's record. He won't permit anyone to have anything on him and that's why he has decided to tear down the popularity of Tillet, who has been packing 'em in in Eastern mat circles, by calling some of his rough looking wrestlers, Angels.

Not content with dubbing "Popeye," the American Swede, the "Swedish Angel," Pfeffer has taken in tow an Irishman whom he parades before the mat public as the "Irish Angel." What's his real name? Well that is a secret. Suffice it to say that the Irishman, whose picture we show you in this issue, is a bona fide son of Erin without a hair on his clean shaven head. He has red whiskers and is strong.

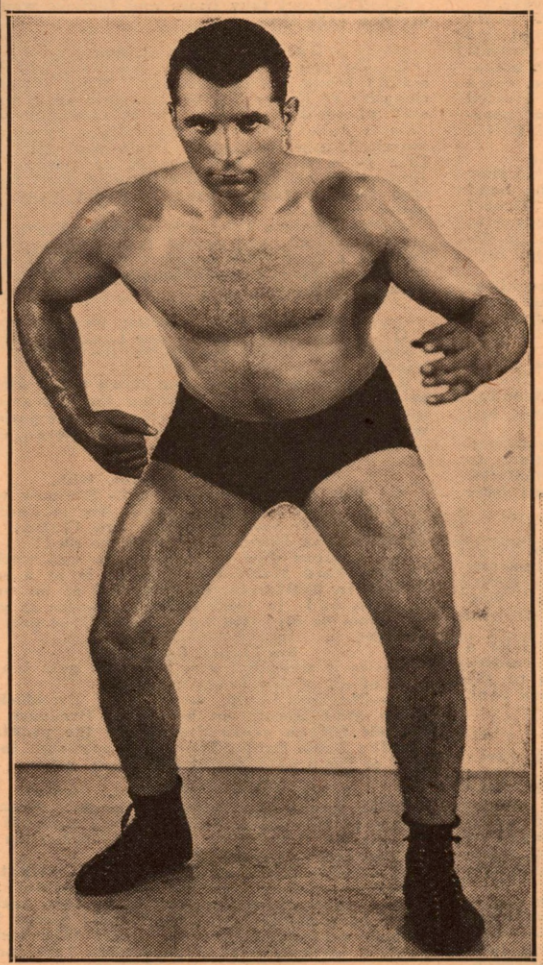
The newcomer says he was born in Crosshaven, near Cork, and was a fisherman before taking up the more strenuous sport of wrestling. He declares he is one of seven brothers. He possesses a brogue one can cut with a knife. Can he wrestle? That remains to be seen.

* * *

JACK PFEFFER, the Eastern mat impresario, continues to hold the spotlight with his troupe of "wild men," "strong men," "vicious men," "Angels" and "culprits!" So big a force has he working under him, that even his erstwhile rivals, Ray Fabiani included, are now booking talent through him. The reason? Because though he may not have the cream of the wrestlers under his wing, he at least has a horde of showmen who seem to please the spectators. And that's all that counts in wrestling these days.

One doesn't necessarily have to possess any ability. A long beard, long hair, a flowing moustache, hands and head like those of a gorilla, squint eyes, a Hindu or Indian shawl, a sombrero—those are the things that count these days when discussing "great" wrestlers, and Pfeffer has that type cornered.

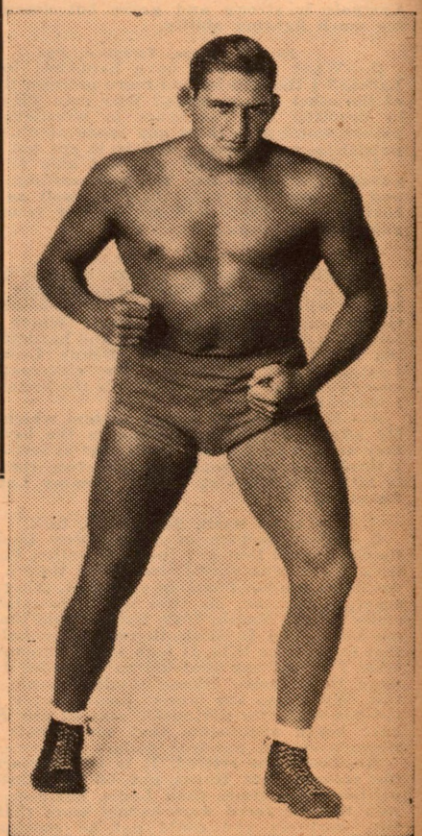
Among the latest foreigners performing under his banner in and around New York is Felix Slovikowski, a big Pole who claims he is a champion weight lifter and a first class matman. It remains to be seen whether he knows a lick about the wrestling game. With "Zim Zam Zum," "The Swedish Angel," "The Irish Angel," Whiskers Vanka Zelesniak, Otto Wallick, Juan Olaguival, the Spaniard, Dave Levin, Steve Passes, Drop-Kick Murphy, Benny Rosen and George Becker, among others in the fold, Pfeffer boasts of an aggregation of wrestlers of all types and sizes second to none. He shares the spotlight with his colorful aggregation and has been packing 'em in at the arenas in the Metropolitan area. His wrestlers are good showmen.



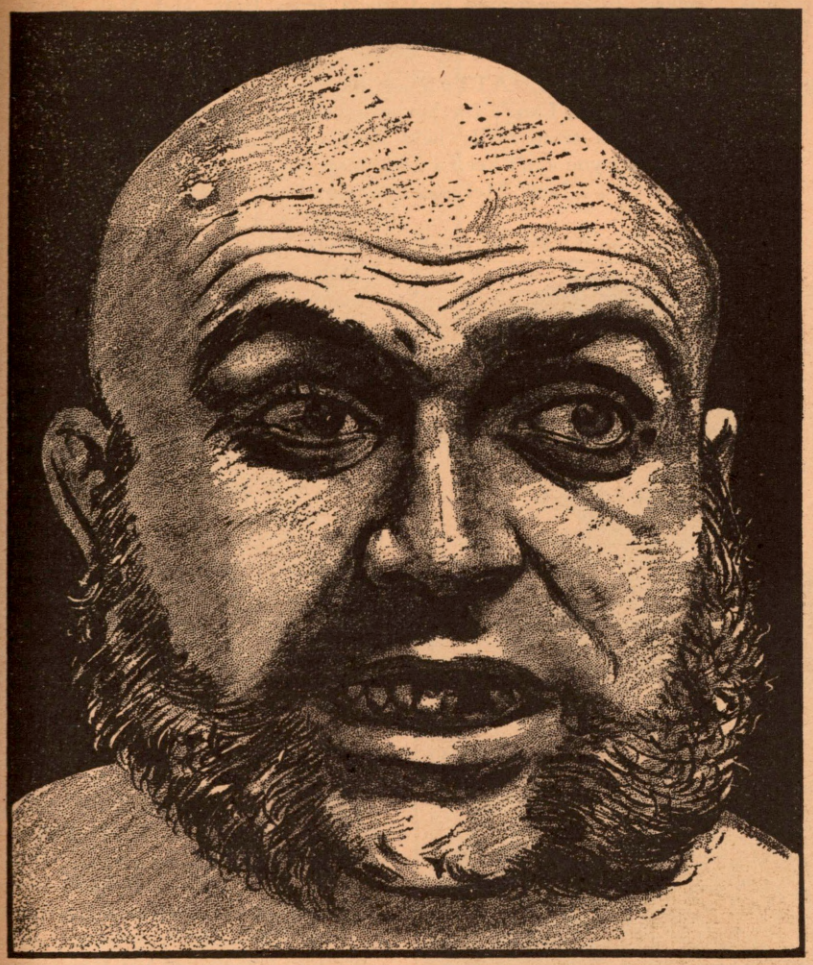
Roy Dunn, former intercollegiate champion, who is a big card in Mid-West.

Of this group, Becker, Murphy and Levin rate among the best. They are seasoned matmen who can give and take and know how to execute holds. They were both discovered about the same time and have been headliners for about five years. Becker was a student at the Yorkville High School of New York and the Murray Industrial School. He started out to be a tinsmith but turned to wrestling instead. He joined the famous Cooper A. C., a German-American club, where he got his start and made his professional debut at the Ridgewood Grove Club, where Levin also began his pro career.

While Jesse James is performing on the Pacific Coast, where he has a big Greek following, the Greek idol in the East is Steve Passes. He is a good wrestler who knows his holds, and is a pleasing performer. Steve is clever,



Paul Boesch, world traveler, now in the Philippines.



The "Irish Angel," another of the variety that has made its appearance in every nook and corner.

a fine showman, and has a lot of ability in his chosen profession. That's what has made him a good card.

Drop-Kick Murphy is another who rates high in Eastern mat circles. The blond Irishman, who has been performing for a number of years, continues to remain a favorite. He is tricky, a smart mat man, rough when roughness is required, and a master of getting out of holds.

* * *

ROY DUNN, former Oklahoma Aggie intercollegiate champion and former U. S. Olympic title-holder, is the rage out in the Middle West. The fans in that locality think that in Dunn they have the next world title-holder.

The clever working product of the Ed Gallagher school of wrestling has openly challenged the world and is willing to meet any title claimant on a winner-take-all basis with a $5,000 side bet for the heavyweight crown. Modest almost to the point of being shy, Dunn is anything but that once he gets in the ring. Inside the squared circle, the Cowboy turns loose a tigerlike attack which has subdued every opponent he has faced since turning professional two years ago.

His one ambition today is a shot at the crown and his many backers are demanding this match before another season rolls around. One old-time star of the grappling art, after watching Dunn make quick work of an opponent, remarked:

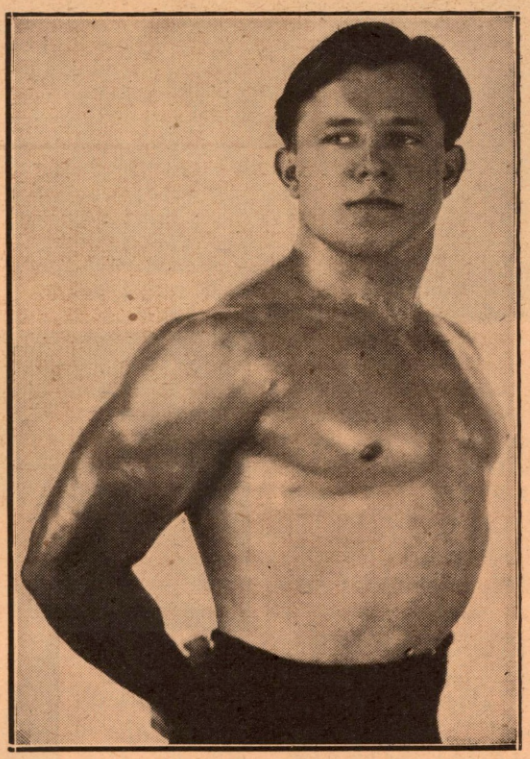
"He's a combination of John Pesek, Strangler Lewis and Joe Stecher. He has power to burn and when it comes to speed, I'll match him against any of the modern crop."

Dunn's rise to the top of the mat world has been nothing short of sensational. Although outstanding as a collegian, he really didn't find himself until after one season with the pros. Experts are agreed that he has what it takes to become a champion. In addition to a powerful pair of legs and arms, he possesses a keen wrestling sense and his defensive gestures are as great as the game has seen.

Jesse James, who was a hit in New York when he competed for Jack Pfeffer, is a big card for Lou Daro these days. He is managed by Parnassus, who also handles the reins over Ceferino Garcia . . . . Bob Gregory, the popular Briton, is still in California, where he is a regular attraction. He is a favorite with the fair sex. Bob is a straight wrestler. He dislikes the rough stuff and so long as the opposition employs mat tactics that are orthodox, he can hold his own, but when they rough him, he is at a big disadvantage . . . . Angels are discovered by the minute these days. Here, there and everywhere there are Angels. The latest one is Mike Nazarian, who has been dubbed by his mentors on the Coast, the Armenian Angel. We'll next have an Indian Angel, a Hebrew Angel, a Scot Angel and perhaps a German Angel, who will clip the wings of Herr Hitler. Nazarian is a wrestler of considerable strength.

* * *

DESPITE the war conditions abroad, our British correspondent, Spider Mascall, well known in American and Canadian sport circles, finds time to send us the following notes on the mat sport abroad. In his message to THE RING Editor, Mascall says that the fact that the British Government has curtailed the importation of THE RING due to war conditions makes this publication more in demand than ever. Atlas Publishing Company, our British representatives, are flooded with requests for the RINGS as soon as they arrive and all are sold out in a jiffy. THE RING Editor advises his British readers, because of these conditions, to subscribe to THE RING through Johnny Sharpe, who in turn will arrange with the Atlas Company to furnish this publication to them, or direct through Atlas Publication, Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4.



George Becker, clever Easterner.

* * *

Professional wrestling encounters are once more on the sporting bill-of-fare being offered London fans.

Harold Lane, that genial soul who is famous in local grip circles as the man responsible for the building of London wrestling into a fairly profitable venture, made his promised comeback last month and ran off a bill at Holborn Hall. It was his first public appearance in the role of promoter since the sudden closing of his celebrated Lane's Club two seasons ago. Ably assisting this dauntless showman was shrewd and capable John Muldoon, a friend and staunch supporter of Ireland's Fighting Casey Clan. Now perhaps raw-boned Paddy Casey, a crack jouster who, in the past, most matmen and matchmakers have shied clear of, will get the "breaks" that he rightfully deserves.

The Stadium Club, London, has been closed to the overlords of the mat sphere since Earl McCready vanquished Tim Estelle there. Recently it reopened to wrestling patrons and ran an attractive bill in aid of charity. It is indicated, as this news goes to press, that the sport will be run at this club periodically.

* * *

British wrestling mourned the death in Portsmouth of Uncle John Mortimer, square-shooting and respected promoter of that seaport town. American and visiting gripmen will miss this grand old man whose programs were among the best conducted in Europe. Boxing followers in the U. S. A. will remember him as the pilot of Tom Heeney and Seaman Tommy Watson. His passing, indeed, will be a serious loss to boxing and wrestling abroad. He was sixty-three.

* * *

Ray St. Bernard, the Jewish Goliath, is the latest member of the mat fraternity to join the Colors. Army authorities are finding it difficult to outfit this 280-pound giant.

* * *

Nothing, not even a war, seems to hamper the success of grappling in the provincial towns of the British Isles. Around Birmingham, black-haired Micky Wood is tabbed as the lightweight and welterweight champion of the Midlands. He is a star attraction at Galaland, which is a Birmingham sports stadium, and he has played an important part in the development of the mat game here and in towns in the vicinity. He is an able exponent of wrestling and never fails to turn in a good performance even though sometimes his foes outweigh him considerably. En passant, let us note that he was a dispatch-rider in the last war and saw action.

* * *

Victor Coleman, one of the brightest middleweights abroad, has received his calling-up papers and is serving with the Royal Air Force. Although Vic is only twenty, he is a youthful veteran of a score of hectic contests. His father, Bull Coleman, was once heavyweight champion of England and experts predict that this baby-faced kid is following in his daddy's footsteps. Just jot down his name, neighbor, for he'll be champion of Europe some day.

* * *

Stanley Roberts, seasoned junior-heavyweight, who, a few years back, barnstormed through Canada and the United States, is also serving with the Royal Air Force. He is a physical training instructor at a camp "somewhere in England." Needless to say, he is doing a fine job with the "rookies" that come under his wing.

* * *

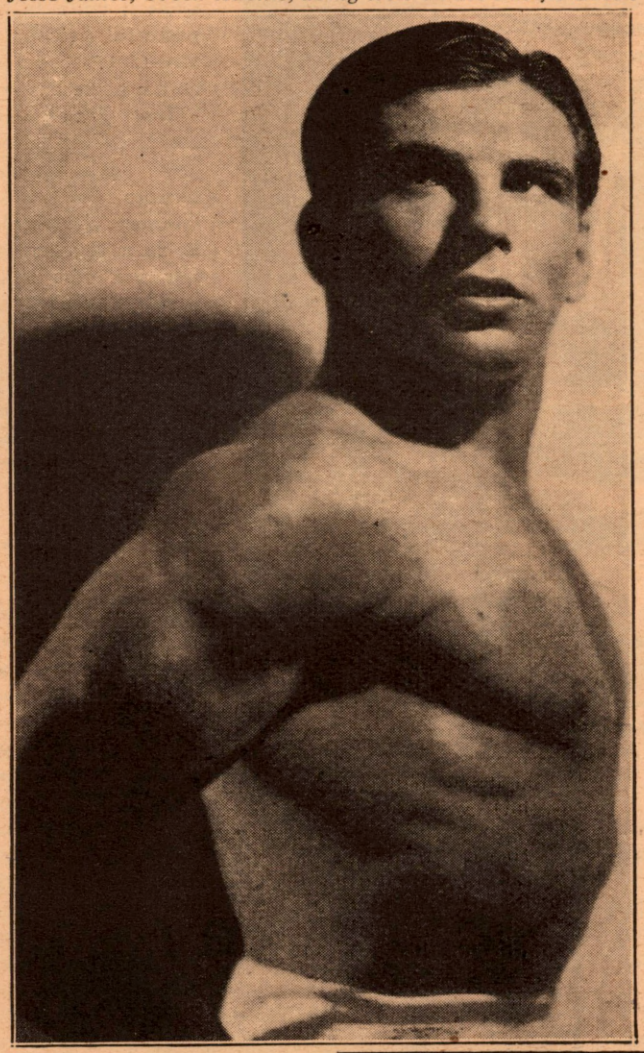
Among the stars who continue to tour the mats of England are: Mike Demitre, Greek-Canadian light-heavyweight champion of Europe; "Bad Boy" Red Brokau, a showman with a bountiful bag of devilish tricks; Joe Akron, the "Iron-man" from the Belgian Congo; Alex Lundyn of Australian ring fame; Joe Devalto, whose folks migrated to Canada from Italy, and Max Martin Shutz.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—A last minute look around reveals that: Harold Lane's further promotions at Holborn Hall, London, have been temporarily held up because of licensing difficulties. They say you can't keep a good man down, and this shouldn't stop Lane . . . . Jack McLauchlan, the burly world-traveller from Vancouver, Canada, is still headlining throughout this country. McLauchlan holds one of the many junior-heavyweight championship belts, but, as he's a modest sort of a guy, he doesn't claim the title . . . . Thanks for the card, Benny Sherman. Glad to know that you got back to dear old Portland, Oregon, safely. Apologies for this mode of thanks, but we've been busy . . . . Ditto to Karl Pojello, the Lithuanian wonder-boy. We always said that Maurice "Angel" Tillet, France's prehistoric man, would be a hit in the U. S. A. By golly, it looks as if we were right. Trust Paul Bowser of Boston to pick himself another winner!

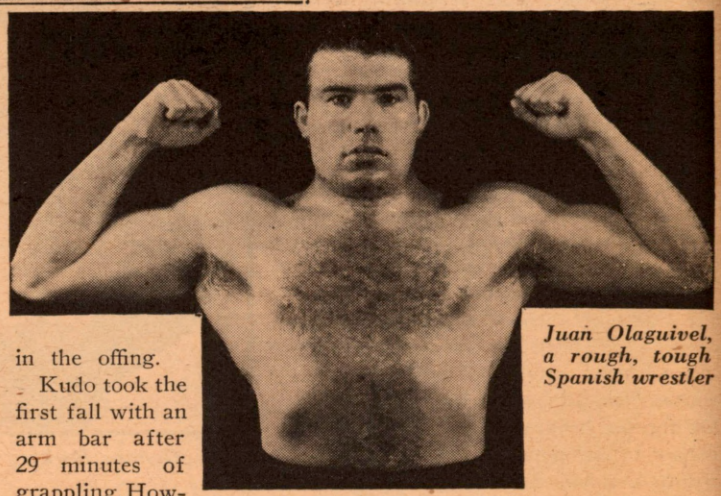
* * *

Jesse James, Greek Adonis, doing well on the Pacific Coast.



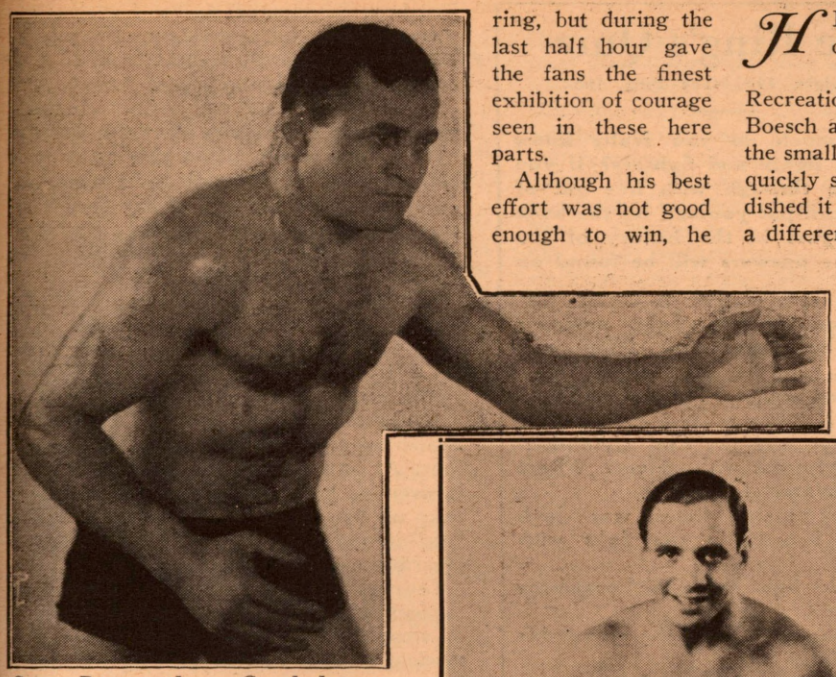
WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII, by Teddy Yamachika, follows:

Billy Venable, who holds the Pacific Coast and Canadian junior heavyweight titles, retained his prestige and gained the Hawaiian junior crown by taking the measure of the popular Kimon Kudo, two out of three falls, at the Honolulu Civic Auditorium. As far as action goes, this bout was about the finest seen in the Islands. Wrestling is going very big in Hawaii. Both contestants gave their very all and the plaudits which greeted both after the bout served notice that a rematch is in the offing.



Juan Olaguivel, a rough, tough Spanish wrestler

Kudo took the first fall with an arm bar after 29 minutes of grappling. However, a few minutes later he missed Venable in an attempt at a flying tackle and hurled himself out of the ring. Such was the force with which he landed that many of the fans were of the opinion that Kudo would be unable to continue. But the Japanese wrestler was made of sterner stuff. He not only returned to the



Steve Passes, clever Greek heavyweight.

ring, but during the last half hour gave the fans the finest exhibition of courage seen in these here parts.

Although his best effort was not good enough to win, he gained the admiration of all. Even when Venable was disqualified for extreme roughness, which automatically would have made Kudo the junior champion, he was reluctant to take the fall and begged the referee to reverse the decision. Such sportsmanship as this keeps the game of wrestling alive here, and we take our hats off to Mr. Kimon Kudo.

* * *

Those who know Joe Parelli, the Italian dynamite, claim that he is about the finest showman in the wrestling game. It was only a few years ago that Honolulu was host to this colorful Italian and now his return has brought smiles to rabid wrestling fans and shivers to his opponents. Quite a rough chap, this one Joe Parelli, and anyone who has opposed him knows it.

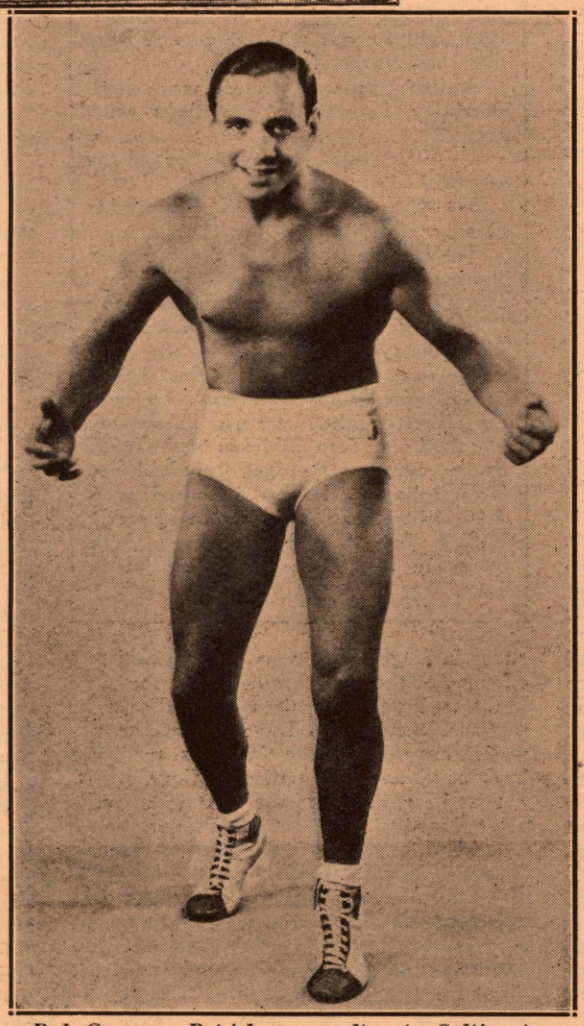
Formerly a middleweight, he has grown into a junior heavyweight. Even before he had rid himself of his sea legs, he was in the ring and showing how a Parelli takes care of his fellow grapplers. He won his first bout with ease and everybody knows that he'll soon be challenging Billy Venable for the junior crown. Anyway, that's what the fans are waiting for, and this battle between these two will be worth going miles to see.

* * *

Some sort of an elimination is being conducted to select a worthy opponent for Bill Weidner, world's junior heavyweight champion. One thing is certain. When and if Mr. Weidner arrives, he'll have his hands full defending his title against such topnotch performers as Billy Venable, Steve Nenoff, Kimon Kudo, Joe Parelli, Whitey Walberg, Nick Baynalis, Tony Bommerito and a tough bunch of others.

* * *

Team wrestling is featured quite often here. The best in the Islands seems to be the team made up of Kimon Kudo and Whitey Walberg.



Bob Gregory, Britisher, wrestling in California.

HERE are some wrestling notes from Dr. Conrad Mata of the Philippine Islands:

Harry "The Horse" Goodman is the promoter of the Recreations, Inc. His first show, a wrestling match between Paul Boesch and Ignacio Martinez, attracted but a handful. However, the small crowd got a terrific kick out of this match and the word quickly spread that American wrestling, as Boesch and Martinez dished it out, was the real McCoy. The Horse's next offering was a different story. The house was jammed.

In the first bout, Boesch received the verdict over the Spaniard after eight rounds of rough wrestling on the part of Martinez. Each had a fall after the eighth round, but Wally King gave the nod to Boesch because Martinez committed so many fouls. And the tortilla eating Senor ran after Boesch and the referee to show his displeasure over the decision. The Manila cops on duty that evening at the stadium had to come to the rescue of the distressed gentlemen.

The Chief Thunderbird and Ignacio Martinez offering drew 9,000, two thousand more than what the stadium could comfortably accommodate. It was a rattling draw. Goodman also staged this show. More luck to you, Harry!

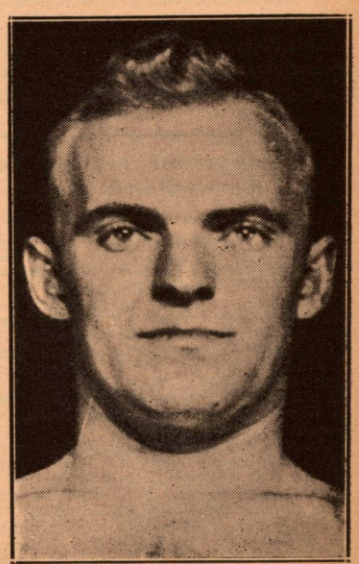
Cunning Nene and Joe Velasco went ten heated rounds to a draw. Joe Mendiola suffered his first defeat since arriving from abroad at the hands of the same Nene.

* * *

NORTHWEST WRESTLING NEWS, by Elna D. Sorensen, follows:

Tragedy hit the heavyweight ranks in the Northwest as a result of the death of Referee John Stevens, fifty, in Seattle. It happened in a preliminary bout between Laverne Baxter of Monroe, Ore., and John Katan of Montreal. Baxter knocked Stevens down and kicked him severely. Later, in the dressing room, Stevens died of a heart attack. An inquest took place, and Baxter was held for investigation. Baxter was later exonerated because of the testimony of Dr. James T. Moriarty, examiner of the athletic commission. In the testimony given, it was brought out that Stevens had been ordered three weeks before not to enter the ring because of a weakened heart condition.

Lots of new faces have made their appearance in the light-heavy division here .... With such wrestlers as Don Sebastian, Spain; Tony Morelli, Herman (Dutch) Schultz and Don Sugai, Oregon's own contribution, heading the list.



Dr. John Murphy, the drop-kick artist.

Rushing 'Em

(Continued from page 23)

would get enough money to return to Australia and die in the land he loved. He did die there, a short time afterward. I'll always maintain that Jeffries was not so great as he was lucky. A man of iron, he met a lot of flabby old men on the WAY OUT!

I saw little Joe Choynski hold off big Jeff for twenty rounds to a draw as I saw Gus Ruhlin do the same thing. Van Buskirk, his first professional victim, was a big fat dub. Henry Baker was a third-rater. Joe Goddard was a washed-up, old has-been. Pete Everett was most ordinary. Little Tom Sharkey came out to my home town and held Jeff off for twenty rounds, though Jim got the decision.

Now the boys thought they had something! They brought Jeffries to New York and to show what they had, they arranged two fights in one night for Jim, one against Bob Armstrong and the other against Steve O'Donnell. Billy Brady and Billy Delaney had deserted Jim Corbett by now and both declared they had a world beater. Jeff was not impressive in winning the decision from the big Negro, who had been one of Fitzsimmons' spar boys at Carson City. Jeffries, in a rage over the razzing he got, refused to go on with O'Donnell.

Two years later, and, of course, improved under Delaney's magic as a trainer and tutor, big Jeffries came to New York and won the title from Fitzsimmons in eleven rounds.

* * *

THERE were those among the old-timers who thought that Jim Corbett was daffy in seeking a match with John L. Sullivan. Said Jim was swimming out over his head. Jim knew what he was doing. The old-timers of the period, many of them plungers, didn't know that Jim Corbett had joined the Olympic Club in San Francisco when he was a sixteen-year-old boy. He joined to become a player on their baseball team.

Before he had been fairly launched in this sport, he suffered a leg injury in making a hook slide to second. This laid him up and while waiting for the kinks to get out of his leg, Jim took up boxing. At least he could move his arms, head and eyes, and Jim had all three.

His prowess as a boxer was astonishing. He had boxed Joe Choynski and a lot of the neighbors' children in his father's livery stable in Hayes Valley and he had the jump on some of the amateurs he met in the club. He was little more than a middleweight when he knocked out Dave Eisman, heavyweight champion of the club. That made the boys sit up and take notice of Jim Corbett.

Was he rushed into the fight with Sullivan? Hardly! He was twenty-six years old when he toppled the golden idol of Fistiana. Jim had had six years of experience as a professional and perhaps five more as an amateur. Jim was anything but a greenhorn, yet they made him a 1-to-6 long shot and he about ruined the Irish all over the country, though he himself was Irish.

* * *

IN my book, Jack Dempsey was the best nurtured fighter to come along to win a title. Long before Jack Kearns got hold of him, Jack was fighting the tough nobodies and it wasn't until Kearns brought him to Buffalo to fight big Carl Morris that Jack drew attention. Of course the name Jack Dempsey was magnetic in itself because the original Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil" had made that moniker a household word. Strangely enough, our later day Jack had more right to the name than the "Nonpareil" because his name was Kelly and he adopted the name of Dempsey when his mother remarried to a fellow named Kelly.

In nurturing boys, bringing them along with patient, mincing strides, I think that Pete Reilly has done a swell job with Pete Scalzo. This little Italian-American has just been "nominated" to the featherweight throne by the National Boxing Association. They have as much right as you or I to name Pete champion. Joey Archibald is the crown bearer and will be until somebody comes along and knocks him from under it.

You can't take a man's title away from him and the N.B.A. puts itself under the dunce cap when it attempts any such iron-heel movement. Just because Archibald didn't fight according to N.B.A. edicts, he is shorn of his kingly robes!

I know that this presumptious undertaking isn't going to wreck Archibald's whole life. He's a smart young man, studying to be a doctor. One of the most intelligent young fellows ever I've met in boxing.

Reilly pussy-footed his way along with Scalzo for three years or more. Maybe it's four. At any rate, Scalzo never was sent in over his head and now with his allotted four or five years of experience, he can "see" in a ring, as Georges Carpentier once described experience, to me.

Georges had something there. I happened to mention the Frenchman's strange analysis of what it takes before a fighter becomes proficient and at ease in the ring and Sharkey snapped:

"The Orchid Man is right, only it took me seven years to 'see' in the ring and there are times when I go a bit blank with rage." Sharkey was the heavyweight champion of the world that day.

* * *

LOU NOVA was coddled and brought along with meticulous care by Ray Carlin, his manager. Nova was a fine looking, strapping big fellow and he came back for another crack at New York after a previous and mediocre debut. When he came back the second time, he gobbled up all the luck, save the night when he faced tough Tony Galento.

Lou was the underdog in his fight with Gunnar Barlund, when a badly cut eye drove Barlund to the showers. He was well licked the night he fought Tommy Farr when Lou suddenly landed a right on Tommy's jaw and the bell saved Farr from a knockout.

Nova was trailing when he cut Max Baer's mouth and forced the big Californian out of it. Blood, running down Max's throat from the horrible cut inside his lip, gagged him and shut off his breathing.

Lou's luck changed when he fought Galento. Lou took a terrific licking and was stopped in the fourteenth round. He hasn't been heard from since. Illness of a prolonged and mysterious nature has kept this handsome young giant out of the limelight.

I don't think he was rushed too fast. I don't think Billy Conn has been rushed.

Billy wants to fight Joe Louis this year. I'm against that unless Billy weighs at least 190 pounds. He has the speed of a featherweight. He is not rated a hard hitter, yet they tell me, do those fellows who have fought him, that they never have been hit harder than they were when Billy clipped them. You must take the word of Gus Lesnevich, Fred Apostoli, Solly Krieger and Henry Cooper for that. I guess Gus Dorazio would tell you the same thing because Billy's left hooks busted Gus all over the layout and they led him away bleeding like a stuck pig.

It may not be HITTING. What IS it?

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with five out of ten you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 46.

1—What famous fight manager coined the expression, "We wuz robbed"?

2—What world title did Sam Langford hold?

3—What was the first championship fight fought with gloves? Where was the contest fought?

4—How many times was Jack Dempsey floored in the fight with Firpo?

5—What fight holds the record for attendance?

6—What fight holds the record for gate receipts?

7—Who is known as the Singular Senegelese? The Belting Bell Hop? The Orchid Man? The Boston Gob? The Hard Rock from Down Under? The Mighty Atom?

8—True or false? The first world crown won by Henry Armstrong was the lightweight. Jack Dempsey knocked out Tom Gibbons in the 15th round. Stanley Ketchel knocked out Jack Johnson. Benny Leonard won the lightweight title from Freddy Welsh. Jess Willard dropped Jack Dempsey four times in their Toledo fight.

Important Notice To Australian Readers

DURING the past fortnight we have received many letters from Australia asking why The Ring no longer can be purchased there. Our Australian readers are probably not aware of the fact that though The Ring Magazine is the soldiers' and sailors' Bible and should be subscribed for by the Australian government, they have banned this publication with many other American magazines on the ground that it is not "educational." In England, Canada, New Zealand, India and all other British territory, The Ring Magazine is listed as an Educational Book, which it should be.

At this time, when men in the service require something light to keep their minds off the war and what they are about to face, what better publication could be given the boys during their rest period, than The Ring Magazine, with its boxing news from all parts of the world, including the doings of the British service men in Army and Navy bouts?

The Ring belongs in Australia and should be permitted to enter as heretofore.

When Promoters

(Continued from page 21)

down the match, put up a thousand dollars to bind the bargain. Yet neither of them had the faintest idea where the rest of the spendulix was to come from.

Finally, Jim contacted a wealthy turfman named Colonel McLewee. Corbett was always a convincing talker, and though the Colonel told Jim frankly that he thought no man on earth could whip John L., he admired the pluck of the youth from the Golden Gate so much that he agreed to put up $5,000 for him, and gave him the first installment, a check for $2,500, on the spot.

* * *

BEYOND a doubt, Corbett, judged by past performances, was the outstanding challenger, having beaten such men as Jake Kilrain and Domnick McCaffrey, as well as a score of lesser pugilistic lights. Above all, he had held the great Peter Jackson, colored heavyweight champion of Australia, to a terrific sixty-one-round draw. That feat alone stamped him as a boxing wonder.

Jim's financial troubles were by no means at an end, however. It happened that after he had gone into training he relaxed a bit one day to the extent of going to the races, and later took dinner with a friend at a popular restaurant. The future champ drank a glass of champagne on that occasion.

No fighter ever lived who drank less or took better care of himself physically than Corbett. His reason for partaking of the wine was that he thought he had overtrained a trifle, and that, combined with a day's layoff, a little stimulant would do him good.

Unfortunately, his action was observed by a ring follower at the next table. This man, without any intention of doing any harm, casually mentioned to a reporter of his acquaintance that Corbett had been drinking champagne. The news gatherer, who must have been a yellow journalist born a generation or so ahead of his time, immediately saw a chance for springing a sensation, and turned in a story to his paper to the effect that Corbett had broken training and had gone on as fine a jamboree as ever John L. himself enjoyed.

* * *

THE *Associated Press* picked up the yarn, which was promptly published all over the country. That Corbett was properly indignant, goes without saying. But his annoyance over the canard was nothing compared to his feelings the following morning. For there came an acid telegram from Colonel McLewee, stating that having read the story of Jim's fall from grace, he must refuse to put up the next $2,500!

That hit Corbett hard. It was a dismal reflection to sleep on, that a lying rumor threatened to put the kibosh on his dream of becoming champion, for he knew nobody who would be likely to make good his backer's desertion.

Luckily for him, the stake-holder, Phil Dwyer, the well-known race track magnate, was a sport from head to heels. When Phil was informed by the crestfallen Californian of what had happened, he calmed Jim down by telling him that he would furnish the necessary $7,500. Dwyer did just that, although he was one of Sullivan's most ardent admirers, thus making it possible for Corbett to fulfill his life's ambition—the winning of the world's heavyweight championship.

It is worth recalling that Corbett's conqueror, Bob Fitzsimmons, had an experience with Dan Stuart, who promoted the Carson City battle in which Bob won the title, that couldn't happen nowadays. A week previous to the fight, Stuart induced Fitz to become a partner in the enterprise.

After Bob kayoed Corbett, Stuart gave him $20,000. But the next day the promoter told Fitzsimmons that because he had to pay out so many bribes in political places to prevent the fight from being stopped, that the show was a failure financially, the losses exceeding by $12,000 the twenty grand he had given the winner.

Believe it or not—Fitzsimmons turned back the $20,000 to Stuart!

Sounds incredible, but it happens to be the Gospel truth!

The difficulties which Dan Stuart encountered in staging the Fitzsimons-Corbett battle at Carson City were nothing compared to what he faced when he brought Fitz and Maher down to Langtry, Texas, for the contest which finally had to be staged at the mouth of the Rio Grande on Mexican territory. This was done to avoid arrest by United States marshals or by Texas Rangers, as both the State and the United States Government were on Stuart's trail in that promotion.

Our present glove gladiators have ample cause for congratulating themselves that times have changed and at that, so have the promoters.

Joe Jacobs

(Continued from page 13)

From Times Square to the Loop, we played penny ante in a compartment. Murray played and Joe played, but they never spoke to each other. Joe never forgot.

So far as his fighters were concerned, Joe was the perfect manager. He demanded the promoter's pound of flesh—and sliced it off or no fight. He had an eye for the unlikely timber of this life—fellows like Galento. Two-Ton was washed up when Jacobs signed him. He had passed the main-event stage and wasn't too popular in the preliminaries. So Joe picked him up. He told him what to say and what to do. Galento's left hand became the Jersey Night Stick.

Joe pushed him—prodded him along, and for one delirious burst of fury, the fat misfit stormed the peak—blasted the world's champion to the floor. Without little Joe, Galento would be an obscure assistant bartender in Newark. Without little Joe, Max Schmeling might never have held the title.

On a June night long past, Der Max faced Jack Sharkey for the title. And Sharkey was at his well-drilled best. He speared the shambling German with a flicking left—battered him savagely. Schmeling was in tough shape.

"Pull inside that left and counter with your right," screamed Joey.

Schmeling pulled—he cracked his right sweetly to the button. Sharkey stopped in his tracks. Again Schmeling applied the technique. Sharkey straightened—then threw a shot well out of bounds. Max crumpled in agony and would have been counted out—except for little Joey. He pelted through the ropes screaming "FOUL" in tones which would have cut through oak boards. And he made it stick.

Jacobs' assaults upon the English tongue have become part of Broadway's curbstone patter. "We wuz robbed" came at the end of the second Sharkey-Schmeling fight, and it was perfectly correct. One bleak October afternoon, Joe stood in a World Series press box at Detroit. The wind whizzed about his thin shanks.

"I should have stood in bed," he wailed.

They even wrote a song with that title.

Joe Jacobs was the first man to manage managers. Many an incompetent has signed a great fighter and then languished in the shadow of the eight ball. So Joe would step in—gracefully accept a modest 10 or 20 per cent and put the fighter in what is generally known as the right spots. He had slices of many a champion, but his name was rarely connected with them. The figurehead received the credit while Joey contented himself with his 10 or 20 per cent. So everyone was happy.

Joe came out of Hell's Kitchen in New York and was far past voting age when he saw his first cow. Even then the sight did not impress him. He never liked the country and secluded training camps bored him vastly. He would ride 200 miles—spend three hours in a Broadway hot spot and ride back to camp.

His lone concession to rural life was a beret with a two-inch visor. He felt that this placed him squarely in the center of Long Island's horsey set and he wore it with a flourish. Shoes with wafer-thin soles might have been a trifle out of place in the lake and mountain country of Upper New York, but you couldn't convince Joe.

* * *

JOE JACOBS acquired the sobriquet of "Yussel the Muscle" when he "muscled in" on Max Schmeling after Arthur Buelow, through Nat Fleischer, the Editor of THE RING Magazine, brought Herr Max to America.

Schmeling was naturally Joe's No. 1 bread-earner. Joe used to sit in his office above the Brass Rail Restaurant—rocking in glee and tell long stories—most of them with a flashing point. He put Der Max into Cleveland with Young Stribling. The title was at stake and someone wanted to attach the purse. So Joe took the German's end—it was better than $200,000—and stored it in a suitcase. He carried the cash back to New York and trembled a bit along the way. For certain uncouth gangsters knew of the move and Joe expected a Thompson gun to speak out at every station.

The little manager made more than 20 trips to Europe, and the ship always left with a heavy cargo of champagne—docked in a state of drouth. Joe called it society wine and filled every glass in sight.

An era closes down with Joe Jacobs, for Joe's Broadway was the Broadway which came before the long stalls of orange juice salesmen—the waffle shops and the flea circuses. The fight game wasn't his business. It was his life—a mad life which was a little soiled about the edges. But there was something deeply gallant about it—a bravo joyousness which has gone away from the canyon which begins with a river and ends in a graveyard.

Kid McCoy's Own Story of Career

(Continued from page 9)

"Somebody's been havin' a bloody fine sell-out with me," he fumed.

He held up the magazine and rattled it in front of my face.

"Ain't that you, bloke?" he leered.

My ears were burning and my tongue stuck in my throat like a dry soda cracker. After what seemed a century, I forced a laugh.

"That's funny," I told him, "that picture does resemble me closely, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, do you know that at least three persons on the boat coming to Africa told me I was a dead ringer for that Kid McCoy, the Yankee prizefighter. And now even you fall for it!"

Cooper looked at me for a moment, mumbled something and then laid down the magazine. He never mentioned the matter again and I became convinced that he believed me.

Some weeks later he called me and said he had arranged a match for one Billy Doyle. But that fight never came off. I became ill from the terrific heat, developed a fever and began to think my boxing days were over.

My temperature shot up and down like an elevator and I wasted away to a mere 135 pounds. But I fooled them and lived through the siege of South African fever, which usually knocked off unprepared white men as though they were pins in a bowling alley.

When I emerged, or rather staggered, from the hospital, I was a fine specimen of skin and bones. I could have taken a job as a human skeleton in any side show.

* * *

IN spite of my condition, they fixed up a bout for me. And in that fight, not so many weeks later, I learned about human giants and how to take care of them.

A group of fans in the mining district picked my opponent before I saw him.

This fighter whom "Harry Eagan" (under which name I was masquerading) was to engage, would make Primo Carnera look like Little Lord Fauntleroy in comparison. He towered six feet eight inches and squashed the scales at 350 pounds.

He was a Kaffir, a native of the district, and his fists looked like two black freight cars.

In my weakened condition, I realized that I wouldn't have a chance with the behemoth they had selected for my fistic debut and I sat down to worry about it.

After thinking it over, I decided to visit the Kaffir's training camp and get a close look at him.

That decision was later to have a surprising result!

I climbed into a ginricksha and rode to the camp. I was totally unprepared for what I saw. As I walked through the gate, a huge negro, with shiny greasy arms and kinky hair, was just climbing into the ring.

The Kaffir was a magnificent physical specimen and the muscles of his club-like arms rippled and played under the dark skin.

Then his two sparring partners appeared. They were fully as tall and heavy and the trio in the ring looked like the performing elephant troupe in a circus.

I was anxiously waiting for them to start sparring, hoping to get an idea of this giant's boxing ability.

To my amazement, the other two men each picked up barrel staves and began swinging wildly on the mountainous Kaffir. They swung hard and viciously, but he blocked their blows with his massive forearms, his yellow teeth showing all the while as he laughed.

"Kid," I sighed, "you're in for it."

I slunk away from the camp, hurried back to my hotel and tried to figure a way out of the match.

I knew that under ordinary conditions, I wouldn't have a chance.

Then, just as I was ready to give up, the plan of action came like a flash!

* * *

ON the day of the fight, hundreds of "pound-a-day" diamond miners poured into the arena, with the thermometer touching the 100 mark.

The Kaffir was a heavy favorite in the betting, while I had but two supporters. One was Dr. Summerfield and the other an American, William Doyle, who served as my second.

The Kaffir was the first in the ring.

It was a breathless moment for me as I looked at his feet. They were bare! I smiled to myself, everything was working out just as I had planned.

During the first round we ran aimlessly around, the Kaffir trying to plant pile-driver fists on my jaw.

"Bill," as the round ended, "we gotta act fast. This heat's got me dizzy; I'm panting like a fat woman running up hill!"

"Okay, Kid," he winked, "in the next round!"

With the clang of the bell, the Kaffir leaped to his feet and rumbled across the ring. I ducked a wide swing and got around to his rear. At that instant Doyle's arm shot out.

With a puzzled expression in his bulging eyes, the Kaffir leaned down and reached for his right foot.

As he began to straighten up, my left arm came up with terrific speed and I felt a sickening crunch under my fist! The black man swayed drunkenly and then, like a fallen tree, he hit the canvas with a thud and was counted out.

And I thanked Doyle for throwing tacks in the ring at just the right moment!

* * *

LITTLE did I dream when I visited South Africa that I would find it necessary to employ ring trickery to avoid punishment, with a possible knockout at the hands of fellows who were unschooled in the art of fisticuffs. However, such was the case and my experience with the Kaffir, whom I knocked out through the medium of tacks was such as to convince me that it would be unhealthy for me to remain any longer. Hence I made a hasty exit.

I took the first boat available and sailed for Nice, beautiful, sea swept Nice, the paradise on the French Mediterranean. There I immediately went to work by accepting a fight in which I was groggy during four rounds and was virtually out on my feet. Yet I succeeded in pulling that one also out of the fire and here is how I turned the tide.

"You're crazy!"

That's what I told myself after I impulsively accepted the offer for that fight in Nice.

There I was, weighing only 172 pounds, and forty years old, matched with a strong young British naval officer who tipped the beam at 245 pounds and was nearly twenty years younger.

My opponent, Petty Officer Curran, had the reputation of being a slashing, fast fighter who could "take it" and who had never been knocked out. But I was in pretty good shape myself and, if I do say so, I had quite a reputation as a fighter.

The bout was to be held in the Casino de la Jetee, a majestic building.

On the night of the fight, some of the officials came to my dressing room and whispered:

"Go easy on the youngster, Kid. There's a high-class crowd out there tonight and they've paid a lot to see this fight. Don't knock him out for at least the first three rounds."

That request puzzled me, for I knew that the betting was about even and I hadn't figured on a quick knockout. However, I decided to give them their money's worth.

As I stepped into the auditorium, I was dazzled by the splendor that met my eyes. There were beautiful and jeweled women by the score and their escorts were all in evening attire. Among those in the audience was Maurice Maeterlinck, the famed Belgian poet, and several Lords of England.

Young Curran followed me into the ring. He was powerfully built, with wide strong shoulders and sturdy legs.

With the sound of the bell, I got up slowly and advanced cautiously. I tried to lead him into a punch, but he held back. So I slashed out at his head with a left.

Suddenly his fist seemed to come at me like a bullet. The blow, with dynamite behind it, caught me flush on the mouth.

I choked and sputtered and tried to say something. But the only sound that came was a meaningless babble.

The punch had driven a bridge with four front teeth on it, back into my throat. For the rest of the round I avoided Curran, who sensed that he had the advantage.

When the bell clanged, I dashed to my corner and tried to readjust the bridge-work. But it clung to the roof of my mouth and before I was able to fix it, the round started.

For nine successive rounds, with Curran piling up points, I staggered around the ring. The loose teeth still bothered me and I was getting weary.

"A stiff drink," the thought came, "will put me on my feet."

I glanced wildly around the ring and tried to tell my seconds to mix me a highball and have it ready when the round ended. But they couldn't understand my request.

During a clinch that followed, I saw the timekeeper sipping a brandy and soda. After each sip, he would set it down on the edge of the ring, in front of him.

I determined to get it at the first chance.

In the tenth round, I maneuvered Curran toward the timekeeper's side of the ring and took one of his side swings on the back of my head.

I pretended to be dazed by the blow and flopped forward on my stomach. As the referee started the count, I reached out, seized the timer's drink and drained it.

And, with the count of eight, I jumped to my feet, catching Curran unawares. He stumbled backwards as I rushed him and I planted a stiff jolt to his jaw. He swayed for an instant, grabbed me and hung on until the bell ended the round.

That stolen drink saved the day for me!

In the succeeding ten rounds, I pounded away at Curran until he was almost out on his feet.

In the fifteenth round, when I felt he was weakening, I shouted: "Hey, look at your right foot!"

He fell for it and glanced down. My fist shot out before he knew what was happening and connected with his chin. I was waiting for that chance since the fight began.

To my astonishment, Curran didn't drop. Instead he shook his head and, as his brain cleared, he backed away and kept out of my reach until the round ended.

As he came out for the next stanza he said:

"Lor' blime, Kid, why did ye do that?"

I replied with a wild swing that almost threw me off balance. I was getting impatient. So, when I clinched with him the next time, I pressed my thumb into a gland on his neck.

I repeated the "massage" until his neck was red and raw, and the gland stuck out like a goose-egg. That was the end of his self-control.

I knew I had the edge then. And in the last three rounds I piled up enough points to get the judges' decision.

It had been one of the hardest fights of my career. But the result proved my contention that the man who can keep the big fellows off balance and catch them unawares, always has the advantage.

* * *

I WAS always looking for opportunities to catch my opponents sleeping.

One of the tricks which I used frequently came when fighters began changing the style of their trunks. The old timers fought in tights or long trousers, but then the short pants vogue came in.

It gave me an idea.

One night I was fighting a fellow in New York and I had bet a friend that the battle wouldn't last three rounds. At the start of the fight I noticed that my opponent was wearing short white trunks, with an elastic to hold them up.

When the third round began, I grabbed him in a clinch and suddenly jerked the trunks almost down to his knees. He swore loudly and made desperate efforts to pull them up again without losing his hold on me.

The crowd was roaring with laughter and hurling jibes at the embarrassed fellow. His dignity was upset and I knocked him out while he was still fumbling with the elastic.

That incident reminds me of the only freak fight I ever had—a bout that I would probably have lost without resorting to strategy like that I've just told.

It happened in Paris.

I had signed to meet a French foot fighter, an expert in La Savate.

It was an unwise thing to do, especially since I've always contended that every man should always stick to his own trade. And several promoters had tried to match me with wrestlers in freak fights.

But I had to go through with this one.

Charlemont, the man I had agreed to fight, was a noted exponent of the French sport where both hands and feet are used in fighting. And at that particular time he was the idol of all Paris.

A few days before the match, I took the time to find out what I could of his habits and his weaknesses. And I learned something that was to have a direct bearing on the outcome of our battle.

Charlemont, a handsome young man with dark wavy hair, was very affable when I stepped into the ring with him.

I bowed to him and sat down in my corner, waiting for the start.

"He looks harmless enough," I remarked to my second, "but it's curtains for me if his instep ever connects with my chin."

* * *

IN the first round, I managed to keep clear of his feet, which would fly upwards once in a while so fast that you'd have thought he was a contortionist. I was getting cross-eyed trying to watch his hands and feet at the same time.

Frequently I glanced toward the gallery and smiled.

Finally, in the third round, the Frenchman could stand it no longer and his curiosity got the better of him.

"What eez in ze galleree?" he whispered to me as we clinched.

"In the gallery?" I stalled, "what do you mean?"

"Yes, always you look zere," he insisted.

"Oh," I said, "there's a beautiful dark-haired girl up there that's been waving at us."

"Ah," he sighed, "a lady. Where ees she?"

"There . . . . right up there!" I pointed.

He looked up and that was the last thing he remembered. He was "out" for ten minutes from the effects of the uppercut I gave him while he was looking at "the lady."

Charlemont's weakness for the fair sex had lost him the fight and he never did meet the young woman I had planted in the gallery to wave to us.

After the fight he came to my dressing room.

"Keed," he pleaded, "why you do zat?"

"Oh, that was to teach you," I comforted him, "never to let a woman turn your head."

When I told him that, it brought back to me a similar experience in Chicago with a man named McCormick, who turned the tables on me unexpectedly.

When the bout was halfway over, McCormick leaned over and whispered to me:

"Well, Kid, I see you've brought another one of your women with you tonight."

"Who, me?" I said.

"Yea, right down there at the ringside," McCormick pointed. I fell for the trap, looked down and was flattened out with a dose of my own medicine.

* * *

I'VE often been asked how I developed certain punches, such as the "rifle" punch. One day, when I was just learning to box, I was teasing a kitten with a ball on the end of a piece of string. I noticed that the kitten's paw, instead of striking out in a straight line, came at the ball from an angle.

I combined that motion with the principle used in a rifle barrel. The rifling inside the barrel, I was told, gave it greater velocity. So I developed the "rifle" punch, giving my fist a quarter turn as I struck. With the full weight of the body behind it, that punch has a world of power.

When you combine boxing ability with psychology, you will have success.

I used to meet fighters who would enter the ring with their hair greased and slicked down until it shone like a light. And I knew that it would ruin their self-control if I kept mussing up the coiffure on which they had probably spent half an hour.

I remember a fight I had in Philadelphia many years ago. My opponent was one Jim Hall and he was one of those boxers who is brilliant one night and very bad the next.

When I stepped into the ring with him, he was "hot."

From the first to the fourth round, he had me running around in circles and he was apparently landing blows at will. I was helpless.

Then, as the fifth session began, I whipped out my left hand and knocked him out of the ring. The punch had done no damage, however, and he started to climb back over the ropes.

"Here, Jim," I said, extending my hand, "let me help you up."

Someone at the ringside, apparently expecting something funny, uttered a warning.

Evidently he didn't hear it, because he held up his hand and I fastened my fingers around his wrist.

"Up you come," I said, and jerked him through the ropes and into the ring.

Then, before he could break away, I hit him with my free hand. His mouth dropped open as though he was trying to speak and then he rolled over on his back to count the daisies.

* * *

MANY have criticized the ideas I had in the old days. They've said I depended on tricks to win fights. But I want to say that I fought them all, regardless of weight, and won most of the bouts.

Back in 1909, I was matched with Gus Ruhlin for a twenty-round fight at Syracuse, N. Y. Ruhlin weighed 210 pounds and was six feet three inches tall. I scaled only something around 159 and was some inches shorter.

I beat him without a trick. Gus was so badly beaten up from the punches I threw up at his face that they had to lead him from the ring.

I've fought a lot of battles.

I've stepped on boxers' toes. I've caught them unawares and I've made them lose their dignity.

It's all part of the game. I used to enter the ring laughing and leave it the same way. And if I was hit, I always blamed myself and not the other fellow.

Every man—banker, doctor, lawyer, painter and others—knows he must take advantage of every "break" that comes his way in order to be a success.

And if a man boxes for his living, he does the same.

Is that trickery?

In Defense of N. B. A.

(Continued from page 4)

had been, for some time, totally blind in one eye.

When New York named Melio Bettina world's light-heavyweight champion the N. B. A. said, "Not in our book. No champion until Billy Conn gets a shot at it." Billy Conn became a sensation in New York and was voted the fighter of the year and winner of the Ed Neil trophy. Everybody seemed to forget that he was the N. B. A.'s number one light-heavyweight.

The recent Ambers-Archibald rulings have brought about New York criticism of the N. B. A. that ranged all the way from honest and well expressed opinions to Billingsgate.

"Nobody pays attention to the N. B. A.," wrote the critics, and then devoted columns to it.

"It's NATIONAL Boxing Association in name only. It's not truly national; some states don't belong to it," wrote another, suggesting that we should have received permission from New York sports writers before choosing a name for the N. B. A. Incidentally how come the National League, with eight ball teams, uses the name "National."

In N. B. A. states and some non-N. B. A. states the N. B. A.'s rulings in the Ambers and Archibald cases drew praise. The criticisms came from New York in columns that emanate from New York. Their effect on N. B. A. states was to make them want to fight that much harder.

If this is to be a "war" between New York and the N. B. A. the N. B. A. can't lose. If the N. B. A. wins it will win only what it asks, that Mike Jacobs discontinue signing fighters to box for "One Alone, to Be My Own" and again let MANAGERS manage their fighters. That Mike Jacobs allow boxers to box for whom they choose. That the New York Athletic Commission be a little more considerate of boxing as a *NATIONAL* sport and extend some co-operation to smaller boxing centers.

Noah Webster made the accepted definition of the word "champion" as: "One formally acknowledged supreme in a branch of athletics or game of skill and ready to contend with any qualified challenger."

How far have champions, with the exception of Joe Louis, strayed from that definition? What if a champion defended his title every time he engaged in a contest? That may seem a hard row to hoe for the boy that holds the title but it would be better for boxing and the title would mean more. No boxer is bigger than the title he holds and, similarly, no boxing commission, promoter or association of boxing commissions, is bigger than the game they play.

I will confess we of the N. B. A. are hampered by lack of complete cooperation. However, we do get a lot of help.

The District of Columbia Commission turned down an Archibald-Jeffra return bout that would have piled in a great gate because they stuck along with the N. B. A.'s ruling on Scalzo. Rhode Island did the same thing. New Orleans turned down an Archibald-Perrin title bout and voted for Scalzo, only to reverse the field later by announcing that Perrin is now their "champion" and will box Bobby Ruffin for the "title." Venezuela handed out an A-1 bit of sportsmanship and clear thinking with, "Archibald should fight the winner of the Scalzo-Chavez bout for the title without further subterfuges or evasions."

Maryland—and there is a lot to be said for Maryland—stages the Archibald-Jeffra bout after its chairman had written to me on October 7, 1939, *"I understand that Archibald has been ordered to defend his title within thirty days and I strongly insist that unless this is carried out Archibald's title be vacated and the winner of a match between Jeffra and a contender whom the N: B. A. shall select be recognized as featherweight champion. As it appears now we are permitting Al Weill to control the N. B. A. which he will do unless the above is done."*

True, Stanley Scherr, Maryland's chairman, points out that I am pulling an old letter on him. I can only reply that in his arguments for the Jeffra-Archibald return match he pulled even older quotations on me.

Incidentally, when I pointed out to New Orleans that in November of 1939, they had voted "No title match without Scalzo" they replied, "That was in November. Now Perrin is our man."

Yes, Fleischer was right in pointing out the N. B. A.'s weakest point—lack of complete co-operation.

The N. B. A. has fought for 20 years for that complete co-operation. If we had it there would be no need for a congressional investigation.

The N. B. A. did not initiate the congressional investigation. An N. B. A.-wide poll approved of the investigation.

* * *

STATEMENTS of the N. B. A.'s critics that the N. B. A. has irons in the fire and something to gain are incorrect.

When a fellow takes a job like the one I have for the current year, sans pay but plus mountains of abuse and hard work, it would be fair to credit the fellow holding the job with some altruism and ideals. Believe it or not some people still contend there is room for sportsmanship and ideals in boxing, that the game should not be wholly a "business" and much less a racket. (N. B. A. national officials serve one year only and without pay.)

We have asked New York and Mike Jacobs to be merciful on the goose that lays the golden gloves. But if it is to be a fight that's O. K. too! Somebody's got to fight to bring back boxing NATIONALLY.

In the N. B. A. and elsewhere a great deal has been said about monoplized boxing but like Mark Twain's weather, very little has been done about it. We're trying to DO something in a premise that badly needs some action.

As far as I am personally concerned getting my name in the paper in boxing means nothing to me and gains me nothing. I've had it in there as a boxer, referee, manager, promoter, sports editor and what not for 35 years. The N. B. A. releases publicity only when it believes it to be news. The N. B. A. states elected me their president. I was handed a constitution and book of rules. I took an oath to carry out the duties of that office and the wishes of the organization. No move has been made by me without the vote of the entire body and/or the executive committee. All my training has been in the military-naval service, interwoven for 35 years with boxing. What would you do? Carry out the duties of your office or neglect them? For me there is only one answer.

N. B. A. officials have voted in favor of an executive conference with New York and other N. B. A. and non-N.B.A. commissions. Mike Jacobs and The Ring editor will be invited to such a conference.

In conclusion let me again emphasize that the N. B. A. wants exactly what The Ring wants—that boxing should flourish and thrive all over the world. Walking away from boxing as it is now with an "Aw t'ell with it" appears to present a weak and even cowardly attitude toward a game we believe to be well worth saving. If we are approaching the objective from different angles good horse sense would seem to dictate, "Let's get together." We're ready.

Cleveland Thunderbolt

(Continued from page 16)

After spending five months there, he went home. Lem weighed but 160 pounds before enlisting in the government camp and scaled 179 pounds at the expiration of his term. Back in Cleveland Lem told his father of his boxing success, thus his dad in turn referred his son over to "Tiger" Fann, who was a reputable middleweight in that sector at that time. "Tiger" took Lem in hand.

Lem trained diligently in Fann's basement for five weeks, then was allowed to work out at the professional gymnasium.

Lem embarked on his amateur career at the Cleveland Elks Club, opposing John Madonicy. He stopped him in a round. Madonicy afterward protested Franklin's amateur status, but to no avail. Lem then entered the 1936 Golden Gloves tourney in Cleveland, winning his first three bouts by kayos and losing a questionable decision to Smozy in the finals. That important match convinced Lem that he had better thereafter, decide the issue himself before the officials could pass judgment.

Following that tournament Lem had a difficult time in obtaining matches. He engaged in but six bouts until the time for the 1937 Golden Glove tourney. And commencing with this tournament Franklin waded through the opposition. He compiled a total of 12 consecutive one-round knockouts then lost in the finals at the Chicago Stadium to Paul Hartnek by the narrowest of margins.

Lem clinched the inter-city matches for Chicago over New York via the knockout route, while Hartnek lost to his New York opponent. In order to strengthen the United States team against Germany, Franklin replaced Hartnek.

Herbert Runge, champion of all Europe, was Lem's opponent. They met in the final and deciding match of the meet, and Lem won readily. He stopped Runge in the brief time of 59 seconds of the opening gong. Lem concluded his simon-pure activities with the N.A.A.U. tourney at Boston, Massachusetts, where he gained four straight knockouts and lost the final round to Yancy Henry.

Winter Shows

(Continued from page 19)

Hughes in Pittsburgh and Jack Jarcy in Detroit.

A handsome fellow, the Texan resembles Billy Conn a bit, but there the similarity ends, for although Webb boxes well, punching is his main stock-in-trade, as that record of 29 knockouts in 51 fights shows. Still a beginner and improving all the time, Webb is another reason why Chris Dundee, who has contenders in every class, dreams of some day cornering all the titles up to heavyweight.

* * *

A MIDDLEWEIGHT good enough to catch the heavyweight-conscious eye of Mike Jacobs must be something out of the ordinary, to say the least. When the young man is a newcomer to these shores, making his first showing over here, that is all the more remarkable. Uncle Michael snapped out of his heavyweight reverie with a start the first time he took a glimpse at the slashing Greek, Anton Christoforidis, in action in the Garden ring.

So did everyone else in the house as the hitherto unheralded invader, flashing plenty of boxing savvy along with a spectacular brand of aggressiveness, did a workmanlike job of trimming tough Johnny Pavlovich.

Christoforidis was unknown to most of the fans that evening but over in Europe the boxing adherents could have told their American brethren plenty about the dark haired, handsome Greek. The young man had showed up in Paris back in 1937, holder of the heavyweight, light-heavyweight and middleweight titles of Greece. His departure from his native land, where he had been employed as a hotel clerk before his plunge into the boxing business, was occasioned by the fact that financial returns from boxing were scant in Greece, and he had been advised that one of his ability had best try his luck elsewhere.

Before the year 1937 was out, he had beaten the middleweight champions of almost every continental nation. Mario Casedei, the Italian kingpin; Annett, Belgian title-holder; Gustave Eder of Germany; Candel, French successor to Marcel Thil, and the veteran Bep Van Klaveren of Holland, recognized European title-holder in the 160-pound class, all fell before the flailing fists of the aggressive Greek.

Mixed among this succession of triumphs over the various title-holders were a win over Lou Brouillard in Paris in April, 1939, and a draw with Kid Tunero. Recognized European middleweight champion as a result of his victory over Van Klaveren, Christoforidis looked for new worlds to conquer, and that meant a campaign in the United States.

Pierre Gandon had capably handled his affairs in Paris, and wishing to see his charge continue on his winning ways, recommended Lou Burston as an American mentor. Arriving in America in December, 1939, Christoforidis' first American showing was against Pavlovich. His second U. S. bout took place in Detroit against George Burnette, whom he beat handily, and then it was back in the Garden again against wild swinging, dangerous Frank Zamaris, who was given an artistic going over by Christoforidis on the Louis-Paychek card.

His exhibition against Zamaris stole the show as the foreigner made the rugged, hard-hitting Jerseyman look ridiculous while lathering him with a continual volley of punches. Although he weighed 166½ for the Jersey light-heavy, Christoforidis is a natural middleweight and has done his best boxing at that poundage.

A dapper, handsome fellow, he radiates plenty of the type of glamour that made Georges Carpentier famous.

* * *

CHICAGO dispatches of March 30 carried the quite surprising notice that Brown of Georgia, top line middleweight, had been stopped by Tony Zale. This information served as a clincher to the high rating enjoyed by the Gary, Ind., walloper, whose career was disclosed in detailed form in the last issue of THE RING. Some scoffers had been disposed to mark off the ex-steel worker's triumph over Al Hostak as one of those things, but the Gary lad's trick of toppling so competent a clouter as the Southerner added new lustre to his win over the N. B. A. middleweight titleholder.

Zale is all the rage in Chicago at the moment, where the celebrated managerial firm of Pian and Winch is being hailed on all sides as the possessor of a worthy successor to Barney Ross, in ability, in the person of Zale.

The Mid-Western middle's climb to the top has been no bed of roses. He has had his ups and downs, but has blossomed forth as a boxer of genuine championship attainments.

Caught between two promotional fires at present, Zale's march to a titular match seems temporarily stymied. Prior agreements with Seattle Nate Druxman have thus far caused Pian and Winch to turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of Michael Jacobs, but this can't go on forever and there is every indication that before the summer is out, Zale of Gary, Ind., will receive a well-earned crack at the middleweight crown.

* * *

LET it not be assumed that those mentioned have the field all to themselves as potential answers to the promoters' prayers around the country. During the long and tough winter which is just emitting its final frigid blasts, a number of newcomers to the big time came to the fore. Any one of these may blossom into a summertime sensation.

Conspicuous among them is the slithery, sharp-shooting brother of former champion Mike, Steve Belloise. Even the heavyweight fog that always seems to blanket the New York fistic scene couldn't obscure the lustre of the spidery Bronxite's performances last winter.

A product of the White Plains County Center on the outskirts of the metropolis, the Broadway wisemen thought Publicist Tex Sullivan was letting his enthusiasm get the better of him as he raved more and more, week after week, over the magic in Steve Belloise's mitts.

Belloise's first Garden showing convinced them that Sullivan, if anything, was guilty of understatement, as young Belloise made the bigtowners' eyes pop with his scintillating kayo of good Vinnie Vines.

Steve shows no signs of slackening his onward rush; in fact, he is punching harder all the time, as that one-punch knockout of Irish Eddie Dunne showed. He looms larger every minute in the outdoor plans of New York promoters this coming summer.

Stepping right along with Belloise in the Gotham parade of outdoor potentials are Vic Dellicurti, whose progress has been unswerving, and Bernie Miller, colored former C. Y. O. amateur champion, who gained new laurels in his draw with Maxie Berger. Also knocking on the championship door is the New York East Sider, tough and game Tony Marteliano, who came from the ranks of the also rans right up to the top flight in a single indoor season.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST promoters offer up prayers nightly for the continued success of fast coming George Latka, twice conqueror of the highly-touted George Crouch, and recent victor over veteran Baby Arizmendi and tough Richie Fontaine. Mid-West moguls dream pleasant dreams of summer days and summer gates with Jack Buddy Walker of Columbus, O., and big Bob Sikes of Pine Bluffs, Ark., two of those expected to lure the customers. Johnny Whiters, no newcomer, but given a new lease of life since his surprise victory over Lee Savold, is another middle towards whom Mid-Westerners are looking for keen action this summer.

As for Savold, we must not overlook this hard-hitting youngster, who is managed by Pinkie George. There can be no doubt but that his recent illness affected his fighting qualities, and though we do not want to detract any glory from the Whiters' victory, it is probable that Savold would put up a far greater battle if he had fully regained his strength as he now has. Back in health, Savold should be a big headliner this summer. He may yet be seen against Billy Conn or Bob Pastor in one of Mike Jacobs' outstanding summer shows.

Still another lad who looms as a good attraction is Tommy Tucker of Long Island. Tommy has been a consistent winner and is ready for the best.

Scattered around the country are such new headline arrivals since last fall as Cal Cagni, victor over the N. B. A. No. 1 welter contender, Milt Aron, who later turned tables on Cal by scoring a kayo in the sixth round. The Cresskill, N. J., lad has finally tagged himself to his own satisfaction and is apparently on the way to big things despite the knockout he suffered.

Lloyd Marshall, Cleveland product, who made quite a reputation on the Coast by beating Teddy Yarosz, Lou Brouillard, Babe Risko and Ken Overlin, and surprised Boston boxing bugs by stopping Red Lewis in his first Eastern appearance, is expected to show Eastern fans and promoters plenty this summer.

Johnny Barbara, South Bend, Ind., boy, who beat Fritzie Zivic, Bob Montgomery, Philadelphia Buzzsaw, Jack Larrimore, the Miami prospect, and Coley Welch, Portland, Me., middleweight, a Boston favorite.

Then there are also Howell King, smooth boxing Detroit Olympic ace, who has settled in Worcester, Mass., where he has become a local pride; the club fighting Mexican Augie Aurellano, hero of New York's small fight clubs, and Jose Basora, powerful punching Puerto Rican, among others who should bring joy to the fans and smiles to the faces of promoters all over the country during the summer season.

In the Gas-Lit Era

(Continued from page 26)

invariably got together and arranged a match of some sort or other.

There were no long wrangles or big ballyhoo in the newspapers about an affair of this kind. Everything was arranged in the most secretive manner and the mill was always conducted under the most mysterious manipulating.

Probably a five- or ten-line notice might be published in the old *Daily News*, which was about the only newspaper that devoted much space to these private fights at the time, merely announcing that a match was made between so-and-so for $300 aside, to take place at Staten Island or some other out-of-town spot around a certain week. That was all the publicity they got.

Most of the skin glove affairs, however, were usually pulled off right in the heart of old Gotham, in spite of the watchfulness of the police and law and order societies, that were always on the alert to spoil a rattling bout, if possible.

The fistic newspaper scribes had published in their report of fights taking place on Staten Island so frequently that a ponderous German sheriff of Richmond County, one day made a tour of the newspaper offices, and loudly protested against naming his bailiwick as a constant battleground for all sorts of scraps.

"Vy, dem fights never vas once by Staten Island," bleated the indignant sheriff. "Vot you think, Richmond County is von prize fighter's menagerie?"

After the rather boisterous protest the sport writers agreed to cut Staten Island off the pugilistic map for some moons to come at least.

* * *

"WHAT'S the matter with you fellas hanging around here without any dough?" asked "Sugar" Murphy of a few financially embarrassed fight fans, who were seated about the big red hot stove in the backroom of Murphy's saloon, one cold winter's night in 1891.

"Why don't you fellas get a fight on and get some coin?" continued Mr. Murphy, quite discouraged by the lack of excitement and orders for various rounds of drinks.

"We ain't got any money to start with, Sugar. How can you run a fight without some cash, eh?" piped one of the group quite sadly and helplessly.

"I'll furnish the dough, so get a hustle on yer, and with the help of God we'll all be happy," declared Murphy, as he muttered a silent prayer, for which he was noted.

Never did I see Mr. Murphy start for a ringside without offering up a prayer for himself, his accompanying friends and the battler he desired to see win, for financial reasons or otherwise.

Probably "Sugar" Murphy had directly or indirectly promoted more skin glove fights in the 80's especially, than most any other fight bug in this city.

For fully half a century he was a most constant and enthusiastic follower of nearly all the bare-knuckle, skin and paded glove fights in the eastern part of the country.

In 1860 he went to England to witness the great international championship battle between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers. He brought back to New York the official watch that was used to keep time for Heenan in the big mill, and that watch is now in possession of my son-in-law, Nat Fleischer, to whom I gave it.

No money could induce "Sugar" to part with the old timepiece, which he always carried and exhibited with great pride to all comers at the fights he attended, until one day, for a particular favor I had done for him, he presented it to me.

His noted saloon on the corner of Greenwich and Watts Streets, for more than forty years was the rendezvous of many famous fighting men and their followers. It was to that section of New York what Harry Hills was to the Bowery.

Many an impromptu mill was fought in Murphy's old backroom after hours between other combatants besides regular professional pugilists. Murphy was finally counted out by the old Grim Reaper some thirty years ago when he had almost reached eighty years of age.

* * *

IT wasn't a very extravagant proposition, however, for Mr. Murphy to finance the battle to benefit his stranded friends, who sat around his big hot stove that cold winter's night in 1891.

All that he was obliged to pay out was five dollars deposit for a hall and a couple of bucks for the printing of some three hundred tickets which read something like this:

"Big Prize Jig Dancing Contest"
"For a Solid Gold Medal"
"Between Frank Craig and Bill Dunn."
"Tickets Five Dollars Each."

Craig was better known as "the Harlem Coffee Cooler." At that time he was just starting out on his pugilistic career, but later he became quite a famous fighter. His opponent was Bill Dunn of Bayonne, N. J., rather a sturdy, game battler, who might have been a great ringster if he hadn't given old John Barleycorn such a great battle in his festive moods.

By some clever diplomacy, a committee composed of three dusky gentlemen secured the Sunday school in the basement of a Harlem colored Methodist Church for the fracas, after assuring the good pastor it was to be a very select society affair, for which they agreed to pay $15 before the performance began on the eventful evening.

Along about nine o'clock that memorable night, a rather sporty, motley crowd began to sneak quite silently into the Methodist Sunday school. Nearly every person seemed to have a bottle of some kind or other in his coat or hip pocket. It was quite the custom in those days to always fortify oneself with a flask or bottle of some strong liquor, not knowing exactly where or what you were going up against.

After a sort of a ring was formed with the long wooden benches and the two fighters entered the enclosure stripped for battle, the good pastor of the church stood amazed at the unexpected proceedings. But when the pugilists began fierce fighting in the most furious manner, he nearly had a fit. As soon as he was able to speak, he protested in the most vigorous and appealing manner.

"This must stop, brethren. I can't allow a prize fight under the roof of my church!" shouted the minister in despair. "I'll call the police! It can't go on."

"Don't get excited, parson," said Peter J. Donahue, a veteran sport editor, who was officiating as referee. "The boys will be orderly and treat you well."

* * *

SUGAR MURPHY, Warren Lewis and Martin Dowling took the enraged clergyman aside and endeavored to soothe him down with a few extra dollars and a little good gin, which the good man refused to take at first.

Perhaps it was because the Coffee Cooler was beating Dunn in almost every round that influenced the parson, but he finally agreed to let the bout go on provided there would be no more noise or shouting.

Although the Cooler was by far the cleverer battler, he didn't escape from being badly punished. It was a hot, battering mill for eight rounds, when the Cooler landed his heavy right on Dunn's chin and the latter dropped down and out as flat as a flounder.

Everybody seemed to be satisfied with the gruelling battle and went their way homeward without any rumpus or disorder whatsoever. The last I saw of the good pastor, he was asleep in the corner of the room, apparently perfectly happy and satisfied with the liberal donations from the wicked fight fans.

A year or so after this mill, the Harlem Coffee Cooler went to England, where he gained great fistic fame by defeating almost all the British middleweights and some of the heavy ones. On his return to this country the famous Tommy Ryan beat him at Coney Island and Peter Maher knocked the Cooler out later on in Boston.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 40:

1—The late Joe Jacobs coined the expression, "We wuz robbed."

2—Sam Langford never held a title.

3—The first championship glove fight was between Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan at New Orleans in 1892.

4—Dempsey was floored twice by Firpo. Once Jack went through the ropes, and before that, he was dropped to his knees and dragged himself up by holding on to Firpo.

5—The Tunney-Dempsey fight in Philadelphia—118,736 paid.

6—The Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago. It drew $2,658,660.

7—Battling Siki was known as the Singular Senegelese; Fred Apostoli, the Battling Bell Hop; Georges Carpentier, the Orchid Man; Jack Sharkey, the Boston Gob; Tom Heeney, the Hard Rock from Down Under; Jimmy Wilde, the Mighty Atom.

8—False. The first title won by Armstrong was the featherweight. False. Dempsey won in 15 rounds by decision. False. Johnson knocked out Ketchel. True. Leonard won the title from Welsh. False. Willard never dropped Dempsey.

New Faces

(Continued from page 31)

met, are the ones who are evading the question.

* * *

Stanley Mrak

STANLEY MRAK, also picked by Joe Brady as the third best welter in the coal regions, is 21 years of age, and weighs 142 pounds. Mrak, a good club fighter, has a following that is always eager to see him in action, win, lose or draw.

Mrak has caused more talk among the fight fans of Wilkes-Barre and vicinity than any other one fighter of this region. He has had a total of 39 fights, 25 in the amateurs and 14 as a professional. He has won 21 as a simon-pure, 11 by decisions and 10 by K.O.'s and has lost four. In 14 professional fights, he has lost four and won 10, three by K.O.'s, and seven decisions. Because of this boy's ability to hit he has had to spot not only weight, but also has been forced to go against highly experienced opponents.

John McDade, of Wilkes-Barre, handles the affairs of both Burton and Mrak.

* * *

Jack Dancer

JACK DANCER, a graduate of the C.C.C. camp has been boxing professionally less than a year. He has participated in nine professional fights, scoring seven knockouts and losing two decisions.

Only his inability at present to go the distance, keeps him from mixing with the top-notchers. Six of his nine bouts up to date, have been six-round main events.

Dancer, like many other C.C.C. boys, is a good puncher. Working hard all day, he has developed a clout that should enable him to reach the heights once he develops endurance. He is 22 years old, weighs 165 pounds and hails from Modesto, California.

* * *

Jimmy Kidd Hatcher

PROMISING material is always found in Florida during the winter fistic season. Selected as her most promising performer for the 1939-'40 season, is Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, a featherweight out of Lake City, South Carolina.

Although not a hard puncher, The Kidd throws 'em at a mile a minute clip, which finds his opponents at a total loss when they start comin'. Engaging in 11 bouts during the season, Hatcher won each with the exception of a split decision against him. That adversary outweighed him by 10 pounds, a sample of what faced Hatcher in every combat that awaited him. He was outweighed by most opponents.

The Kidd's fighting weight is 129, and every pound, a scrapping piece of machinery. Most notable in Hatcher's wins is the triumph over Kid Williams, who held Chino Alvarez to a 10-round standstill not so long ago. Hatcher did the unexpected by knocking Williams into dreamland in the fourth round. He also had him down for the count near the end of the third.

Most interested of the spectators was Mike Jacobs. That bout took place in Sarasota. Now that Florida's season is at the end, Hatcher is to go to New York City where he will be managed by Dave Karess, an efficient fight pilot.

The South Carolinian did fairly well last year, having mixed it with such boys as Lew Jenkins and Chino Alvarez. Has lost only two bouts since the Jenkins leap to fistic stardom. They were to Alvarez and most recently to Clarence King who outweighed Hatcher by a full 10 pounds.

Hatcher clashed with Jimmy Powell, Gordon Monroe, Joe Lanahan, Kid Williams, Walter Johnson and LeRoy Kid Barry in Florida, and scored a kayo against each. He beat Snag Trowbridge, twice, with Clarence King he won and lost a decision. The same happened when he faced Joe Testa. Previous to coming to Florida, Hatcher knocked out Wade Allison, Tommy Shull, Waites Cameron and beat Nunzio Bisogna, Bobby Seigal, Vince Boneveria and Red Hutchins in his most important battles.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 33)

Augie Arellano

AUGUSTIN ARELLANO, gay and witty Mexican boxer, is rated fairly high in his class. Happily married, Arellano is the proud father of a charming daughter. Augie, since his last return here from his home town—Houston, Texas—has been giving our 160-pounders plenty of trouble and is fighting his way to a title shot. Few fight experts had faith in the gay caballero when he first came to New York. To them he was just a tough two-handed socker, a scrapper who would eventually develop into "just another rugged fighter." But his manager, Jack Barrett, thought differently, and he was right for Augustin is a thrill provider.

Born in Sombrerete, Secatecas, Mexico, May 6, 1918, Augie is one of five sisters and four brothers. He was three months old when his family moved to Houston, Texas. In school, little Augie was a terror; not a bad boy but a mischievous one, a restless and fearless youngster. His record for fighting therefore far exceeded his scholastic achievements, but he was a bright lad and managed to graduate and enter high school. Here, too, he was more adept with fist than with pen or text book. After a year at school, he gave up the struggle and got himself a job as painter's helper in an automobile repair shop. He held this for two years during which time he competed in several amateur boxing tournaments.

His second job was that of a bussboy. But he loved fighting above everything else, and so continued to battle as a simon-pure. He moved to Galveston—hoping to find bigger and better fights—and he did. An interested gym owner watching Augustin work, decided to employ the scrapping Mexicano as manager and boxing instructor.

* * *

IN 1937 Arellano turned pro, using the name of Tiger Pelon—and living up to the tiger part of it. Returning to Houston, Augie battled there for about a year, taking part in thirty encounters. Mannie Barrett, in Houston on a visit, got one look at the slam-bang Mexican and decided to bring him to New York for his brother Jack to manage.

The Tiger, as Arellano is called, has participated in 60 battles under Barrett's management. True, the Mexican wildcat did not win all, but those he lost were by very close decisions. He fought Jackie Kid Berg to a standstill. It was the same with Mike Fratini, Frankie Genevese, Jimmy Murray, Ralph Vona, Doug Marsh and other rugged welterweights.

Augie has not yet reached his peak, but he's getting there rapidly. Only an "overstuffed welter"—which in the argot of fistiana means a 150-pounder, who can still make the welterweight limit if he tries hard enough, Augie has been meeting legitimate middleweights with amazing success. His bouts with the clever Johnny McHale were thrill-packed, full of excitement. His bout with the hard walloping Victor Dellicurti was a corker. His contest with the experienced European welter and middleweight champion, Bep Van Klaveren, was sensational. The Holland ringster threw some dynamite-packed gloves to the Mexican's chin but Augie kept coming in and pounded away with both fists until his rival backed away.

In his scrap with Walter Franklin—one of the cleverest and hardest punching 160-pounders in the game today—Augie demonstrated his courageousness. Arellano, a 10-to-1 underdog, battled against tremendous odds, height, weight and reach. Franklin, a sharp and accurate puncher, socked the Tiger with wallops that would have felled a heavyweight. But the Mexican refused to fall. He also refused to be dazed or upset by Walter's bombardment or to back away and stop hitting back. Instead, Arellano uncorked a variety of stinging blows which rocked the game Hebrew to his heels. The battle, which ended in a draw, was a masterpiece for thrilling ring action.

Twenty-one years is a very young age for a good fighter. Augie is still a boy. In a year or two he will be a greatly improved fighter. He will learn more about the finer points of boxing. He will become stronger and tougher and far more experienced. But even as he is, he can take plenty good care of himself. He has proven it, definitely.

Latka Brothers

(Continued from page 17)

George knows what it means to work for a living. His dad died when Latka was six, and George has had to do considerable shifting for himself. Among his occupations you will find newsboy, magazine salesman, tire salesman, radio salesman, steel worker, dish-washer, butcher, grocery clerk, dry-goods salesman, farmer, laborer and mail carrier.

Four years ago George took Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man, go West," and has not regretted it.

George's brother Billy is twenty-one years of age. Billy has participated in eighteen professional contests, losing only one.

Boxing critics proclaim Billy the sweetest looking prospect to come along in years. Built like an Adonis, looking like a Robert Taylor, college-bred Billy can't miss hitting big time. He has been nursed very carefully and is well versed in the science of fisticuffs. Billy is exceptionally strong, possesses a knockout drop in either hand and boasts a splendid record.

Undefeated in the past two years, Billy has had a total of twenty-seven fights, seventeen of them failing to go the limit, which attests to the potency of his fists.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE greatest upset of the current season was recorded when Lew Jenkins captured the lightweight title from Lou Ambers. It was a stunning upset, one which will not be forgotten for many days. Archie Moore, St. Louis Negro, is making excellent progress in Australia. He disposed of Jack McNamee, Ron Richards and Atilio Sabatino in successive order via the knockout route. Henry Armstrong defended his welterweight title against Paul Junior at Boston and the challenger lasted seven sessions. Buddy Baer recovered lost ground in the heavyweight ranks through his knockout of Nathan Mann. Fritzie Zivic again was beaten by Johnny Barbara, who is slightly over the welter limit. In this issue Solly Krieger makes his first appearance in the light-heavyweight ranks. Archie Moore makes his with the middleweight entries, and Victor Dellicurti, who has deserted the 160-pound ranks, is ranked with the welters, with whom he cast his lot.

Here are the leading fights of the month: Starting with the heavyweight class, Buddy Baer heads the group with his seven-round knockout over Nathan Mann. Mann finished Buck Everett in three. Johnny Whiters disposed of Eddie Mader in four. Buddy Walker kayoed Tom Kenneally in three. Buddy Knox drew with Tony Musto. Bob Nestell scored over Tommy Martin. Al Delaney whipped Stan Savold.

Eddie Blunt defeated Jim Howell. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Ernie Collins in the fourth. Freddy Fiducia took five rounds to finish Al Zappala and Ray Miller. Bob Sikes scored over Johnny McCarthy. Steve Dudas bested Dan Merritt.

Otis Thomas kayoed Ernie McDonald in two rounds. Nate Brown won over Dan Dowling. Johnny Hanschen and Arne Anderson split two decisions. Bill Boyd whipped Jarl Johnson. Tom Reddington scored over George James and stopped Martin Thornton in four.

Newsboy Millich whipped Harold Blackshear. Jack Marshall stopped Italo Colonello in six. Dan Hassett whipped Buddy Scott but was beaten by Bill Poland. Unknown Winston disposed of Jack Cuddy in six. Altus Allen whipped Billy Muldune. Tony Novak finished Jimmy Graham in one and Lou Thomas in two. Salvatore Ruggirello whipped Al Williams. Neville Beech kayoed Burrow Wood in eight rounds.

Among the light-heavyweights, Jock McAvoy, British entry, disposed of Jimmy Berry in the sixth round. Turkey Thompson kayoed Johnny Romero in four. Solly Krieger finished Herbie Katz in four. Teddy Yarosz defeated Jimmy Reeves. Ralph De John scored over Johnny Hayes and kayoed Johnny Swicki in one round. Tommy Tucker whipped Tarzan Roy, Willie Pavlovich and stopped Frank Donofrio in four. Henry Taylor bested Al Gainer. Joey Parks scored over Billy Colbert and disposed of Delmar Koch in the fifth. Domenic Ceccarelli beat Domingo Valin.

Ceferino Garcia heads the middleweight procession with his four-round kayo over Allan Matthews. Ken Overlin defeated Frankie Nelson and kayoed Steve Wilkerson in nine rounds. Archie Moore finished Jack McNamee in four, Atilio Sabatino in five and Ron Richards in the tenth. Richards stopped Sabatino in the third.

Lloyd Marshall kayoed George Gano in the second round. Charley Burley, now in the middleweight ranks, kayoed Sammy Edwards in two and Baby Kid Chocolate in five. Young Corbett won from Harry Cahill. Henry Chmielewski scored over Augie Arellano.

Nate Bolden whipped Marty Simmons. Jimmy Bivins kayoed Enzo Iannozzi in one and Johnny Dean in the third. Bobby Pacho was beaten twice by Johnny Jackson and Shorty Hogue. Shorty also whipped Johnny Romero and stopped Angelo Puglisi in the seventh. Big Boy Hogue disposed of Nick Masiello in five. Al Gilbert whipped Eddie Miller and Vincent Pimpinella. Vincent scored over Pietro Georgi.

Dave Sparr whipped Harry Cahill. Ben Valentine stopped Jack Lewis in seven and Eddie Maguire in eight rounds. Tony Bruno scored over Johnny Phagan. Jimmy Casino drew with Billy Latka. Johnny McHale scored over Billy Campanelli but was beaten by Howell King. Toots Bernstein won from Tony Martin. Babe Verila bested Jay Macedon and Babe Orgovan. Joe Sutka won over Al Tibbitts.

Welterweight Champion Henry Armstrong required seven rounds to finish Paul Junior in their title match at Boston. Cocoa Kid, a ranking welterweight, scored over Chalky Wright, the feather. Fifteen pounds difference existed between their weights. The necessity for such a match is difficult to find. Milt Aron redeemed himself against Cal Cagni by scoring a technical knockout in the sixth. Victor Dellicurti scored over Eddie Dunne. Fritzie Zivic whipped Mansfield Driskell but was beaten by Johnny Barbara.

Maxie Berger won by a narrow margin over Bobby McIntire. Mike Kaplan stopped Joey Ferrando in the fourth. Mike Belloise scored over Henry Ferrara. Arthur Danahar stopped Jake Kilrain in the second. Ernie Roderick scored over Harry Craster. Willie Neyland defeated Kid Azteca. Al Davis kayoed Teddy Baldwin in the fifth. Saverio Turiello scored over Tommy Bland. Bill McDowell bested Phil Furr. Sammy Luftspring defeated Andre Jessurun. Tony Marteliano whipped Irving Eldridge.

Red Green won from Nick Peters. Jackie Kid Berg disposed of Harry Davis in the eighth. Allen Westbury kayoed Herb Bishop in five and defeated Leon Zorrita. Zorrita kayoed Jimmy Purcell in the eighth. Eddie Dolan disposed of Walter Johnson in the second. Ralph Zannelli scored over Frankie Terranova.

Carl Dell won over Milo Theodorescu. Red Cochrane defeated Dave Chacon. Vinnie Vines kayoed Mike Angieri in one, Pete Koloff in two and Danny Devlin in seven. Frankie Britt won from Bernie Miller. Al Smith kayoed Jimmy Brooks in four. Mike Piskin disposed of Mickey Makar in the tenth. Cleo McNeal finished Pete Galiano in three.

The lightweight title changed hands when Jenkins removed the crown from Ambers' head in the third. Ambers had previously beaten Wally Hally and Norment Quarles. The future status of Ambers is unsettled. He is definitely out of the lightweight ranks and his future ranking will depend upon what success he has with the reigning welters. Sammy Angott whipped Davey Day. Jackie Wilson scored over Tony Chavez. George Latka scored over Jimmy Garrison and Ritchie Fontaine. Dave Castilloux won from Wesley Ramey and Billy Marquart. Marquart lost to Jimmy Tygh.

George Zengaras won over Primo Flores and Julie Kogan. Kogan was licked by Johnny Bellus. Leo Rodak trimmed Yucatan Kid. George Crouch disposed of Joe Ybarra in six rounds. Johnny Hutchinson whipped Clever Henry, once by decision and the other on a disqualification in six rounds. Charley Gomer stopped Johnny Rinaldi in the eighth and Bucky Taylor in the third. Taylor whipped Frankie Wallace. Billy Beauhuld scored over Johnny Morro and Victor Troise. Tommy Speigal defeated Benny Bass.

Mike Belloise scored over Lee Harper and drew with Abe Denner. Harper scored over Joey Fontana, who was also beaten by Lenny Mancini. Mancini drew with Jimmy Vaughn, who also drew with Bernie Friedkin. Phil Zwick disposed of Al Spina in the third and defeated Eddie Marcus. Mike Gamiere stopped Ray Sharkey in five. Eddie Lander scored over Joey Silva.

Tippy Larkin disposed of Jimmy Lancaster in the third. Tod Morgan finished Fighting Carlos in the 12th. Dave Lefton stopped Frank Farrington in four but was beaten by Al Kimber. Joe Hall scored over Lefton and Farrington and went six rounds with Danny La Verne in a bout which was called "no contest." Lou Lombardi kayoed Frankie Reese in three. Young Polite finished Zeke Castro in the first. Maxie Fisher won from Frankie Bove.

In the featherweight division, Jimmy Perrin scored over Bobby Ruffin, who was also beaten by Maxie Shapiro. Shapiro also scored over Al Reid. Pete Scalzo disposed of Ginger Foran in the fifth. Spider Armstrong whipped George Salamone. Harry Jeffra defeated Hitoshi Tanaka. Larry Bolvin won from Matt Perfetti, who whipped Jimmy Lancaster. Nel Tarleton won from Billy Walker. Tom Smith scored over Jim Keery, Jackie Rankin and disposed of Frank Kenny in the second. Keery stopped Spider Kelly in four while Rankin won from Johnny King.

Jackie Wilson scored over Bobby Green. Johnny Cusick defeated Al Lyttle and Ginger Roberts. Dick Corbett won on a foul over Len Beynon in the third. Young Rightmire scored over Sammy Garcia and Pete De Grasse. Mickey Miller drew and then stopped John Dillon in the fourth. Nat Litfin stopped Hank Nakamura in eight. Joe Marinelli won from Jimmy Gilligan and Lloyd Pine. Pablo Dano drew with Frankie Bove and was beaten by Vincenzo Dell Orto.

Among the bantams, Little Dado scored over Tony Olivera. George Pace whipped Pablo Dano. Little Pancho defeated Horace Mann. Kui Kong Young scored over Black Joe in Honolulu. Kid Tanner won over Tommy Burns, Jimmy Gill and kayoed Tommy McGlinchey in eight. Peter Kane scored over Battling Jim Hayes. Chick Delaney, a newcomer, broke into the elite circle with his victory over Aurel Toma. Al Brown won from Mickey Miller, Cris Crispin by decision and also by a ten-round knockout.

Manuel Ortiz heads the list of American flyweight activity with a victory over Pancho Villa. Tiny Bostock won from Johnny Boom. Joe Curran finished Jimmy Gill in four and Paddy Ryan in five. Gill scored over Rinty Monoghan. Frank Bonser won from Dudley Lewis in seven rounds on a disqualification. Phil Milligan whipped Billy Tansey. Pierce Ellis bested Joe Royce. Willie Smith won from Les Johnson, while Pat Palmer kayoed Billy Hazelgrove in seven.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Ronnie Bishop, England.
Bantamweight—Billy Jenkinson, England.
Featherweight—Jackie Taylor, Dayton, Ohio.
Lightweight—Sonny Simon, New York City.
Welterweight—Willie Neyland, Houston, Texas.
Middleweight—Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland, Ohio.
Light-heavyweight—Bill Ely, Pueblo, Colorado.
Heavyweight—Pat Valentino, San Francisco, Calif.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending May 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Arturo Godoy	Gus Lesnevich	Ceferino Garcia	Cocoa Kid
2—Tony Galento	Melio Bettina	Tony Zale	Milt Aron
3—Bob Pastor	Len Harvey	Ken Overlin	Holman Williams
4—Red Burman	Jock McAvoy	Al Hostak	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Buddy Baer	Anton Christoforidis	Archie Moore	Steve Mamakos
6—Roscoe Toles	Turkey Thompson	Ron Richards	Victor Dellicurti
7—Gunnar Barlund	Solly Krieger	George Abrams	Fritzie Zivic
8—Johnny Whiters	Tony Cisco	Lloyd Marshall	Maxie Berger
9—Junior Munsell	Teddy Yarosz	Coley Welch	Mike Kaplan
10—Buddy Walker	Jimmy Webb	Charley Burley	Steve Belloise

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Joey Archibald	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Jimmy Perrin	Little Dado	Jackie Paterson
2—Davey Day	Pete Scalzo	George Pace	Enrico Urbinati
3—Jackie Wilson	Chalky Wright	Tony Olivera	Manuel Ortiz
4—George Latka	Simon Chavez	Lou Salica	Tiny Bostock
5—Pete Lello	Sixto Escobar	K. O. Morgan	Joe Curran
6—Eric Boon	Spider Armstrong	Little Pancho	Small Montana
7—Bob Montgomery	Harry Jeffra	Kui Kong Young	Jimmy Stubbs
8—Dave Castilloux	Maxie Shapiro	Kid Tanner	Johnny Boom
9—Johnny Bellus	Verne Bybee	Peter Kane	Paddy Ryan
10—Leo Rodak	Larry Bolvin	Chick Delaney	Frank Bonser

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

NEW YORK CITY fans saw a great little champion dethroned and a two-fisted, socking fighter crowned when Lew Jenkins of Sweetwater, Texas, stopped Lou Ambers of Herkimer, New York, in 1.29 of the third round in Madison Square Garden. Ambers, a big favorite because of his fine record, went into the ring far from the well conditioned fighter who had faced Henry Armstrong some months previously. Making weight proved a big handicap, but even if he had been at his best, it is doubtful if he could have done any better against the two-fisted, terrific attack that was launched by his Texas opponent.

Jenkins, who prior to coming to New York was just an ordinary fighter, was a real champion against Ambers. He went after his prey from the opening gong and never let up until he had Lou so helpless that Referee Billy Cavanaugh had to intercede to prevent further damage. The old champ went down fighting. He took a terrific beating around the chin, but faced the music like a true gladiator.

The bout proved that Herkimer Lou has outgrown the lightweight class and according to his mentor, Al Weill, Ambers will make a comeback, but as a welterweight. Lou has many good fights still left in him and with his popularity, he can still rate the headline post, but he shouldn't attempt to fight for the lightweight crown any more.

The weights were Ambers 134½, and Jenkins, 132. The attendance was 13,186, and the gross was $57,992.

The undercard on the Ambers-Jenkins show found Marty Servo the victor over Maurice Arnault of France in six rounds of hectic milling. The bout was full of action with plenty of mitt flinging. Lulu Constantino, 124, beat Norman Hi Ho Silvers, 125½, in six rounds; Paco Villa of Mexico, who scaled 127, and Charley Varre, 130¾, fought a draw. Aron Seltzer, 125¾, beat Danny Sinnott, 122½, in four, and Arty Dorrell, 145¾, Dallas, Texas, fighter, stopped Sean Hynes of Ireland, 144½, in the fourth.

"Texas" Lee Harper proved too slippery for Al Reid at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn and at the end of eight rounds, Lee had enough points to his credit to win the verdict. Lou Barbetta scored over Billy Pinti in the six-round semi-final.—Billy Beauhuld, with the aid of two knockdowns, one in the first and the other in the fourth, enabled him to score over Johnny Morro at the St. Nicholas Palace in eight rounds. The weight advantage by Billy and his harder hitting proved the deciding factors. Morro weighed 135 and Beauhuld 140¾. Vincenzo Dell Orto scored over Mickey LaMarr in the eight-round semi-final.

Upsets seem to be the vogue on Tuesday night shows around the Metropolitan area. Maxie Shapiro, 129, upset the winning streak of Bobby Ruffin in their eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum. Ruffin scaled 128¼. Tami Mauriello whipped Walter Red Johnson in the semi-final of six rounds. Lenny Mancini recorded an upset when he halted Joey Fontana in their eight-round go at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn.

Jarl Johnson was responsible for a big surprise when he halted the coming Jimmy Boyle in the third round of their sixer. Norman Silvers bested Johnny Rudd in another six.—Eddie Dunne was holding his own with Victor Dellicurti for seven rounds at the White Plains Community Center but tired badly in the finishing session, was dropped and thereby lost the verdict. It was Dellicurti's first start in the welterweight ranks. He made the weight by scaling 146½ against 146 for Dunne. Dellicurti has deserted the middleweights and will try his luck with the lighter division, but it is problematical as to how he will succeed. At his natural poundage of 150 pounds, he proved too fast for his heavier rivals. Getting down that extra few pounds may retard his natural speed and strength.

Ken Overlin, engaging in a workout fight for his middleweight scrap with Ceferino Garcia, ran into an unexpected tartar when he clashed with Frankie Nelson at Portland, Maine. In the first round Nelson landed with a left hook and right cross and Ken hit the floor. Overlin took the count of seven before getting to his feet. From that period on, Ken took command although Nelson made it a hot scrap with his sporadic bursts of fighting. Nelson hails from Davenport, Iowa, and if given a chance will make it uncomfortable for our leading middleweights.

The Exposition Building at Portland stages boxing shows weekly with Chick Hayes, former bantamweight of twenty-five years ago, as matchmaker and promoter. Everything runs smoothly there with very little interference from the Boxing Commission and consequently there is little, if any dissatisfaction.

Paul Junior, from Lewiston, and Coley Welch, a likely looking 21-years-old youngster, are the outstanding cards in that vicinity. Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight champion, originally hails from Waterville, Maine, and is regarded as a local product. Junior and Castilloux are regarded as a red hot natural and would do capacity business.

Milan O. Welch, who at one time was publicity director for Rudy Vallee, and later Sports Editor for the Bridgeport *Herald*, is now handling a daily sports broadcast from Portland. Corey Ford, internationally known writer, makes his headquarters there, and has adopted Coley Welch as his personal protege. Welch has every attribute of a future great. He is clean cut and modest. His fighting qualities are attested to by unbiased critics.

Milo Solomito, boxing promoter at Memphis, assisted by Matchmaker Darby Kelly, inaugurated a scheme to bring boxing back on a high class scale. He brought in Ken Overlin, outstanding middleweight contender, with Steve Wilkerson, local product, and in addition secured the services of Arthur Donovan from New York to referee the match. The fans saw an excellent scrap which ended in the ninth round when Overlin landed a left hook to the body and a right on the chin to end the fracas. Wilkerson was giving a good account of himself while the fight lasted and looks like a good prospect.

The promotion lost money but it gives the fans confidence in the new setup. It is likely that Milo will more than be recompensed in his future promotions. Memphis has always been a high class city as far as pugilistic attractions are concerned and in the past developed such stars as "Memphis" Pal Moore, "Gentleman" Gene Delmont and Eddie "Kid" Wolfe.

The *Commercial Appeal* and *Press Scimitar* are the two newspapers in Memphis and the sports departments contribute their share by giving the fights plenty of publicity. Walter Stewart, formerly on the New York *Telegram*, is Sports Editor for the *Appeal* and Wilson Murrah handles the boxing assignment. George Bugbee is Sports Editor for the *Press-Scimitar* with John Rogers covering boxing news. Milo also has the assistance of his two brothers, Joe and Tillie, who are indefatigable workers. Darby Kelly as matchmaker provides the papers with plenty of good copy. Fred Getz is the outstanding local referee. He handles his assignments in capable style.

George Zengaras, rugged New York Greek lightweight, scored over Primo Flores, hard hitting Puerto Rican, in their eight-round scrap at the St. Nicholas Palace. George was penalized the third for a low blow but stepped on the gas from that period on and won by a comfortable margin. Flores was always dangerous with his rushing, swinging attack, but Zengaras was too steady with his left jabs and cleaner blows. Flores weighed 137 and Zengaras 135½. Angelo De Sanza whipped Joe Echavarria in the six-round semi-final after a bitter scrap. Solly Gerstler earned a clean-cut victory over Benny Cartagena in six rounds but was given a draw. This was really a bad one.

Maxie Berger had all he could do to win the decision over Bobby McIntire in their eight-round fray at the New York Coliseum. Bobby gave him a corking scrap but Maxie's finish in the last two rounds was the deciding factor.—Lenny Mancini appeared to have the edge in his eight-rounder against Jimmy Vaughn at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn but the official verdict was a draw.—Kid Young of Detroit, making his first start in New York, won a clean cut decision over Jack Larrimore at the White Plains Community Center after eight rounds.

Lou Ambers took part in two workout fights prior to his match with Lew Jenkins at the Garden. He whipped Wally Hally in Denver and scored over Norment Quarles at Charleston, S. C.—Al Davis, making his first start since the Ambers scrap, disposed of Teddy Baldwin in the fifth round at Newark. Davis is still a colorful and dynamic left hooker who is certain to be listed among the threats for welterweight honors.—Steve Belloise, latest local welterweight prodigy, continued his winning streak at the expense of Tony Ferrara at the White Plains Community Center in eight rounds.

Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight leader, showed his class by taking over the veteran Wesley Ramey at the New York Coliseum in eight rounds. Dave floored Ramey in the third round and maintained his mastery throughout the fight. Ramey weighed 135¼ and Castilloux 134¾.

Jimmy Fantini and Frankie Gilmore drew in the six-round semi-final, while Jimmy Casa conquered Bobby Gentile in a hair-raising six-rounder.—Solly Krieger settled the matter of supremacy between Herbie Katz and himself by scoring a four-round knockout over his Brooklyn rival at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Katz was floored in the third but the bell came to his aid at the count of eight. He was put away for the full count in the next session. Krieger weighed 177 and Katz 175¼. Joey Ferrando whipped Francesco Montanari in the eight-round semi-final.

During the absence of fistic activity in the Garden, the St. Nicholas Palace stepped out with a bangup program consisting of five eight-rounders which featured the best of local talent. It was an excellent program, well staged and was responsible for playing to a capacity audience. Tony Marteliano, 143½, outpointed Irving Eldridge, 133½, in the feature eight after a mighty tough scrap. Billy Beauhuld whipped Victor Troise; Maxie Shapiro turned the tables on Al Reid in their session; George Zengaras proved too strong for Julie Kogan, while Bernie Friedkin and Jimmy Vaughn waged a hard fought battle with honors even at the finish.

Vincenzo Dell Orto proved too agile and fast stepping for Pablo Dano in the headlining eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove. Lulu Constantino disposed of Frankie Deris in five while Patsy Giovanelli required four rounds to put Vankie Watson away.—One week later, at the same club, "Texas" Lee Harper was responsible for upsetting the dope in defeating Joey Fontana in their eight-round scrap. Fontana was floored in the first round for nine seconds and failed to catch up with his clever opponent. Johnny Colan put the quietus on Tommy Houston in the first round of their six-rounder while Lou Barbetta stopped Lou Clementi in the fifth period.

Tommy Tucker scored an impressive knockout victory over Frank Donofrio in the fourth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. Frank made a good showing for two rounds but slowed up in the third and after being floored for a nine-count in the next round, he was counted out after the next knockdown. Tucker weighed 179 and Donofrio 175¾. Wicky Harkins and Vincent Fratello waged a gruelling eight-round scrap in the semi-final that ended with honors even. Harkins weighed 154½ and Fratello 160½.

Jim Donald, one of the most capable of Australian writers and a real student of boxing, was greatly impressed by the manner in which Archie Moore, latest American importation, put Ron Richards away in the tenth round of their twelve-round go. It was Moore's first appearance in Sydney, and he registered like the proverbial million bucks. Moore later stopped Atilo Sabatino in the fifth after flooring him in the first. This was Moore's third knockout in a row, Jack McNamee being the first victim in four rounds.

Buddy Baer, aided by sixty pounds in weight and a corresponding advantage in height and reach, disposed of Nathan Mann in the seventh round of their scheduled twelve-round affair at the Garden before a crowd of 5,154 who had contributed $11,311. Baer, 249 pounds, piled up a big lead in the first two rounds by belaboring and clubbing his opponent mercilessly. He suddenly went dead and Natie forged ahead to win the third, fourth, fifth and sixth sessions.

Coming up for the seventh, Buddy showed a new lease on life and floored Mann for a count of nine with a left hook *(Continued on page 50)*

and right smash on the chin. He wrestled him down immediately after, with Mann taking another count. Blood was spurting from his eye when Mann started walking to his corner, signifying that he had enough and Referee Arthur Donovan called a halt.

The one bright spot on the evening's program was the excellent battle waged between Henry Chmielewski, from Old Orchard, Maine, and Augie Arellano, rugged Texas middleweight. Henry showed the more class and finished the stronger but Augie was aggressive and persistent all the way. Eddie Blunt whipped Jim Howell in their six-rounder, while Bill Poland showed his mastery over Dan Hassett. Julio Ortenzio flattened Bill Kettle in the first round, while Danny Bartfield scored over Patsy Spataro in the opening four.

Pete Scalzo, after being dropped twice for counts of nine and once for a no count in the third round, recovered brilliantly to turn the tables on Ginger Foran and disposed of him in the fifth round at the New York Coliseum. It was a thrilling spectacle for the fans. Scalzo weighed 128¼ and Foran 129¾.—Charley Gomer won by a technical kayo over Johnny Rinaldi after one minute and twenty seconds of the final session in their eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena. The referee stopped the contest when Rinaldi was in no condition to continue. Monty Pignatore repeated the trick by stopping Bobby Dance after 2 minutes and 20 seconds of the eighth round in the semi-final.

George Pace made his first appearance in New York and won a 10-round decision over rugged Pablo Dano at the Golden Gate Arena. Pace scored a knockdown in the first round and proved too speedy for the aggressive and courageous Filipino who tried hard all the way. Dano weighed 120 against 134¼ for Pace. In the semi-final, Jose Basora, recovering from a knockdown in the first round, disposed of Willis Parker in the third. Ross Ross whipped Teeko Born, Nono Cuebas kayoed Ricardo Clemente in the sixth, while Carmine Fatta trimmed Nathan Hall in six-round features.

Tommy Tucker had little trouble in whipping Willie Pavlovich in the feature eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Willie started off swiftly but by the time the fifth round had started Tommy had the fight under control and won handily from that stage on. Tucker weighed 177 and Pavlovich 179. Joe Boscarino scored over Victor Troisi in the eight-round semi-final, while Johnny Colan looked good in whipping Dave Smith in the special six.—Frankie Jacobs, who has Bernie Friedkin and Lenny Mancini under his control, expects an important addition to his stable. His wife, Shirley, expects an addition to the family and it will be the most important addition in his life.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

I, FOR one, wouldn't care to wager a rusty ruble that Little Dado of the Philippines cannot whip any 118-pounder in circulation today. The little brown doll gave a lot of people the same impression when he scored a convincing victory over Tony Olivera, classy San Francisco Portuguese, in a windup at Oakland's Municipal Auditorium, annexing seven of the 10 rounds in so doing and asserting beyond all doubt his superiority over The Ring's No. 1 bantamweight.

Dado, already recognized American flyweight champion, has created a definite suspicion that he is likewise just about the best one-eighteen in the business. He outboxed, outpunched and outlasted the talented Olivera, although the word is that Tony sacrificed some of his stamina to meet the weight requirements which, incidentally, stipulated 118 pounds on the afternoon of the contest. Olivera's only real stand came in the sixth round when he rocked the Filipino from top to bottom with a solid right hand to the jaw but Dado shook it off and from the seventh stanza until the final bell Tony receipted for more or less of a lacing.

"Newsboy" Millich, the Sacramento Russian, outclouted big Harold Blackshear, Monterey Negro heavyweight, in a 10-round semi-windup.

Long years between the ropes of many rings have necessarily slowed the sturdy legs of Young Corbett III, but the former welterweight champion retains the accumulated experience of his many wars and can yet whip hard hitting youngsters the likes of Harry Cahill, over whom he copped a 10-round decision in a Benny Ford show at San Francisco's Coliseum Bowl. The ageless Fresnan's left-handed artistry effectively stifled the threat of Cahill's powerful right hand and Corbett had a clean cut edge at the finish. He is tentatively matched with Lloyd Delucchi, another heavy punching kid cut from the same mold as Cahill, and it is safe to say that the Italian veteran's current comeback campaign will stay in the black ink so long as the opposition is what it has been to date.

Owing to lack of space, the "Letters from Our Readers" pages and the story, "Socks that Count", had to be left out of this issue. They will appear in the next number.

Pat Valentino's seventh round kayo of courageous Johnny Petry at the Coliseum Bowl ran the Excelsior District Italian's batting average up to an impressive percentage of 19 knockouts in 24 starts and puts him in line for engagements with some of our better Grade B light-heavyweights. Pat cut loose a tremendous display of punching power in his joust with the lion-hearted Los Angeleno, dropping Petry six times before a straight right hand on the chin wound it up just prior to the bell that would have ended the seventh round.

The son of a neighborhood fruit market proprietor, Valentino is the most explosive puncher these parts have known since Ray Actis, another Excelsior District product, was laying 'em low a few years back, but whereas Actis was constantly bothered by small, brittle hands, Valentino owns a tremendous set of dukes and has yet to crack a cuticle.

Chick Delaney of San Leandro, Calif., a wee gent with a man-sized wallop, floored Aurel Toma, Roumanian bantamweight, three times in their 10 rounds at the Oakland Auditorium, but the decision in Delaney's favor was by no means a mere formality. Making his first start on the Pacific Coast, Toma impressed a sparse crowd with his durability and he threw plenty of gloves into Delaney's midsection, but in the final reckoning the three trips to the mat were the difference between win and lose for the sad-faced European. Despite the setback, Toma is matched with Tony Olivera for a feature spot at Hollywood's Legion Stadium.

Back in the days when both were local amateur stars, Ray Lunny of the C.Y.O. licked Vern Bybee of the Olympic Club three times in as many meetings. Before the next issue of The Ring is on the stands, they will clash in an expensive 10-rounder at San Francisco's massive Civic Auditorium, and the aversion developed for each other in their simon-pure rivalry is expected to make for the beef of the year. Lunny, professionally developed in southern California, left a Coliseum bowl crowd popeyed when he stopped tough Jose Gallardo in his first San Francisco appearance in over a year, while Bybee's recent win over highly-regarded Ricardo Lemos at the Hollywood Legion Stadium indicates that the young man is headed for better things. The match is expected to attract this city's largest boxing turnout in years and the grudge element never detracts from box office receipts.

HERE 'N' THERE—Art Gonzales, the rugged San Diego Mexican welterweight, who did the very unexpected by knocking out Jack Lunny, was 50 per cent of two of the month's best semi-windups. He won a new derby for best fight of the night against Paul Lewis on the Valentino-Petry card at the Coliseum Bowl and two nights later put on a dude of a brawl against Irish Johnny Taylor underneath the Dado-Olivera top at Oakland. Both ended in draws . . . . Otis Thomas, St. Louis colored heavyweight, blitzkrocked Ernie McDonald, big Fresno darky, in three rounds of a supporting bout on the Delaney-Toma program . . . . Ritchie Shinn, deft Korean lightweight, who reached the semi-finals of the recent National A.A.U. tourney at Boston, has decided to cast his lot with the paid-to-punchers and started out on a four-rounder at the Coliseum Bowl . . . . Domingo Valin, whose antics kept the East Bay gendarmes hustling all the time, is fighting in the East . . . . we note he was kayoed in Pittsburgh.

Frank Carvente of the North Beach territory dished out a lacing to Cliff Samuelson, Mission District bantamweight, in a six-round nightcap at National Hall . . . . Johnny Gaudes, Milwaukee bantamweight top-flighter, is on the Coast looking for work . . . . Jack Lunny is picking up weight in the mountains . . . . Eddie Booker, San Jose colored welterweight, handed Boby Pacho, Los Angeles Mexican, a gorgeous pasting in their 10-rounder at San Jose although he failed to stop his man.

Little Pancho, the Filipino flyweight whiz, who has supposedly beaten Little Dado three times in the past, was given an unexpectedly bad time by Horace Mann in their 10-round topspot at National Hall, and when the referee hoisted Pancho's hand at the conclusion of hostilities, a mild riot ensued. Mann climbed all over the elusive brown boy from start to finish, although Pancho's boxing was far superior and Horace missed more often than not with his ambitious swingings. There are those who insist that Pancho is a better fighter than Dado and the little fellow is indeed a master boxer and capable of giving anyone lots of grief.

George Latka of San Jose trimmed Ritchie Fontaine, hard boiled Montana lightweight, in a 10-round windup at the Hollywood Legion Stadium and upped his string of southern California wins to a fancy four, having previously twice shellacked Georgie Crouch and trimmed Baby Arizmendi. The Fontaine victory has inspired talk of a movietown colossal involving Latka and the new N.B.A. kingpin, Sammy Angott.

Newsboy Joe Gavras, fighting at top form of late, repeated his victory over Irwin Kaye, George Parnassus' hard-hitting Jewish welterweight, in a sizzling 10-rounder at the Coliseum Bowl. Kaye nailed Gavras with a pretty right to the jaw for a clean knockdown in the fifth but the local Greek kept one jump ahead of him throughout a savagely contested 10 rounds and deserved the decision he received.

Write me at 444 Fair Oaks Street, this city. But please, men, don't ask for pictures.

NEW ORLEANS AND DIXIE NOTES
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

JIMMY PERRIN successfully defended his Louisiana version of the featherweight boxing championship here May 8 when he won a spectacular 15-round decision over "Irish" Bobby Ruffin of New York. A crowd of 4000 paid a trifle over $6000 to witness Perrin in the first defense of the title and all went away satisfied that in naming Perrin the champion, the Louisiana Athletic Commission didn't err. He is a boy that many here believe will lick Pete Scalzo.

Ruffin, a good two-fisted youngster, was the recipient of one of the loudest ovations any fighter ever received here in 20 years. Maurie Waxman's featherweight, traveling beyond the eight-round route for the first time in his short fistic career, was immediately sought by Matchmaker Lew Raymond for another local appearance. Bobby made a tremendous hit and all the sports writers agreed that in another year, Ruffin will either be the next featherweight or lightweight champion as the New Yorker appears to be the type of a lad who will add seven or eight pounds to his well-built frame before the year 1940 passes.

Louisiana has petitioned six other Southern boxing states to secede from the National Boxing Association. Messrs. Elmer, Foto and Frederichs of the Louisiana Athletic Commission started the movement after the high-handed manner in which Col. Heinie Miller dealt with the managers of Jimmy Perrin in the featherweight muddle. The local officials, like many others throughout the country, are burned up with the dictatorial attitude of the Colonel and his colleagues.

SHORT SHORTS—Jerome Conforto, stablemate of Jimmy Perrin, is being tabbed by the fans here as one of the best welterweight prospects New Orleans has boasted since the days of Young Denny . . . . A puncher with either hand, Conforto recently won the Southern 147-pound title from Sammy Magro in Birmingham . . . . Others listed as going places are Angelo Mariano, Joey Argiz, Dudley De Jean, Harold Wattigny and Dominick Camarata, brother of Nickie Camarata . . . . "Red" Dolan, former lightweight star of 20 years back, is now one of the top referees here and doing a grand job.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

AROUND THE RINGS—Willie K. O. Brennan, local referee, was one of the best middleweights in the game about twenty years ago . . . . Brennan fought six world's champions . . . . They were: Ted (Kid) Lewis, Jack Britton, Jack Dillon, George Chip, Al McCoy and Harry Greb . . . . Brennan is still in splendid physical condition and turns in a great job as a ring arbiter . . . . Jackie Donovan will probably take things a bit easy during the summer . . . . He'll have to fight some pretty tough babies if he accepts out-of-town matches . . . . Next fall Jackie will be close to the middleweight limit if he keeps on growing . . . . Manager Billy Michaels is not one who believes in overworking a fighter . . . . Billy will probably have Jackie do some resting in the country.

Henry Brimm, Negro amateur welter star and National champion, is getting plenty of work at amateur shows in other cities . . . . Brimm will stick to the simon-pures—if he's smart . . . . Harris Blake, flashy colored lightweight, is back from New Orleans, where he won two matches. Blake is quite a card in the Crescent City, where he has been a steady winner . . . . Bert Finch is looking around for a site for a gymnasium and the big fellow will be back in the game next fall with a good string of battlers.

NEW ZEALAND WRESTLING NEWS
By PERCY ROBINSON

A decision to carry on with the wrestling program this season and allot profits to various patriotic funds was made by the Auckland Wrestling Association at its annual meeting. This fine gesture is almost sure to be adopted by the other associations throughout the Dominion.

The outbreak of the war necessitated an early closing of the season last year. The leading wrestlers were: Earl McCready (five wins and one draw); Lofty Blomfield (eight wins, two draws, four losses); and Prince Bhu Pinder (two wins, one draw and two losses).

The local champion, Lofty Blomfield, has entered the army, and is now Sergt. "Lofty" Blomfield, but owing to varicose veins, his services will be home defense and physical training with the troops at the camps. The army life agrees with the massive New Zealand champion, who is in the pink of condition and is looking forward to octopus-clamping the importations. Lofty has obtained permission from the army to wrestle in Auckland alone.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

ALTHOUGH boxing attractions from a standpoint of national importance hit a sudden lull in Chicago, many a lively local fistic combat was served to the "dyed-in-the-wool" fight fans. Nick Castiglione, the West Side's slugging lightweight, and Gene Spencer of Chicago's South Chicago provided the fireworks in one of the month's best bouts. Commencing with the middle of the second round, when Castiglione cornered Spencer in his own corner and exchanged murderous left- and right-hand clouts, with Gene dropping to the canvas for a nine count. The boys fought at a furious pace the rest of the way, with Nick getting the nod at the end of eight rounds of slugging at the White City Boxing Club.

In the second eight-rounder, Tony Motisi, pleasing Catholic Youth Organization welterweight, drew with the undefeated Jackie Cooper, South Side colored boy. Cooper won as he pleased in the first four rounds, but Tony managed to plant heavy right-hand belts to Jackie's body which in turn slowed up Cooper.

The third contest at the same distance found Eddie Dempsey, Moline, Ill., Irish 128-pounder, the winner over Sammy Sfaras, West Side Greek left hook specialist managed by Jack Hurley.

George Feltes, aggressive Milwaukee blond tiger, slashed away at Tony Reno's body, but in return received a healthy facial contourment, with the Italian, Reno, being awarded the decision.

Well, it looks like Chicago is still without any semblance of a chance to hail a champion even of synthetic proportions when Davey Day was vanquished by Sammy Angott, in an N.B.A. 15-round "titular" contest at Louisville, Ky., on Derby Eve. Angott got the decision, 76 to 74 points.

Johnny Barbara, who has come on with a thunderous rush in the welterweight ranks during the past six months, proved his mettle when he beat Fritzie Zivic, who has been a top-notch welter for the past four years.

Frankie Covelli, who is one of the few boys to go the route with Champion Henry Armstrong, when "Homicide Hank" was a 126-pound fireball, for a second consecutive time beat Eddie Lander in their 10-round fistic whirl.

Jimmy Bivins of Cleveland, Ohio, surprised all as well as Nate Bolden in whipping the bronze South Sider in eight fast rounds.

In the four-round cantos, Sherman Edwards, 160 pounds, beat Don Goldberg of Milwaukee; George Nyberg of Port Arthur, Ontario, welterweight, triumphed over Joey Spiegal, another "Brewery City" battler; and Carl (Blackie) Owens put the crusher on Frank Bylinowski of Oregon, Ill., in the second heat. A week later, Owens announced his retirement from professional activity.

Altus Allen, under the guidance of Sol Butler, has been seeking fame the hard way. Allen's latest victim was Willie Muldune, Cleveland, Ohio, heavyweight, from whom he won in 10 rounds. This numbers eight victories out of 11 for Allen. Allen attends Englewood High School, where he is taking a commercial course.

In the semi-attraction, scheduled for eight rounds, Al Tibbets of Danville, Ill., used Eddie Meleski, 160-pounder from the C.Y.O., as a stepping stone by winning in four rounds.

Leonard Bennett, hard punching Detroiter, outclassed Ralph Guajardo, fiery Mexican welter, in a special five-round event.

And in the fours, Johnny Pleasant, 135 pounds, kayoed Bill Parsons, another sepia swiper, in two frames; and Tom Johnson, light-heavyweight, belted out Jim Bowden of Jacksonville, Fla., in the first round.

Eddie Lander, West Side Jewish 132-pounder, beat Joey Silva, Mexican fighter from Los Angeles, Cal., in a 10-round setto.

The semi-windup saw Johnny Pleasant of the South Side winner over Billy Borne, Granite City lightweight, in five rounds.

In other matches, Joey Spiegal of Milwaukee beat Ralph Guajardo, pleasing West Side Mexican welter, five rounds; Paul Frazier, sleek boxer of the South Side, lost to Mike Krizmis in round three, and Frank Green won over Tom Johnson in the same number of rounds. They are light-heavyweights.

Tommy Kenneally made a futile but valiant attempt to come back in a bout with Buddy Walker of Columbus, Ohio, but couldn't last more than three rounds against Walker's devastating assault.

Nate Bolden, middleweight sharpshooter from the South Side, beat Marty Simmons of Saginaw, Mich., in the 10-round featured tiff at the White City Boxing Club.

In an eight-rounder, Leonard Bennett, sturdy belter from Detroit, Mich., meted out a severe lacing to Indian Billy Lee of Milwaukee. The bout was halted in the seventh round. Lee was dropped by the "Motor City" socker five times. Bennett, years back, fractured Freddie Steele's jaw. He is a welterweight.

The special event, ticketed for five heats, went to Booker Beckwith, Gary pulverizer, who can be tabbed as a future great. In his sixth professional fight, Booker won on a technical knockout over Billy Duncan, light-heavyweight from Batavia, Ill., in the fourth round. Booker is an exceptional puncher, and times perfectly.

In the four-round frays, Johnny Balmer, Peoria's flashy Irish boxer, defeated Anunzio Ferrero, Milwaukee's classy Italian welter, and Geo. Feltes, also of Milwaukee, won a four-round spirited contest from Benny Rooster.

Selman Martin, young South Side colored giant, refreshed my memory with an old score that he wanted rectified. That was regarding his resultant tiff with Gene Thompson at the Park Casino, almost two years ago. I had mentioned Thompson the winner by mistake.

Johnny Phagan, agile 160-pounder, beat Tony Bruno in Milwaukee in 10 rounds.

Two pugilists that have been gaining most of their experience around Chicago, George Nyberg and Billy Seward, engaged in bouts on the above card. Nyberg stopped Jack Peneau in round four and Seward lost to Jim Mason in two sessions. Nyberg and Seward, stablemates and recruits of Jack Hurley, also fought up in Minneapolis, Minn., where George beat Ted Morrison in five rounds and Billy drew with Ray Isaacs in four.

Johnny Pleasant, 1939 Golden Gloves lightweight champion, engaged in his first main event contest, eight rounds, and fought a draw with the 1937 Golden Gloves champion, Eddie Kozole.

In another eight-rounder, George Nyberg, Port Arthur, Ontario, 150-pounder, arose from the floor in the first round and carried the fight to Phil Latona of Houston, Tex., who in turn was dropped and stymied for keeps in the second canto.

Joe Sutka, Detroit middleweight stalwart, who has compiled several victories here in Chicago, halted the winning streak of Al Tibbets of Danville by winning handily in eight rounds.

In a special five-rounder, Don Siegal, sensational football tackle of Michigan University, engaged in his sixth professional fight, his first in Chicago, and belted out Jack Jersey in the third.

Send any notes of interest to Gene Engel, 180 West Randolph Street, so that they reach me no later than the first of each month.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

OUR fistic fathers went into a serious huddle recently to ponder the profound problems that confront the boxing game here. They took inventory and found that boxing is getting nowhere fast—in other words, no one is making any money. Something must be done, they concluded, to stimulate interest and attract masses, flocks and droves of people.

When the smoke of conference had cleared, the delegates emerged with a fine idea—not original, but nevertheless fine. Matchmaker Mitchell put up a championship belt for our two leading middleweights. Toots Bernstein had returned from the West. Tony (Cianciola) Martin had returned from the East. Neither one likes the way the other fellow ties his necktie. What could be more natural? Judge A. J. Hedding, author of Wisconsin's first boxing law, wrote the rules governing the belt and the commission sanctioned the plan.

Result: Tony Martin met Toots Bernstein at the Eagles Club for the middleweight championship of Wisconsin. Bernstein won. His hard left hooks to the midriff were the margin of victory. After an early lead, Martin began to fade. He couldn't get himself to punch his right into that hook, and only blocked it ineffectually. It was the best fight here in some time and had everybody cheering.

The semi-windup found Annunzio Ferraro taking an easy six-round decision over Sammy Scully of Chicago. Nunzy had things all his own way in the final rounds, and turned in a very fine performance against his veteran opponent.

Georgie Feltes evened things up with Jack Penneau by taking a four-round decision in a fast bout. It was a close battle again.

In his pro debut, Ray McKnight got a draw with Bobby Ryan of Chicago. A tiger in the first two rounds, Ray tired later and fell back on the defensive. Larry Chatman, also in his coming-out party, took a close, unpopular decision over Paul Frazier. Chatman did the better work. In the opener, Marty Collura lost by a shade to lanky Eau Eulien of Chicago.

Never failing to capitalize on a good thing, Bill Mitchell continued to feature local middleweights, with that belt hung in the background as an incentive. Terrible Tony Bruno roared in from Texas claiming any and all titles that were being offered. The top 160-pounder when he left, the third ward Adonis figured he still retained that distinction. Johnny Phagan was drafted as his opponent and the two fighters put on a pleasing exhibition, with Bruno winning.

Two of Jack Hurley's boys made a decided hit on the card. George Nyberg kayoed Jack Penneau in the fourth round of the semi. Jack held his own for a short time, but Nyberg soon outclassed him and finished his work with an explosive right hand.

Billy Seward, another knockerouter, waded into Jimmy Mason with a withering body attack. Mason soon ran out of gas and wilted in the second, the referee stopping the bout.

Ray McKnight took a four-round decision over John Stanley of Chicago. Ray looked very good and showed great promise with his clever, aggressive work. Sammy Scully drew with Matt Dougherty in four, and George Amorine of Chicago gained a four-round verdict over Hank Thorsen.

At LaCrosse, Eau Eulien of Chicago was beaten by Lou Bell of St. Paul in the six-round windup.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

THE past month was a rather uneventful one in Michigan fight circles, but it saw a few of the younger scrappers start "clicking" and the continued success of several of Michigan's "journeyman" fighters.

Of the youngsters who showed the best form last month, Pat Carroll, Irish-born welterweight resident of "Corktown," turned in the best performances. Carroll advanced to the main bout stage and turned back the threat of Pat Thomas in a Fairview Garden headliner. Then in bouts at the Naval Armory, Carroll won over "Chink" Gauthier and Joe Doty. Both of these were notable achievements, and in Carroll, Manager Billy Stob has a welter who will bear watching in the near future.

The month also saw Walter Sharp spreading his activities from the relatively small Fairview Gardens to the spacious Naval Armory. His first show in the Armory was greeted by a goodly gathering of the fight faithful, and saw two state titular bouts. In the first 10-rounder, Lanky Mansfield Driskell pounded out a one-sided decision over the game veteran, Joey Michielove.

In a battle to decide Michigan's bantamweight champion, Wee Charley Parham, colored slugger, swung punches at Herb Wiley, and after missing for seven rounds, finally landed in the eighth to win by a knockout.

Pat Thomas had too much experience for youthful Jimmy McCormick, and Mike Kolnick carried rabbits' feet by the dozen in order to be awarded the decision over Tommy Morris. Morris looked like the winner by a wide margin, and to prove his class, whipped the rough and ready Kayo Green a week later.

Napoleon Mitchell is cutting quite a bit of thunder around this locality as a heavyweight threat. His two sensational wins over Wee Willie Williams, coming right on the heels of a one-round kayo in his pro debut, stamp this big colored boy as one to be watched.

Jorge Morelia, Mexican lightweight protege of Al DaNopoli, got himself into the win column when he took a 10-round decision over Flashy Eddie Scott in a Saginaw headliner.

Popular Johnny McIntyre has just about moved bag and baggage to New York. The local fight manager, who has been "tops" around the Middle West for several years, finally "caught on" in the East, and it looks like he will make some money with his stable of fighters headed by those two crack 140-pounders, Young Kid McCoy and Bobby McIntire. Joe Gould is doing business for McCoy, and C. Patrick Bennett is booking McIntire's fights and plenty of money is in prospect for all concerned.

Fritzie Zivic, classy welterweight member of the fighting Zivics of Pittsburgh, returned to Detroit and stopped long enough to chastise our state champ, Mansfield Driskell, over the 10-round route.

Eddie Kozole, terrific hitting southpaw welter, decked Harold Smith in the early part of their eight-rounder, but Smith came on to wage a terrific "give and take" battle, and snare a hairline decision.

Young Kid McCoy, Detroit's golden boy, turned in a couple of smart wins the past month. In a Cleveland bout McCoy beat the hard hitting Eddie "K.O." Morgan. Then in White Plains, N. Y., McCoy romped off to a decision over Jack Larrimore of St. Petersburg, Fla.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids veteran lightweight, continues to ply his trade around the fistic circuit. His last time out saw Ramey lose the decision in a New York bout with the crack Canadian, Dave Castilloux.

Bobby McIntire, so good a lightweight that he is forced to box welters, turned up in New York City, and flashed brilliant form and sharp punching in his feature eight-rounder opposite the clever Canadian, Maxie Berger. McIntire led the way in the first four rounds, shaking Berger repeatedly with crackling rights, but slowed in the closing stages, but hardly enough for Berger to be given a split decision, which was decidedly unpopular with the crowd.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACKIE PATERSON, the young Glasgow flyweight champion of Great Britain, added the Empire flyweight title to his name when he outpointed "Kid" Tanner, the colored phenomenon from British Guiana, in fifteen rounds of spirited fighting at Belle Vue, Manchester. A capacity house saw these two brilliant battlers give and ask no quarter. They battled every inch of the way. The winner has every right to be considered as a contender to fight for the vacant world's title. Joe Curran of Liverpool stopped Paddy Ryan of Manchester in the fifth when the latter received a badly cut eye.

Corporal Al Robinson of R.A.F. knocked out Corporal George Last of R.A.F. in the seventh at Bedford. Laurie Buxton of Watford was outpointed by Freddie Barker of Bedford in ten.

Ben Valentine of Fiji Islands defeated Jack Lewis of Bournemouth in the seventh at Southampton. Lefty Flynn of Jamaica outpointed George Odwell of Camden Town in ten.

Dave Finn of Mile End scored a victory over Johnny Walters of Holborn at the Stadium Club, London, in ten.

Tiny Bostock of Leek must consider himself lucky when he received the referee's decision at the end of ten hotly disputed rounds against the young Stratford flyweight, Johnny Boom of Stratford. Boom, for the first six rounds, by his forceful punching and straight leads, annexed a good lead. Then Bostock made up some leeway during the following three rounds, but a late rally in the last round saw Boom on top, only to have the hand of Bostock raised as the winner. Willie Smith of Margate boxed very well to outpoint Les Johnson of Finsbury Park in a very good contest of eight rounds.

Jim Hall, Scottish cruiserweight champion, was given several anxious moments before he was declared the winner over Myles Harkins of Glasgow, who went down to defeat in the seventh at Bellshill, Scotland.

Johnny Boyce, the promising young Scottish bantamweight, won two contests on the same bill, when after outpointing Jim McStravick of Belfast, he was called upon to substitute in another six-rounder against Allan Dewes, and he forced the latter to retire in the fifth.

Frankie Rice of Glasgow won easily over Art Elmore of Kettering in a bright ten-rounder at Leith. Jim Watson of Edinburgh had to go all out to defeat Dick Richardson on points in ten.

Len Harrison of South Kirby scored a kayo win over Al Summers of West Hartlepool in the fourth at Sunderland.

Peter Banasko of Liverpool turned in a good win over Barney Wilson of Belfast in a spirited ten-rounder at Blackpool.

Fresh from his Dublin win over Paddy Roche, Jack "Kid" Berg met Seaman Dick Bradshaw of Portsmouth in what was to have been a ten-rounder at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, but after outpunching the Sailor for three rounds, the latter retired at the end of the session.

Private Len Beynon of Swansea was very unlucky to lose to Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green in the chief bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. This was a return contest, as Beynon recently stopped the red-topped Corbett in five rounds and this contest seemed to be going the same way, when in the third, Corbett raised himself to a left hook to the body that Referee Jack Hart judged to be low. When Corbett fell to the canvas, the referee ordered Beynon to his corner and disqualified him.

Peter Worth of Dagenham reversed a previous decision when he outpointed Alf Ward in a hard-hitting six-rounder. Two newcomers were seen and they both won their contests in the initial round. Charlie Smith, the old Deptford heavyweight now living at Slough, brought a youngster named Bruce Bishop to meet Freddy Wells of Hackney and it seems that Bishop, on his display of knocking out Wells with a volley of punches, bids fair to make much headway in the professional ranks. The other likely lad is a heavyweight from Eric Boon's home town, Chatteris, named Raymond Buddle. The way he hit Joe Mann of Hampstead with right-hand punches proved that he will be hard to beat in his class. Watch these two lads—Bruce Bishop of Slough, an eighteen-year-old middleweight, and Raymond Buddle, a heavyweight.

Private Jack Croly of Deptford and A.C. Alf Couzens of Acton put up a grand scrap of eight rounds at Hammersmith to a draw. Frankie Edwards of Islington outpointed Jim Oliver of Luton in eight. Ernie Woodman of Islington stopped Jim Green of Chiswick in the sixth. Johnny Boyle of Luton drew with Moss Leen of Ireland in a ten-rounder.

Syd Worgan of Llanharan gave a smart display of boxing when he defeated Ray Price from Pontypool in ten at Crumlin.

Sid Hart of Mitcham stopped Alf Bishop of Bath in the second when the latter received a badly cut eye at the Stadium Club, London.

Roy Mills of Sunderland defeated Sam Sproston of Gateshead in the fourth at Sunderland when a towel was thrown in by the latter's seconds as a token of defeat.

Jim Berry of South Shields gave Ken Robinson of Canada a boxing lesson for five rounds at Leith before the latter retired.

Ginger Roberts of Newcastle brought off a surprise when he outpointed Jack Carrick the Northern Area lightweight champion, in a gruelling ten-rounder at Newcastle.

Battling Jim Hayes of Leeds confirmed his previous win over Jackie Ryder of Liverpool when the latter was again disqualified for a low blow in the sixth at Liverpool Stadium.

Freddie Mills of R.A.F. scored a good points win over Jim Berry of South Shields in a hard-hitting ten-rounder at Coventry.

Battling Charlie Parkin of Mansfield defeated Maurice Dennis of Finsbury Park in the fourth of a ten-round contest at Watford when the latter retired at the end of the round.

Ben Valentine of Fiji Islands stopped Eddie McGuire of South Africa in the eighth when the latter sustained a badly cut eye. A cut eye was also the means of halting the contest between Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green and George Daly of Blackfriars, for the latter received a damaged optic in the ninth and was advised to retire, thus leaving Cunningham the winner.

Jimmy Gill, the Nottingham jockey boxer, defeated Rinty Monaghan of Belfast on points over ten rounds at Newcastle. Jack Lee of Consett outpointed George Marsden of Nottingham over ten rounds on the same card.

The Marquis of Queensberry staged his third star charity show at the Earls Court Empress Stadium in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund and five star bouts were featured. The show was a financial success, as well as providing an abundant share of thrills for those present.

Nel Tarleton, British featherweight champion, entered the ring with a high temperature and suffering from influenza, but with his usual cleverness and the help of stimulants during the rounds, boxed well to outpoint the young Stratford featherweight, Private Billy Walker.

Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green unleashed a terrific right cross meant for Jake Kilrain's jaw in the second, which was misjudged, and split the Scottish lad's eye, causing his retirement with the optic severely damaged.

Ronnie James of Swansea and Freddie Simpson of Basingstoke furnished a classic contest in ten, and after a clever and clean contest James received the referee's decision.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champ, had no one but himself to blame for his defeat by Jackie Rankin of Southall, for he appeared to be bored with the contest and it was an easy task for Rankin to outpoint him.

In an eight-rounder, L. Cpl. Harry Groves of the R.A.S.C. outpointed Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green.

Harry Lazar, the young Aldgate lightweight, gained a clever win over Walter Redit of Soham in eight at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

A newcomer to London rings made a hit with the fans when Jack Solomons introduced Eddie Martin of Eire to box eight rounds against Jackie Hurst of St. George's at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. After a good and willing scrap for six rounds Hurst retired, leaving the Irish lad a deserved and popular winner. Joe Davis of Hoxton accomplished a smart performance when he outpointed Eddie Oliver of Charlton in eight in the supporting bout. Rifleman Joey Brown of Poplar gained a hard-earned points win over Private Jackie Clarke of Cambridge in six.

Joe Slark of Egham gained a merited points win over Jimmy Heath of Manchester in 12 at Reading. On the same card, Freddie Thomas of Bethnal Green stopped Kid Woods of Reading in the sixth, and Tommy Morgan of Reading knocked out Young Dixie of Reading in the seventh.

"Irish" Pat O'Connor had little difficulty disposing by the kayo route of Jack Lewis of Bournemouth. The end came in the second at Hammersmith Stadium, after Lewis had been outclassed.

Billy Reynolds of Newcastle pleased the fans with his nonstop battling in a 10-rounder with the promising George Henley of Barnsbury, and the former won on points.

A record crowd turned out for Syd Hulls' open air show at Crystal Palace, in which Billy Smith of the R.A.F. won the lightweight competition by knocking out Jimmy Kimpate of Surrey in the second. Smith, who hails from Peter Kane's birthplace, Golbourne, is a lad with a terrific punch and a fair knowledge of boxing, and is destined to make headway in the boxing ring.

In the chief bout, Johnny Blake of Notting Hill defeated Bert Bevan in the fifth when the latter was ruled out for an alleged low blow.

Jim Brady of Dundee, Southern Area bantamweight champion and contender for the title at present held by Johnny King, made short work of Mickey O'Neil of Newcastle at Leith. After taking a bad beating about the body, O'Neil was kayoed in the fourth.

Jim Collins of Glasgow recorded a brilliant win over Joe Davis of Swansea in the seventh at Bellshill when the latter was put down for the full count.

Teddy Baker of West Hartlepool received the referee's decision over Wally Knightley of Sunderland after a close decision in 10 rounds at Sunderland.

Dudley Lewis of Brecon, former Welsh flyweight champion, made a comeback to form and scored a kayo victory over Jack Llewellyn of Tenby at Crumlin in the second stanza.

Charlie Parkin, the Mansfield battler, won on points after a good 10-rounder against Sergt. Bob Simpkins of Bridlington, at Scarborough.

At the end of 10 hectic rounds between ex-featherweight champ Johnny McGrory and Joe Connolly, both of Glasgow, which had all the fans on their feet yelling for more in the Oliver Twist manner, the referee gave the only decision possible, a draw. The contest was at Aberdeen.

Another of the old brigade went to his Happy Hunting Ground when Professor Andrew Newton, 75-year-old world famous boxing character, passed away in a London hospital. His many friends in all parts of the world will join with this writer in his sincere regret at the passing of a grand old man.

Tom Reddington of Salford and George James of Wales, both of whom are now in the Royal Air Force, featured in a big charity tournament staged by rebel promoter Sydney Hulls at the Colston Hall, Bristol. The B.B.B.C. endeavored to get the chief boxers to cry off their engagement because the show was unlicensed, but both boys were adamant, stating "We've got to live" and they carried out their agreement to box for this worthy charity. After a splendid contest over 12 rounds, Reddington, who had shown marked superiority over the Welshman, secured a well merited decision.

Eddie McGuire, the South African, who has been performing with success in British rings for some time, appeared a trifle unlucky not to receive full honors in his contest with the colored star from Leamington, Dick Turpin in their 10-round contest. McGuire forced the pace throughout, and seemed to be in front at the last gong, but the referee decided otherwise, and his decision of a draw met a very mixed reception.

Johnny Cusick, former British featherweight champion, had no weight difficulties to confront when he met Ginger Roberts of Whitley Bay in a 10-round lightweight contest at Manchester, and the Mancunian won well on points.

In other bouts, Pierce Ellis outpointed Joe Royce in 10, as did Phil Milligan, over Billy Tansey.

Mick Carney of Middlesborough outpointed Phineas John of Edgware in a 10-round contest at High Wycombe.

Kid Tanner, the British Guiana phenomenon, showed his wares at Newcastle when he met Jack Lee of Consett in a bout scheduled to go 10 rounds, but Tanner gave a delightful exhibition of ringcraft. In the sixth, a right cross split Lee's eye very badly, and the referee stopped the contest in Tanner's favor.

Tom Smith, the Sunderland featherweight who is an even money chance to take the title from Nel Tarleton, should they meet, again gave a smart performance when he forced Frank Kenny, featherweight champion of Scotland, to halt in the second at Newcastle, when the latter retired with a badly cut eye.

Ernie Roderick, British welter champ, won easily over Harry Craster of Newcastle over 10 rounds at Sheffield.

A bout producing many thrills was that between Harry Silver of Clapton and Bobby Ramsay of Stepney and both boys bustled away through eight rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, without any letting up and with plenty of give and take. The referee's decision of a draw was well received.

Taffy Williams, welterweight champion of Wales, suffered his first defeat when he was kayoed by Bob McLuckie at Leith in the ninth. McLuckie, in being the first to beat the Welsh champion, also avenged a previous defeat by Williams, who had proven victorious in all of his previous sixty fights.

Jim Watson, the stylish ex-amateur from Edin-

burgh, had to battle every inch of the way to gain a points win over Billy Kelly in 10 at Bellshill.

Wally Downs of Tylerstown put up one of his best performances to date when he handed the order of the kayo to Pat Warburton of Ebb Vale in the sixth.

Peter Banasko of Liverpool won a good contest when he outpointed Mog Gwilliam of Pencoed at the Stadium, Liverpool. A thrilling bout was witnessed when Dudley Lewis, Welsh bantamweight champion, met Basil Magee of Liverpool, a protege of Nel Tarleton in eight. The Welsh lad won on points after a great scrap.

Gus Foran, a nephew of Chris "Ginger" Foran, showed much improvement when he outpointed Billy Ashton of Wigan in eight rounds.

Jack Bloomfield, the popular ex-cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, staged another successful show at the Winter Gardens, Eastbourne, and a full house saw a good program. A/C. Freddie Mills of Bournemouth outpointed Arthur Ginger Sadd of Norwich in 10. In an eight-rounder, Billy Hazelgrove of Brighton outpointed Billy Pleace of Portsmouth.

Little Joe Curran, the dynamic flyweight from Liverpool, gave a good performance to kayo brilliant young Jimmy Gill, the jockey boxer from Nottingham, in the fourth. This bout was one of a series to find the Northern Area flyweight champion.

Kid Tanner, the colored British Guianan, has forsaken the flyweight ranks and will in the future cast his lot in with the bantams. He met Tommy Burns of Stockton in a 10-round contest at Middlesborough and won on points after 10 rounds, and thus reversed a decision that Burns had previously gained over the sepia slugger.

Jack Kid Berg, who like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever, again demonstrated his terrific stamina and ability when he met Harry Davis of Bethnal Green in a return contest over 10 rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, the show being in aid of the dependents of Fred Halsband, who was killed in an unfortunate accident.

Berg punched from all angles. He never stopped for a second until he had worn the plucky Bethnal Green battler down. Then he relentlessly applied more pressure and forced the latter to retire in the eighth after taking three counts.

Ivor Thomas of Wales was unlucky in his contest against Eddie Martin of Eire, at Hackney. After being well in front he was forced to retire with a badly cut eye in the fourth of an eight-round contest.

In a contest between "Smiler" Bush of Stratford and "Ginger" Billy Smith (R.A.F.), and it was a case of who could stand up longest to the hard punches that both meted out, Smith, the more inexperienced, succumbed to a terrific right hook in the second.

Peter Kane (R.A.F.) had to go all out to gain a points win over Jimmy Hayes of Leeds in the chief bout of 10 rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Joe Shepherd's classy featherweight, Joe Corbett of Blaydon, won his 29th out of 30 contests when he outpointed Billy Hanson of Lynemouth, at Newcastle, in 10. Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington knocked out Norman Denny of Newcastle in the fourth.

Referee Joe Tolley stopped the contest between Kid Tanner and Tommy McClinchey of Glasgow in the eighth when the latter proved he was not in a fit condition to continue. Tanner was declared the winner.

Dave Finn of Stepney caused a first class sensation when he outpointed Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell in 10 at the Stadium Club, London. As both boys weighed in under the lightweight limit of 135 pounds, Finn's supporters are clamoring for him to be given the chance to fight for the British lightweight title, now held by Eric Boon.

Harry Silver of Clapton outpointed Bob Ramsay of Stepney in a return contest over 10 rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jimmy Vaughan, Southern Area lightweight champion, won every one of the 10 rounds against Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington when they met at Hammersmith.

It is with sincere and heartfelt regret that I write of the passing on of yet another of the "OLD GUARD." John Mortimer, who had been known during his long and varied career as "Uncle John" and "Honest John," has gone to his last rest. To say that he will be missed would be a travesty of understatement, for boxing without its "Uncle John" will be like Romeo without Juliet.

Readers who are having difficulty in getting The Ring Magazine every month should send postal order for 1/7½ and I will forward them the magazine without fail. Write to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edwin St., London E.1, and if you wish to receive The Ring Bookshop catalog with English prices, enclose a stamped, adressed envelope.

BRITISH N. B. A. RATINGS
Up to April 30, 1940

As compiled by British National Boxing Association.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—1, Len Harvey; 2, Tommy Farr; 3, Eddie Phillips; 4, Larry Gains; 5, Tommy Martin; 6, Jack London; 7, Tom Reddington; 8, George James; 9, Al Robinson.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—1, Len Harvey; 2, Jock McAvoy; 3, Eddie McGuire; 4, Jack Hyams; 5, "Darky" Ellis; 6, Bob Firmin; 7, Cal Rooney; 8, Joe Quigley.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—1, Jock McAvoy; 2, "Ginger" Sadd; 3, Eddie McGuire; 4, Geo. Davis; 5, Jack Hyams; 6, Dick Turpin; 7, Bert Gilroy; 8, Ben Valentine; 9, Freddie Mills.

WELTERWEIGHTS—1, Ernie Roderick; 2, Jake Kilrain; 3, Harry Mizler; 4, Norman Snow; 5, "Lefty" Flynn; 6, Jim Lawlor; 7, Arthur Danahar; 8, Geo. Odwell.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—1, Eric Boon; 2, Dave Crowley; 3, Ronnie James; 4, Jack Carrick; 5, Jimmy Vaughan; 6, Eddie Ryan; 7, Freddie Simpson; 8, Dave Finn; 9, "Ginger" Stewart; 10, Jacky Lyden; 11, Johnny Ward.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—1, Nel Tarleton; 2, Spider Kelly; 3, Tom Smith; 4, Len Beynon; 5, Dick Corbett; 6, Frank Parkes; 7, Terry McStravick; 8, Billy Walker; 9, Jackie Rankin.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—1, Johnny King; 2, Jim Brady; 3, "Kid" Tanner; 4, Jackie Brown; 5, Peter Kane; 6, Jim Hayes; 7, Tommy Burns; 8, Charlie Brown.

FLYWEIGHTS—1, Jackie Paterson; 2, "Kid" Tanner; 3, Paddy Ryan; 4, "Tut" Whally; 5, "Tiny" Bostock; 6, Billy Tansey; 7, Eric Jones; 8, Tommy Stewart; 9, Joe Curran.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

LIGHTWEIGHTS revived the game in Toronto, together with bantams, and the lightweights, without any help from the bantams, may bring it back in Montreal, too. A decade ago the bantams did so well in Montreal that the Canadian metropolis was the mecca for the 118-pounders, but the bantam crop is well below par hereabouts so it looks as though the issue of reviving the game here is up to the lightweights, as the local 135-pounders are doing wonders in other centers.

Montreal's, or Canada's, leading representatives in ringdom are Maxie Berger, who vacated his Canuck lightweight crown not so long ago to campaign after welter honors when the scales started to put up a serious argument; Dave Castilloux, who vacated the feather crown to take over the niche held by his former rival, Berger, in the lightweight division when the scales refused to be fooled; and Harry Hurst, the sensational young former amateur lightweight kingpin, who has caused an even greater furore as a pro for the past year, rating as a better prospect than both those named previously.

Of course, Sammy Luftspring, Toronto's holder of the Canuck welter crown, cannot be ignored despite erratic tendencies, while Billy Marquart, Winnipeg's hard hitting lightweight, also ranks high though recent losses indicate he has probably passed his peak, and Oliver Shank, a potential ranking heavyweight, is handicapped by lack of action and opposition, his inactivity occurring at a time when he should be approaching his peak. However, at present, Canada's best bets are the first mentioned trio of Montrealers, Berger, Castilloux and Hurst.

Castilloux has been making the most rapid strides of late. After forsaking the featherweights due to increased poundage, a step long overdue, he whipped Frankie Wallace, Charley Gomer and several other boys, then handed a pasting to Wesley Ramey, the fading, but still smart, Grand Rapids veteran, in New York. The Montrealer then faced Billy Marquart, Winnipeg walloper, in Toronto where Dave made his most impressive showings. He was trailing Marquart on points until the eighth round, then staged a furious rally that gave him the winning margin which he sustained until the 10th round was over. This victory definitely established Castilloux as a serious contender for the world's title and he may meet Sammy Angott for the N.B.A. "title" with a titular shot at Lou Ambers later this summer if he gets by Angott.

Hurst has been going in a fashion that indicates he may be battling it out with Dave Castilloux for the Canadian lightweight title late in the summer. The lad apparently has everything but the necessary experience to cope with the top-notchers. He is an exceptionally lethal puncher with either hand, an asset that may slow his progress somewhat as it takes him longer to acquire a lot of seasoning when he chops his opposition down in short order. He is a big favorite in the three centers he has appeared, Montreal, Toronto and Quebec. He has knocked out all but one of his opponents and that sole survivor took a bad beating, hitting the deck five times and just being saved by the bell in the final two rounds. He has already been offered lucrative shots with established stars but his handlers are wisely biding their time.

STRAY SHOTS—Boxing gets busy in Montreal as we tap out these lines . . . . three shows are scheduled locally within two weeks time . . . . Promoter Ray Lamontagne stages his second "short-rounds-all-action" minor card at the St. James Market Hall on the 7th . . . . Gordon Poirier, well-known Canadian hockey player, stages his initial offering in his new role of boxing promoter at the Lachine Arena on the 16th . . . . and Lamontagne stages his first major show at the Forum on the 21st . . . . Poirier will have Harry Hurst headlining his show at Lachine in a 10-rounder with Eddie O'Tash, tough New Englander . . . . Lamontagne will have Maxie Berger and Dave Castilloux co-starring at the Forum . . . . with Berger likely meeting Bernie Miller, Henry Armstrong's protege who held him to an unpopular draw in Harlem . . . . Castilloux's opponent had not been secured at this writing . . . . Poirier will likely operate at the Forum during the summer . . . . Johnny Lifford, classy Saint John, N. B., fighter, stopped Ronnie McNeil, Glace Bay, N. S., to win undisputed recognition as the Maritime welter king . . . . Babe McLeod, local Irish welter, and other local boys have found it worth while crossing the border to Plattsburg and Vermont for fights.

ALBERTA, CANADA, NEWS
By BILL REDWAY

AL DELANEY, 23-year-old Ontario heavyweight, is now in Western Canada. Delaney has a good record and is sure to get many good assignments in Edmonton, Calgary and other stations in Western Canada. He outpointed Tiger Jack Fox of Spokane, Wash., in Vancouver. He scaled 182 to 182½ for Fox.

Tunney Lust, classy Medicine Hat light-heavy, upset the dope when he kayoed George Shanks after George had scored two victories. The curly haired young Athabasca heavyweight, after having things his own way for three rounds, as he battered Lust around the ring, was kayoed in the fourth. Lust previously had been dropped twice for nine counts. The fight was promoted by Mike Cutcher, drew a packed house to Memorial Hall.

In the other two fights, Shanks knocked out Kid Williams of Lethbridge in the first and Jack Johnson in Kimbey in the second.

Kenny Lindsay, the sensational young high school boxer who recently gave up the United States amateur flyweight championship, was impressive as he won his second pro start by flattening Vince Serigano of Los Angeles in Vancouver.

THIS AND THAT—The Dominion amateur finals were held at Cardston on May 23. Webb Frizzel of Lacombe won over Reg Siddons of Alix. Gordon Grayston, classy Edmonton middleweight, is helping develop the simon-pures at Edmonton; Jack Primrose, High River heavy, was a finalist at Aldershot, featuring soldier fighters in the Overseas Division.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, IA.—Lee Savold, Des Moines heavyweight contender, knocked out Irish Eddie Boyle of Cleveland in the first round of a billed ten-rounder. After the bout was over, it was discovered that the Des Moines heavyweight had injured his thumb in the brief but fast exchange of punches. Savold landed several solid punches during the fight and a short right hook to the jaw finished the Ohio fighter near the end of the round.

At New Bedford, Mass.—Everette Rightmire, 130, Sioux City, punched out a unanimous 10-round victory over Peter De Grasse, 128, of New York.

Walthill, Nebr.—Clyde Harris of Walthill scored a T.K.O. over Eddie Ely of Winnebago in the first round. Ward DeCora, Winnebago, stopped Chris Warner by the T.K.O. route in the first heat.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Paychek back home for a short visit with friends, says he would like to fight Lee Savold. "I think I can beat him," says Johnny. Paychek further reports that his fight with Joe Louis is still a nightmare.

Omaha, Nebr.—Sherman Hopkins, 23, well known heavyweight member of the boxing team of the Arizona State Teachers' College at Flagstaff, was killed here in a railroad switching yard.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Golden Gloves boxing champions of South Dakota emerged winners in seven of eight bouts with Minneapolis ring champions before a record breaking crowd. The results:

Flyweight—Ferd Kennel, Miller, decisioned Dewitte Demarr, Minneapolis (3).

Bantamweight—Dural Hodge of Farmer decisioned Ray Stenson, Minneapolis (3).

Featherweight—Dale Wilson of Madison decisioned Cleve Smallwell, Minneapolis (3).

Welterweight—Bernie Clark of Sioux Falls decisioned Billie Marshall, Minneapolis (3).

Middleweight—Joe Stahl, Huron, decisioned Dave Harrison, Minneapolis (3).

Light-heavyweight—Nadal Bettina, Minneapolis, won on technical knockout from Ray Gehring, Olivet (third).

Heavyweight—Gene White, Yankton, won on technical knockout from Billie Kent, Minneapolis (second).

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Johnny McCarthy, Davenport, Ia., heavyweight, dropped a 10-round decision to Bob Sikes of Pine Bluff, Ark., at Little Rock, Ark. . . . . Ted Zandes, Sioux City boxing promoter, has plans for a big outdoor boxing season at the Riverview Park arena. . . . . Jimmy Graham, Des Moines heavyweight, was knocked out in the first round by Tony Novak of Kansas City at the same port . . . . Tony Galento was in Sioux City—featured on a wrestling program . . . . His appearance was arranged by Max Clayton of Omaha . . . . At Providence, R. I., Leo Rodak scored over Everette Rightmire of Sioux City in 10 . . . . Rightmire scaled 129¼ for the fuss.

Jimmy Murphy, veteran Omaha fighter, has a team of amateur leather pushers that ranks with some of the best in this section . . . . Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Street, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . Wayne Armstrong, former amateur boxer from this section, is doing right well under the direction of Darwin Gomer in the Twin Cities.

Charlie Foley, live wire Kansas City boxing manager, has fighters at all weights and would like to hear from white heavyweight fighters. Mail will reach Mr. Foley at 4535 Olive Street . . . . Johnny Rudd, New York featherweight, may make a trip to Sioux City . . . . He is under the management of Phil Dyke . . . . Dewey Fragetta, also of New York, would like to feature his leather pushers out this way . . . . along with Charley Stanley and Bill Thompson, who feature several tough boys.

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FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

THE last St. Louis show, which featured Johnny Whiters and Eddie Mader, substituting for Lee Savold, had best be gone over lightly. Savold broke his hand pushing over something in Des Moines at the eleventh hour and our promoters, as well as such visiting firemen as Jack Kearns, Tom Walsh, Bill Duffy and retinue, were caught in the switches. Mader clowned around for a few rounds before bowing out from a series of body blows and one for good measure on the egg plant.

Benny Moroz, Bill Duffy's latest, knocked out Sandy McDonald, and Tony Novak disposed of Lou Thomas.

ANOTHER NUGGET—The *Globe-Democrat* pulled a fast one on the *Kansas City Star*. When the respective novices met for state honors, the *Globe* glibly substituted Jim Whiteside for Novice Champ Ed Johnson. Whiteside, Ozark A.A.U. heavyweight champ, wasn't even in the Golden Gloves. The *Globe* said it took five minutes to revive Kaycee's novice. Referee-Subscriber Palmer thinks we were unnecessarily harsh on Bill Renfrow and points out that we have the typewriter . . . . Lest we slither into the Shevlin bracket, we hasten to apologize though the opinion in re the Cauliflower Club still stands . . . . We question the Texan's ability to make good, but we have muffed 'em before . . . . Dan Dowling, f'r'instance . . . . Emanuel Murray fooled us, too . . . . Geo. Wilsman tells us that after Ambers and Angott get matters all settled, there will remain Geo. Latka to deal with from the Coast . . . . Man of the month to be sorry for: Kansas City's Golden Glove 175-pound champion. When you read this he will have fought Richie.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Gunboat Davis, colored light-heavyweight from Scranton, outpointed Marty Simmons of Saginaw, Mich., in a return bout. Both matches were staged at the local Town Hall. In the first meeting, Simmons emerged the winner via a ten-round decision. Davis weighed in at 167½, while Simmons tipped the beam at 169. In the seven-round semi-final, Irish Joe Nealon, veteran Scranton lightweight, made it two straight victories over Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre. Nealon, as in the first encounter, was accorded the decision due to his two-fisted leather throwing, which found Mrak on the receiving end during most of the rounds with the exception of the first round, in which Mrak had Nealon on the canvas for a nine-count.

Billy Speary, Nanticoke's former National A. A. U. champ, won the six-round verdict over Paul Jackson of Reading. This meeting was the tenth between these two featherweights. Speary thus far in his pro career has yet to taste defeat. Eddie O'Leary, Wilkes-Barre featherweight and former amateur glove star, kayoed Johnny Nealon of Scranton in the second round. O'Leary had too many guns for the Scrantonian. Tommy Purcell, Scranton middleweight, kayoed Tarzan Priette of Pittston in the first round of a scheduled four, while in the four-round opener Eddie Long, Scranton's colored welterweight, decisioned Sheldon Faust of Pittston. The show attracted a net gate of $1400. Jack Walton handled the refereeing. The show in general was full of action and should encourage promoters that local talent will be plentiful in due time.

At Wilkes-Barre—Jimmy Young, Dunmore's sensational light-heavyweight prospect, headlined a five-bout program at the Wilkes-Barre Armory. Young easily defeated Johnny Snyder, Wilkes-Barre, in a return match of eight rounds. Young was the master throughout and showed vast improvement as a leather tosser. Angelo Cali, another Dunmorean, appeared in an eight-rounder, losing a decision to Howard Burton of Wilkes-Barre. Burton was the winner in all eight cantos and showed extraordinary ring generalship that will move him up to the main event role in short time.

Emil Kozel, Throop's hard-hitting middleweight, made his first Wilkes-Barre appearance, winning a six-round verdict over Tobey Nobel, local gladiator. Kozel-Nobel match was one of the most exciting scraps witnessed hereabouts in recent months. Billy Speary added the name of Len DeAndrea to his list of victims, winning a six-round decision over DeAndrea, who hails from Dunmore. Jeff Furrone of Syracuse, as a last-minute substitute, suffered a four-round knockout by Stanley Mrak, local welterweight. This card was one of the best arranged by the Wilkes-Barre Sporting Club. The show drew around the thousand dollar mark.

At Scranton—In another show staged at the Scranton Town Hall, Tommy Tucker, New York City light-heavyweight, made his second local showing. Tucker won a ten-round decision over Tarzan Roy, colored local gloveman. Roy won the first two rounds but Tucker came back strong, winning the remaining eight heats. The bout was hotly contested, mostly all in-fighting, with Tucker having a shade of all exchanges.

Walter Kelly, Archbald heavyweight, lost a six-round decision to Joe Mack of Wilkes-Barre. Kelly suffered three nine-count knockdowns in the fifth round.

George Marinko, Swoyersville middleweight, upset the dope by pounding out a decision over Tommie Purcell of Scranton. Purcell, previous to the Marinko encounter, was unbeaten and entered the battle pit a 3 to 1 favorite. In the opening match, scheduled for four rounds, Nate Seidman, Scranton welter, kayoed Paul Wilson of Carbondale in the third round. The show attracted a gate of $1300.

A BIT FOR ALL—Howard Burton, Wilkes-Barre welter, headlined a card at Lancaster, winning a ten-round verdict over Charley Sabatella of Dunmore . . . . Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre lost a six-round verdict to Joe Carter at Allentown . . . . Wildcat O'Connor reports he is contemplating a comeback . . . . O'Connor, two years ago, was the biggest Coal Region attraction . . . . Mike Latzo is making the matches for the Anthracite A. C. at Scranton . . . . Joe Lane, one-time Utica, N. Y., fight pilot, is now making Scranton his headquarters and is rounding up a stable of young leather-pushers . . . . The Ring Magazine can be purchased at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

RALPH DE JOHN breezed through 10 fast rounds to win an easy decision over Johnny Hayes, New England light-heavyweight, at Fall River, Mass., making a decided hit with the fans. De John's clever boxing, able left hand and constant use of a hard right to the head and body wore down the rugged Boston boxer, who was unable to cope with Ralph's experience and accurate timing.

De John is still training at Stillman's in New York and is greatly missed by local fans and fighters who used to derive a thrill from watching Ralph display his speed and skill at the Arcade gym here, while prepping for bouts. De John is under contract for three outdoor fights in Syracuse this summer.

The experts claim two fights that would pull extraordinary crowds and record breaking gates in Syracuse would be between De John and Billy Conn and De John and Solly Krieger. Bettina would do capacity also with Ralph, who is the ace attraction in his home town.

Sammy Secret, the crowd pleasing Pittsburgh amateur, and Nello Nucelli, crack Rochester simon-pure, have turned pro and would go good on any upstate card. Secret kayoed Norm Cordaro in four heats and Nucelli beat Ossie Sussman in their initial pro starts in Rochester.

LEFT HOOKS—The best amateur fighters to trod the boards here in many a day are the St. Louis Brown Bombers . . . . This team is made up of Cyclone Williams, heavyweight; Bobby Collins, welterweight; Devolza Bryant, lightweight; Art (Tiger) Foster, featherweight; and Charles Riley, bantamweight . . . . Williams and Foster are T.N.T. merchants of the first water . . . . George Smith, Buffalo man, is handling the Bombers, all Negro boxers . . . . Billy Muldoon, Cleveland scrapper, who is piloted by Phil Goldstein and Johnny Papke, is one fighter who fears no one, regardless of reputation . . . . Billy will fight anybody, any place and is a great crowd pleaser . . . . Gabe Genovese, quartered in New York with Ralph De John, is gradually assembling a fine stable of fighters . . . . Gabe and Mike Genovese are operating out of 1585 Broadway . . . . One of the best boxing writers we ever read is Sam Nash, sports editor of The Binghamton *Sun* . . . . Sam's colorful fistic advances and aftermaths are masterpieces of journalism . . . . Your correspondent celebrated 20 years in boxing the other day and we can look backward to some grand associations and experiences in the sport . . . . We started out as a boxer, wound up a newspaperman and promoter . . . . Now we have a sideline, that is more of a hobby than anything else, 16 mm. sound motion pictures . . . . Eddie Pagen, Binghamton middleweight, is planning a pro career . . . . Tall, well built, and a wicked puncher, Pagen has been cleaning up the amateur ranks . . . . Irv Robbins, Sam and Dick Turpin and the Veterans of Foreign Wars are putting on some great amateur bouts here . . . . The A.A.U. club operates every Friday night at the Arena . . . . Pro boxing is again running on regular schedule.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

TONY NOVAK, Kansas City, Kansas' cannonading Croat heavyweight hope, bumped into something novel in the person of Neville "Tiger" Beech of Memphis. The Tiger was in there to fight and he fought so vigorously that he might have bullied Novak right off the premises and half way across the sovereign state of Missouri had events taken a more favorable turn. As it is, Beech has a loss inscribed in the records, but if he hadn't had his left eye closed in the first round, he'd have torn Tony in two.

In that initial heat Tony suffered a cut lip and inflicted a black left eye on Beech. In the second Beech's eye closed up tighter than a drum and the poor kid had to see as best he could with the other peeper. By the third the swelling had spread all over Neville's face and his trainer, Jack Lazarov, tried to get his boy to retire. But Beech is rightly dubbed "Tiger." At the start of the fifth, Lazarov, having got no real satisfaction from an appeal to the attending commissioners, took matters into his own hands and jumped between the boys before any further damage could be done.

The referee, who happened to be that celebrated Beer Barrel Poker, Tony Galento, got confused and tried to dissuade Lazarov, instead of disqualifying Beech on the spot. Little Jack began to wing fists at Pilsener's donation to American sport, whereupon Galento, his dignity sorely tried, declared Novak the winner by kayo.

Beech, by the way, wanted to keep going. Bad eye regardless, he wasn't too far behind Novak, had done his share of the leading, and had shown enough to warrant a third bout.

The semi-final sixer was won by Indian Chester Ellis, feather, but the officials gave Johnny Estrada a draw. Upset of the year was scored by Vince McCoy, who after being cut up and staggered in the first, came back to ice the sensational Negro welter, Ferman Burton, in 18 seconds of the third.

Johnny Gordon kayoed Tommy Melton in the 2nd of a Negro 150-pound sixer, and Eddie Miller, Negro, was given the edge over Baby Lou Alcanter, scrappy featherweight, in four.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Billy Moyer, brilliant young Hutchinson 150-pounder, stiffened the veteran Petey Alcanter in the second round. Alcanter was out for five minutes. Moyer is acclaimed as the greatest prospect ever developed in Western Kansas.

The semi-final produced something new under the sun when Promoter Bus Breese, scaling a svelte 148, took on Young Chocolate of Omaha and knocked him cuckoo in three. Breese can still fight, and plans to box on all of his future cards until something gives. His last appearance previous to the Cholocate match was an eight-round draw with Babe Brandelli out in California.

Ray Edlund staged a fine show in Municipal Auditorium and we hasten to let the world know about it. We are usually difficult to please but try as we may, we can recall very little that was wrong with this show.

For three rounds our jaded eye was treated to a glimpse of one of the greatest middleweight boxers of recent years, Allan Matthews, apparently rejuvenated and boxing in his old form, stabbing the daylights out of Ceferino Garcia, current title claimant. Allan jabbed, danced, feinted, chopped, flew in and out and around the beetle-browed Filipino and generally delighted the hearts of those initiates who knew that four years ago there wasn't a middleweight in the universe who could hold a candle to the Negro.

But in the dying moments of the third Garcia landed a terrific overhand right behind Allan's ear, and the magnificent Negro's legs gave way under him. A few punches in the fourth were sufficient to complete the job; Matthews' legs were gone. Allan was beaten, beaten decisively, but not because he was opposed to a better boxer or harder puncher. He was beaten by age. But before he went down he showed Kansas City what a real professional boxer should look like, and proved once again that for sheer adroitness in the squared circle there won't be another Allan Matthews for many years. Too bad he couldn't have had his opportunities when he was equal to them.

As to Garcia, he is still the most poisonous middleweight puncher in the business. We think, however, that Allan Matthews deserves the spotlight here. It may never shine on him again.

The Garcia-Matthews preliminaries were replete with thrills. Tony Novak, who continues to be one of the very best heavyweight prospects in the land, met a novice named James Graham and knocked him out in the first round. The fight was honestly fought, but was booed vigorously by the paying customers, who knew that Graham was no match for Novak. Some day Novak may be a great fighter, but if the day ever comes it will be only after big Tony has met opponents who can press him and make him fight.

The other prelims were splendid. In a six-round slugfest, Howard Eldridge, Cherokee welter from Pond Creek, Okla., won a close verdict over Phil Latona, Denison, Texas. Latona won three of the rounds, including the last two, which would have given him at least a draw in New York City. But the somewhat dubious scoring system employed out here cost him the duke, since Eldridge earned several points by a terrific first round.

Chester Ellis, spectacular Indian featherweight, won a narrow five-round nod from Terry (Murl) Thompson, St. Louis. Ellis's showmanship was the deciding factor in an otherwise even battle.

Charley Dawson, Negro light-heavy of St. Louis, kayoed Larkin Colley, El Reno, Okla., veteran in four, and Eddie Miller, Negro, stopped Lawrence Price, feather, in three.

GROWLS AND BLEATS—The Missouri Athletic Commission has a law which deserves publicity, and certainly deserves to place the boys among the leaders in the struggle for the Boxing Commission Ineptitude Award, for which boxing commissions all over the earth have been contending ever since the game was taken away from the fighters and given to the politicians. According to the Missouri Commission, the Marquis of Queensberry was off the beam when he insisted that a fighter was entitled to a one minute rest betwixt rounds. The Commission, in pace with this streamlined age, has cut the rest period to 50 seconds by demanding that the ring be cleared when the 10-second warning whistle whistles. This means that the fighter must stand up like Chief Paris and await the bell. And we all know what that got Chief Paris.

That this law sets a high in something or other can be appreciated by anyone who has ever seconded a badly cut fighter, and knows how much that extra 10 seconds can mean. The fight handlers out here are slow enough as it is, and with the abbreviated rest period it is practically guaranteed that most fighters will be even more ill-handled than before. We don't wish you to think that this is a new rule or anything—it has been in effect for some time; this is merely the first time we've got around to squawking about it. Heretofore, there's been too much other monkey business to squawk about.

NOTES—Colleague Bob Dana was in town for the Matthews fight and will undoubtedly have something concise and penetrating to say about the way they do things up here . . . . Harry Trendall, great lightweight of long ago, was in Matthews' corner with Manager George Wilsman . . . . Harry renewed acquaintances with Walter Bates, local referee, who seconded him in his memorable K.C. fights against Phil Knight . . . . Another Baby Breese-Jimmy Garrison fight is in the wind . . . . Ray Edlund gave up the promotional ghost after he counted the Garcia vs. Matthews house . . . . Garcia and Matthews belonged in St. Louis, where it would have done three times as much as it did here . . . . Jack Larrimore, George Ade's latest, is going great guns in New York . . . . If Jack wins the title every fighter in the country will begin chewing tobacco . . . . Jack jaws the largest and juiciest cud in America . . . . Ray Edlund's abdication will not hamper the progress of local boxing, as there are several gentlemen ready to take over.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Antonito, Colo.: Joe Aguilar, Denver middleweight, was awarded a ten-round decision over lanky Max Dailey of Minturn, Colo., in a close fight. Dailey, a clever boxer, had Aguilar missing all over the premises but the Mexican's aggressiveness and harder hitting gave him a well-earned verdict. The Minturn lad suffered an injury to his right hand in the third round that undoubtedly kept him from turning in his best efforts.

Pug Sutherland, veteran Manassa welterweight, encountered but little opposition in winning a six-round semi-final decision over Joe Gallegos of Monte Vista.

THE LAST BELL: Meron (Pete) Pacheco, Trinidad welterweight, passed away in a Denver hospital after a lengthy illness. Thirty-four years old, Pacheco had been a professional pugilist for something like eighteen years.

Little wonder Denver fight fans make themselves conspicuous by their absence when promoters bring in a fighter like Lou Ambers and then match him with a fourth-rater like Wally Hally. To bill such a contest as this as a "fight" is a reflection on the intelligence of Denver's fight populace. Far better to advertise it for what it actually is—an exhibition on the part of Ambers. Wally was no match for Lou. He took a beating for ten rounds. Less than 2500 persons saw the "fight." Even a world champion won't draw here unless he is confronted by real opposition.

At Belle Fourche, S. D.: Davie Manzanares, Longmont, Colo., featherweight, pounded out a ten-round decision over Jackie Bickett, South Dakota champion, in a thrilling go. Bickett suffered a broken nose in the sixth round, but stuck it out to the end.

At Monte Vista, Colo.: Bud McCrea, 142-pound Omaha, Neb., Negro, annexed the Colorado welterweight title with a knockout victory over Charley Vigil, Del Norte veteran. Completely outclassed, Vigil was stopped in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-rounder. Vincent Arrigo, Pueblo welterweight, and Joe Gallegos, Monte Vista, boxed an eight-round draw in the semi-final.

Verne Price, Longmont, Colo., 175-pound amateur star, went into the semi-finals in the Boston A.A.U. championships before he was decisioned by Victor Hutton, the ultimate winner.

By far the classiest pair of ringmen now operating in the Rocky Mountain region is the fast-rising Denver middleweight, R. J. Lewis, and his colored stablemate, Bud McCrea. Any promoter using either of the pair is assured of furnishing top-flight performances for his patrons.

At Salt Lake City, Utah: The veteran Phil Zwick, globe-trotting 130-pounder, scored an impressive nine-round kayo over Al Spina of Portland, Ore. Zwick carried entirely too many guns for the game Spina.

R. M., Jal, N. M.: Matter of opinion, but in our estimation Stanley Ketchel was the greatest middleweight of all time . . . . T. R. R., Hanna, Wyo.: Yes, there was a capable heavyweight fighter a few years back who used the name "Wyoming" Warner. Haven't heard of him in a long time and have no idea where he is at the present time . . . . B. McDaniels, Fort Collins, Colo.: Young Corbett's correct name was William Rothwell, and he did hold the featherweight title. He has been dead several years . . . . C. C., Denver, Colo.: Yes, the late Reddy Gallagher was a fighter during his youth. As a middleweight back in the 'eighties and early 'nineties, Gallagher fought such top-notchers as Jack "Nonpariel" Dempsey, Jack Burke and Young Mitchell.

In contrast to the main event in the Ambers-Hally fight, the preliminary card was up to par. In the semi-final, Bud McCrea, Colorado welterweight champ, bounced back from a second round knockdown to pound Indian Pete Martin all over the premises to win an eight-round decision.

Chuck Johnson, Glenwood Springs, technically kayoed Glen Hall of Denver in the third when Referee Darnell stopped the slaughter.

Frank Mann, Fort Morgan 175-pounder, kayoed Bud Cannon of Topeka, Kansas, in the third session.

At Las Vegas, N. M.: Billy Firpo, Wagon Mound, N. M., welterweight, who holds the new Mexico 145-pound title, and Ted "Mustang" Garcia, Las Vegas redskin, fought a sizzling 10-round draw before a record crowd that jammed the arena to witness Joe M. Roybal's initial promotional venture for 1940.

At San Luis, Colo.: Davie Manzanares, flashy Longmont featherweight, carried too many guns for young Phil Gallegos of San Luis, and was awarded a deserved decision over the San Luis valley kayo kid. Manzanares laid down a withering barrage from the opening round and scored two no-count knockdowns.

Garcy Cisneros, Garcia, Colo., scored a four-round kayo over Fred Mays of Walsenburg in a lightweight semi-final bout.

Remember, I have a list of active promoters out here in the mountain region that can be yours for a two-bit piece. Also will be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry in these parts. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DAYTON'S hustling, bustling promoter, Lee Hammond, is setting the pace in this sector. Lee took over the Gem City early last fall and today is featuring houses that run into four figures. He has built up the city into heavyweight-featherweight madness through Oscar Menachoff's aces, Buddy Knox and 125-pounder Joe Marinelli.

Marinelli stepped toward another notch closer to a world's title match when he blasted Antonio Avia of Cuba right out of the photo in seven rounds. On the same card, Jackie Taylor, colored flash from Columbus, handled by the square-shooting Irisher, Lee Huffman, won a ten-round decision from Pete DeGrasse of New York.

According to reliable reports reaching this column, an enticing offer was made to Marinelli to meet Taylor (the bout should do better than six grand) but Marinelli turned the offer down flat (they met last year in a close bout, won by Marinelli). Taylor and Marinelli today stand out as the two best featherweights developed in the Buckeye State since Freddie Miller's climb.

Bobby Evans presented Eddie Simms and Unknown Winston in Cincinnati's Music Hall with Simms winning on a knockout in the second heat. Ezzard Charles, making his second pro debut, won a six-round decision from Remo Fernandez in the semi-final. In the topper prelims, Freddie Pope of Columbus and his stablemate, Jackie Carpenter, respectively, banged out Billy Potts in one and Kayo Lee in two.

At Columbus, O., Whitey Morrett featured an all-star card which saw Buddy Walker, sensational Columbus Negro heavyweight, get back in the knockout winning column, a three-round kayo over Tom Kenneally of Chicago. In the semi-final, Unknown Winston of Boston stopped Jack Cuddy of West Virginia in six sessions.

The Parkway Arena in Cincinnati is being renovated, redecorated, etc., by the new promoter, Bobbie Evans, and will probably start outdoor shows on or about the middle of May. Evans plans to bring some big matches to the Queen City this summer. In the meantime, Benny Becker, the rival promoter, is grooming Herschell (he stopped Freddie Miller) Joiner, Negro junior lightweight, for some big bouts this summer. Becker presents Joiner with Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh in May.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Henry Huerta, the Mexican featherweight from Peoria, Ill., is now fighting in and around New York . . . . Syd Fishel of Washington, D. C., is priming for some matches for his stable in Ohio . . . . Oscar Menachoff of Dayton, a while back one of the Middle West's outstanding lightweights, known as Oscar Koff, has finally hit pay dirt in Buddy Knox, busiest of all budding heavies, and Joey Marinelli, a 125-pounder, ready for the leaders . . . . Oscar deserves a break . . . . Freddie Miller, who announced his retirement after the Joiner bout, signed with a national insurance concern and is now acting as representative in this territory . . . . good luck, Freddie.

THE RING Magazine is considered as the gospel of boxing everywhere and this part of the country is no exception . . . . if you're not mentioned in THE RING, you're not "in" . . . . Nat Fleischer is often mentioned to this columnist in letters from fans all over the world relative to a national boxing czar, if such a position is ever created by the U. S. Government . . . . Frankie Gilmore, young Cincinnati lightweight, seems to be doing real well in Eastern rings of late under the Dewey Fragetta bookings . . . . Jake Goldick, a young heavyweight to whom Joe Sekyra is teaching plenty of his old tricks, is being touted by Billy Brown of Dayton, O., as one of the coming stars in Ohio ring circles . . . . Goldick seems to have what it takes and perhaps couldn't be under any better handling . . . . Sonny Hatsme, Dayton, O., Filipino, who is now fighting on the West Coast, scored a two-round kayo over Manuel Freitas at Watsonville, Calif., in his debut . . . . Hatsme may fight Jackie Jurich, former world's champion, at San Jose for Promoter Babe Griffin, the middle of May . . . . Hatsme may return East after this bout as there are several good matches in store for him in Canada, where the little fellows are well liked . . . . Joe Basco's colored flash, Cleo McNeal, who is barring neither Lou Ambers nor Henry Armstrong, banged out another knockout win, this time at Cumberland, Md., over Pete Galiano in three stanzas . . . . keep your peepers on Jackie Carpenter of Columbus, who whanged out the punishment to Freddy Ray to win the first session on a T.K.O. at Jackson, O.

Freddie Pope, hard-punching bantamweight from Columbus, who is managed by Ray Bartlett, is setting the division afire in the Middle Western rings. In the course of one week, Freddie scored knockouts over Young Howdy at Columbus, Billy Potts at Cincinnati, and Pee Wee Weghorn at Jackson. Pope is now taking a much-needed rest at Al Haft's farm outside Columbus.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

CLEVELAND'S fistic enterprises are again booming. After a dull 10 years, it looked like old times again when a crowd that paid $9,300 to see the Jimmy Reeves-Teddy Yarosz match.

Old man experience was the winner in that bout, when the duke was given to Yarosz. It was a good match to watch, with Reeves always trying to nail the former champion. But Teddy just kept jabbing, grabbing, twisting and ducking. He made Reeves miss a great deal. The loss to the former champion takes nothing away from Jimmy, as he is still a favorite with the Cleveland fight fans.

Mike Gamiere won via the T.K.O. when the Doc called it off because of a bad cut under Ray Sharkey's eye. It happened in the last few seconds of the fifth round. Up until the stopping of the fight, it was one of those real Sharkey-Gamiere matches, although Sharkey had a slight edge when the bout was stopped.

Jimmy Bivins, the kid that bears plenty of watching, put the snore on Johnny Dean of New Castle, Pa., in the third round. Bivins was fresh from a win over the highly touted Nate Bolden at Chicago. Then on his eighth straight win in as many fights as a pro, Mr. Bivins knocked out Enzo Iannozzi in 1 minute, 11 seconds of the first round. The smart boys around town think he is the best looking fighter developed here since the days of Carl Tremaine.

George Toy, former national amateur champion, knocked out Andy Wertz of Youngstown in the third round for his second pro win, and he looked good doing it. Bobby Berry made his pro debut by defeating Jim Brinkman in a four-rounder. Joey Pirrone, a brother of Belting Paul, scored a T.K.O. over Bobby Root in three rounds.

Steve Dudas won over Big Dan Merritt in the feature bout on Promoter Bob Brickman's second show of the month. Merritt was a sub for Buddy Knox who turned up with a boil on his forearm. But the one that stole the show was Jimmy Bivins when he knocked out Iannozzi.

Georgie Toy, Charley O'Connell's pride and joy, won his third straight start as a pro when he belted out Pepper Lawrence of Dayton, O., in the second stanza.

Kid McCoy of Detroit made a hit here when he outboxed Eddie Morgan (nee Kunath) in a six-round thriller. The fans think McCoy is OK, and want to see him back. Joey Pirrone defeated Jimmy Alu in a four-rounder. Alu was on the floor early in the bout but came back strong in the last round to make it a real fight. Bobby Berry won a close one over Steve Stefak of Elyria, O., in the opening four.

Lorain, Ohio—Norm Riegel, former Navy champion, defeated Steve Stefak in the six-round feature. It played to one of the largest crowds since the days when Lorain had some great fighters like Lou Niccolete, Ray LaRay and many others.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Lou Laurie, former Olympic boxing star, broke into New York, whipping Dave Crawford at the Ridgewood . . . . Jackie Taylor defeated Pete DeGrasse at Dayton . . . . Joe Marinelli scored a knockout over Antonio Avia in seven rounds at Dayton . . . . Lee Savold knocked out Eddie Boyle of Cleveland in one . . . . Freddy Pope, that consistent winner out of Columbus, T.K.O.'d Young Howdy in the fourth round. This Pope has had 21 straight wins . . . . Willie Muldune lost a disputed duke to Altus Taylor at Chicago . . . . Frankie Wallace lost to Dodo Woods and Bucky Taylor after winning over Primo Flores . . . . Joe Horvath of Akron defeated Al Muir of Canton . . . . K.O. Christner (who is 47 years old) stopped Fred Bozic in two at Akron . . . . Mickey Dugan is back in training again. Dugan has boxed the best of them, among those were four world's champions, Bob Olin, Maxie Rosenbloom and John Henry Lewis . . . . Joe Botta, former 112-pound city and state amateur champion of 10 years back, is one of the head men at the Euclid Roller Rink, and Joe is doing OK.

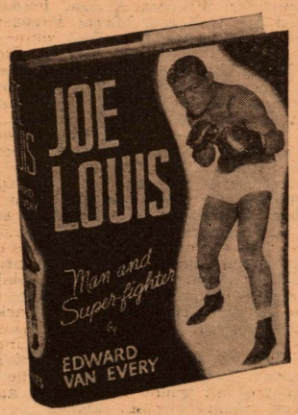
ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Monroe Sporting Club, with Ellison Kasoff as president, staged another gala all-star professional show. The main event featured Lou Salica and Jackie Callura, popular little fighter from Toronto, Canada. It was a slugfest from start to finish and the judges voted a draw. The entire card was exceptionally good and the largest crowd to witness professional boxing since its return left the hall well satisfied. In other bouts Jackie Flynn, Rochester, knocked out Pete Tamalonis, Buffalo, in 25 seconds of the third; Henry Smith, Rochester, decisioned Joey Brown, Syracuse (6); Hughie Smith, Rochester, decisioned Eddie Carroll, Ottawa (6); Frank Laspina, Rochester, decisioned George Polito, Rochester (4).

Joey Stefano, popular featherweight of Rochester, and Paul Culombo, one of Dansville's favorite sons, staged one of the most spectacular main events the Dansville boxing fans have witnessed since the Airport Athletic Club began its weekly amateur shows. It was a grudge fight and the fur flew in every round, with Stefano gaining the decision. Frankie Rath of Rochester and Dick Durkee, another favorite son, also staged a great bout in the semi-final.

Again the fans of Rochester proved that they are behind the Elks Club and its weekly amateur shows by turning out 2,000 strong when the Elks staged a show here to raise funds for the state convention to be held here in June. The main event showed Sugar Robinson of New York City and Smoke Robinson of Erie, Pa. It was a great bout with Sugar showing the same class that won him the National A. A. U. championship in Boston. The entire show was colorful from start to finish. Following are the results of the better amateur bouts seen here in the month: Ray Robinson, New York City, decisioned Smoke Robinson, Erie, Pa., five; Frankie Donato, Philadelphia, decisioned Art Foster, St. Louis, five; Frankie Carto, Philadelphia, decisioned Shorty Dowd, Rochester, five; Eddie Smith, Rochester, decisioned Ralph Johnson, Philadelphia, five; Kolby Paul, Rochester, decisioned Joe Symelic, New York, five; Sammy Secreet, Rochester, decisioned Henry Brimm, Buffalo, five; Tony Decarlo, Rochester, won decision over Oscar Boyd, Buffalo, five; Frankie Rath, Rochester, knocked out Billy Hicks, Buffalo, one; Jay Widener, Coldwater, won decision over Ossie Smith, Buffalo, three.

FISTIC MORSELS—Nello Nucelli and Sammy Secreet, his stablemate, have just turned professional and will be seen on the Monroe Sporting Club's next professional show. Nello was the amateur city featherweight champ . . . . Tony Decarlo, 1939 Niagara District A. A. U. champion has decided to hang up his gloves . . . . Frankie Rath of Coldwater, has been elected the most promising and popular newcomer at the Elks Club gym . . . . Jimmy Slattery is training Ossie Sussman.



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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

GEORGE LATKA, the boxing instructor of Santa Clara University, gave Baby Arizmendi a lesson in the "manly art" in a 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium. Arizmendi, who was tossing the leather mittens when Latka was still in short pants, was an unwilling pupil to the lesson because there was a goodly crowd of his Mexican followers witnessing the spectacle. However, the Baby could do little about it, for even when his bull-like rushes did get him inside of Latka's rapier left, the "mitt professor" had little trouble tying up the Mexican idol in the clinches. Latka, weighing 136, was credited with seven of the 10 rounds over Arizmendi, who came in at 137.

Billy Latka, 156, brother of George, scored a T.K.O. over William Metcalf, 162, in the fourth round of the semi-windup.

In hopes of developing new talent, Matchmaker Jimmy Murray staged five six-rounders at the Olympic Auditorium, featuring some of the best of the local preliminary fighters. In a bout that was given top billing, Johnny Jackson, 150, New Orleans colored boxer, was awarded the decision over Big Boy Hogue of San Diego. Hogue was in the lead at the end of the fifth, but Jackson had him in bad shape in the final round.

Al Smith, 149, and Babe Hernandez, 150, staged the best fight of the night, which was won by Smith with a clean knockout in the fifth round. They slugged toe-to-toe all the way, with Smith on the floor in the first round and Hernandez down three times in the third.

Larry Cisneros, 137, of Denver, won easily over Frankie Martin (Chief Crazy Horse) 136, of Pasadena, in six rounds.

Richard (Young) Polite, 139, New Orleans Negro, decisioned Elmer Lewis, 140, of Redondo, in six.

Carlos Miranda, 141, pounded out a six-round win over Jimmy Brooks, 142, twice flooring the New Orleans Negro and having him in a bad way on several occasions. Eddie Rivera defeated Clarence Thomas in the opener.

In Ocean Park—Bomber Bob Bonger failed to add Jim Egnotoff's name to his growing list of KO. victims, but he did surmount his stiffest test to date by pounding out an eight-round decision over the Russian Lion. Egnotoff was down for a nine count in the sixth and was in a groggy state in the third and eighth rounds. Bonger weighed 178, Egnotoff 197. A full house witnessed the scrap.

With Little Dado not weighing less than 115 pounds in recent bouts and Manuel Ortiz scaling but 112 pounds the night he stopped Jackie Jurich, the flyweight and bantam divisions of California have taken on an entirely different appearance. The state flyweight title now rests between Ortiz and Little Pancho, while Dado's win over Tony Olivera puts the little Filipino in the driver's seat of the bantamweight division.

George Latka, San Jose boxing master, gave Hollywood Stadium fans a demonstration of his artistry at the expense of Richie Fontaine, slugging French boy of Montana. The Santa Clara professor showed the large gathering the 17 different ways a clever boxer can outclass a mauler. Although the first few rounds were far from one-sided, Fontaine was not credited with winning any of them and during the last half of the "lesson" Richie was made to look very bad. However, in fairness to Fontaine, this writer believes that the low weight of 133 pounds deprived Richie of his greatest asset—his ruggedness. Latka, who weighed 134, made a tremendous hit in this, his first Hollywood appearance.

Guy Serean, 130, of Idaho, put on a whirlwind attack in the final frame to nose out Memo Llanes, 126, of Mexico, in the six-round semi. It was a slugfest all the way. Bobby Espinoza, 140, and Don McMahon, 144, fought a four-round draw in the special prelim.

In San Diego—Shorty Hogue, 158, repeated his win over Johnny (The Bandit) Romero, 168, in a fast eight-rounder at the Coliseum. The fight was very close at the end of the seventh, but Hogue belted the veteran southpaw plenty in the final round to cinch the decision.

Georgie Crouch is back in the good graces of his followers because of a six-round T.K.O. over Joe Ybarra scored at the Olympic Auditorium. The fight was fairly close at the end of the fifth round and Ybarra started off the sixth like he was to be the winner, but Crouch crossed a right that dropped the Mexican for a count of nine. Ybarra arose in a weakened condition and Crouch became a "killer," showering his opponent with lefts and rights. Ybarra is a tough hombre and might have weathered the storm, but he was receipting for such a shellacking that Referee Reggie Gilmore stopped the affair. Crouch weighed 140, Ybarra 138.

Carlos Miranda, 141, pounded out a six-round decision over Bobby Espinoza, 140, in the semi. Espinoza was down for nine in the second round.

In Ocean Park—Shorty Hogue, 157, San Diego, defeated Bobby Pacho, 155, Mexican veteran, in a hard fought eight-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena.

There is a California "natural" looming between two very promising young heavyweights, Pat Valentino of San Francisco and Bobby Bonger of Los Angeles. As amateur champions of Northern and Southern California, they met for the state light-heavy title in 1938, Valentino winning a close decision. Both entered professional ranks in 1939 and each has been sensational in scoring KO victories.

Red Green, the Signal Kid, upped his stock considerably by pounding out a win over the tough Nick Peters in a hard fought 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Green beat Peters at his own game—hard punching. Although the hard hitting Greek sometimes landed squarely with his best punches, Green didn't appear to be bothered, while Nick was stopped in his tracks on numerous occasions by Red's right-hand smashes. As was to be expected, the bout was rough and both battlers received cuts. Green weighed 139½, Peters 137.

Billy Latka, 154, San Jose, and Jimmy Casino, 157, went six rounds to a draw in the semi-final. Larry Cisneros, 137, Denver, won a four-round slugfest over Soldier Ed Stanley, 134, in the special.

In Ocean Park—Babe Brandelli, hard punching Italian of Venice, handed Jimmy Lakes, Los Angeles Greek, a lacing in their eight-round match at the Ocean Park Arena. Brandelli scored two knockdowns.

Bob Nestell, with the help of a twisted knee, chalked up a decision over Tommy Martin, Negro heavyweight of London, in a 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium. The twisted knee was suffered by Martin when he was floored in the third round from a left to the jaw. The colored Britisher started out well, winning the first two rounds with some good boxing, but after being dropped in the third and injuring his leg he could do little else but protect himself. Although on the canvas a dozen times, Martin went down but twice from clean blows. Nestell should have stowed Martin away and probably would have had he not been bothered with a badly cut eye. Nestell weighed 188, Martin 184.

Johnny Jackson, 149, New Orleans Negro, won the decision over the veteran, Bobby Pacho, 155, in the six-round semi. The bout was hard fought and close.

Jack Davidow is just about "No. 1" man among local fight managers these days. Jack has a stable of 20 boxers, among them being such well known fighters as Georgie Crouch, Carlos Miranda, Henry Hook, Bobby Pacho, Rudy Odin, Jim Egnotoff, Henry Majcher, Kent Martinez, Kid Lester and Gene Espinoza.

Jackie Wilson, California's best lightweight, made a second victory over Tony Chavez, Mexican gamester of Albuquerque, more convincing than his first. The second meeting took place at the Hollywood Stadium and a sellout crowd turned out for it. Their first clash two months previous was close, but the Black Wasp won in a walk in this second bout. Wilson had the better of the infighting, as well as outboxing Chavez at long range. Jackie landed many a punch with "finis" written all over it, but Tony was not floored or seemingly in bad shape from any of them. Wilson weighed 138, Chavez 140. Big Boy Hogue 150, San Diego, was awarded a T.K.O. over Nick Masiello, 151, in the fifth round of the semi-windup. Hogue floored Nick for nine in the first round and had the Italian bleeding so badly in the fifth that the referee stopped it.

A Jackie Wilson-George Latka match is the hottest scrap that could be made for Los Angeles at this time. And these two should get together while it is this hot, for it appears to be the best money shot that either will get a crack at this summer, and the winner would be in line for a go with Ambers or Angott.

In Ocean Park—The Ocean Park Arena was turned into a madhouse when Bomber Bob Bonger of Inglewood appeared to have Blimp Williams of Fresno on the verge of a KO. in the sixth and final round of their match. The scrap, which turned out to be the most sensational ever staged in the Bay District, was close at the end of the fifth round, but the Inglewood youngster pounded the ponderous Negro all over the ring in the final session while the fans stood on their seats and screamed throughout. Bonger weighed but 178, while the Blimp tipped the scales at 309. The biggest crowd in Ocean Park boxing history witnessed the bout.

In San Diego—Shorty Hogue, Jacumba middleweight, won a one-sided contest over Angelo Puglisi of Duluth, Minn., the uneven bout being stopped and awarded to Hogue in the seventh round.

In answer to the many requests that I receive for such information, I am herewith listing the names of three boxers in each division whom I consider as being the best in California at those weights:

112—Little Pancho, Manuel Ortiz, Jackie Jurich. (Of course, Little Dado would be listed here if he could make the weight, which is doubtful.)

118—Little Dado, Tony Olivera, Horace Mann. (There is little doubt but what Pancho can beat Mann, but I am listing each boxer in only one class.)

126—Verne Bybee, Richie Lemos, Chick Delaney. (Chalky Wright, a California boy, is not listed here because he has made New York his home the past year.)

135—Jackie Wilson, George Latka, Toby Vigil. (A number of good opponents for these three, namely, Garrison, Crouch and Chavez, cannot make the lightweight limit.)

147—Henry Armstrong, Eddie Booker, Jimmy Garrison. (I rate Garrison here, although a 140-pounder, because I can think of no third California 147-pounder (with Leon Zorrita in Australia) who can beat him.

160—Ceferino Garcia, Turkey Thompson, Lloyd Marshall.

175—Jack Coggins, Pat Valentino, Johnny (Bandit) Romero.

Heavyweight—Lou Nova, Buddy Baer, Max Baer. (True, the present ability of Nova and Baer is unknown, but I cannot believe that either of them would be beaten by such other California heavies as Chuck Crowell, Bob Nestell, Big Boy Bray or Sonny Boy Walker.)

It is at 140 pounds that California has an abundance of talent. At this poundage there are 20 or more good boys, among them being Georgie Crouch, Jimmy Garrison, Tony Chavez, Red Green, Newsboy Gavras, Jesse Jas. Jackson, Carlos Miranda, Cecil Hudson, Dencio Cabanello, Shiek Rangel, Norbert Meehan, Johnny Fasano, Babe Brandelli, etc.

LEST I FORGET—The Jackie Jurich-Manuel Ortiz bout at Hollywood had the distinction of being the first boxing contest on the Pacific Coast to be recorded by television . . . . Jack Davidow has purchased the contract on Georgie Crouch from Herman Holsberg . . . . Dick Kist, a middleweight of Danville, Ill., is out here under the wing of Bob Marx . . . . George Parnassas' heavy, Johnny Hanschen, is fighting main events in Minneapolis . . . . Al Lang handled Floyd Hagen for Karl Ogren, when the St. Paul featherweight was out here . . . . Aurel Toma, claimant to the European bantamweight title, is in Los Angeles being looked after by Sid Cohen . . . . Bob Bonger probably gave away more weight than any other fighter in boxing history when he faced Blimp Williams. Their weights were announced as 178 and 309 . . . . Larry Cisneros, Denver lightweight, has made some pleasing fights in local prelim bouts . . . . Whitey Eckwert is now training Chuck Crowell and the Artesia giant is really getting in condition . . . . Johnny Maurry has a promising kid in Johnny Lester, a colored amateur lightweight . . . . George Blake and his clever lightweight, Toby Vigil, are back from their vacation in Honolulu . . . . Jack Davidow has purchased the contract on Carlos Miranda from Chris Cardinez . . . . One Round Andrews has a fine looking colored heavy in Jim Lee, a 215-pounder . . . . Jackie Wilson has the distinction of being the first colored boxer to appear in a Hollywood Stadium main event . . . . Fred (Windy) Windsor has bought the contract on Richie Lemos from Lamar DeLavallade . . . . Arthur (Duke) Holloway is doing a fine job as trainer of Jack Davidow's stable. Jack's fighters have been winning regularly since the Duke took over.

To those who have received no reply to letters written me: I cannot answer all the letters I receive unless same is accompanied with a self-address, stamped envelope, and please confine questions strictly to boxing here in California. Thank you. My address is 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

IN THE PHILIPPINES

With DR. CONRADO MATA

THE Luis Logan vs. Glen Lee "battle" was a fiasco. The way Glen Lee was knocked out by Logan in the second round of what was to have been fifteen, is still a source of debate among fight fans hereabouts. Lee is considered at least a good second rater in America, but the manner in which he sported around that evening shows that he is through as a fighter. Logan outweighed Lee by ten pounds, had the reach and height, and had been idle for three years.

TID-BITS—Leon Castillo is running boxing at Mandaluyon and is doing well . . . . Apeng Cuyugan is still in harness, managing and developing up-and-coming fighters . . . . Paquito "No. 1" Limgenco has permanently (?) retired from the game and is an interested sideliner . . . . Doc Pablo Anido is the assistant moderator to all of the publications of the U. S. T. . . . . "Arsenic" Lacson is the fiery, straight-shooting sports editor of the *Commonweal* . . . . Jes Cortes is the outstanding promoter in these parts today . . . . Hasta la vista!

To those who wish to ask any questions regarding the game in the Philippines, which is going well, write to Dr. Conrado Mata, Sn. Juan, Rizal, Philippines.

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SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

ERV SARLIN, better known as Pittsburgh's "Bad Boy" among the light-heavies, got his chance in a main bout and did a good job when he stopped Young Tommy Burns of Detroit. The former Detroit football player was not permitted to answer the bell for the third round by Referee Al Grayber. The Bad Boy weighed 170 pounds, nine less than the Detroiter. The bout was halted because of a gash over Burns' eye. Johnny Rucker, colored lad of the Hill, who seems to have lots of zip, scored his twenty-fourth professional victory by winning the duke in a real slugfest with Ted Prichard of East Liberty in six. Rucker weighed 136 pounds and was outweighed by four pounds.

Sammy Adragna, 138 pounds, of Munhall, beat Lew Baltimore, 141 pounds, of the Hill, in six heats. Joey Mattis of Charleroi's 160-pounders, won by T.K.O. in the third round over Walter Montini of Jeannette. Mattis scored knockdowns in each of the three rounds and had Montini in a bad way when Referee Al Grayber wisely stopped the one-sided affair. Mattis weighed 159 pounds, one pound heavier than Montini. Bill Dummer was the matchmaker. The bout was staged at the new Sports Arena.

Harry Bobo, the Peabody Paralyzer, bit the dust for the first time in his short but sensational career when he was stopped by Wild Bill Boyd of Seattle, Wash., in the sixth round at the Gardens. Boyd caught Bobo with a terrific right in the fifth round and Bobo went over the top strand of the rope, then down on the floor. Referee Al Grayber counted eight when the bell rang and saved Bobo from a knockout in that round. Bobo weighed 207½ pounds and Boyd tipped the beam at 186½ pounds. Big Jim Thompson, 226½ pounds, scored a second-round knockout over Indian Jim Merritt of Tulsa, Okla., who weighed 236¾ pounds. Merritt took nine-counts on three occasions and Boxing Commissioner Harvey J. Boyle stepped in and suspended the Indian indefinitely in Pennsylvania. Johnny Rucker defeated Bobby Roberts in six rounds. Johnny Kapovich stopped Whitey Schramm in the first of another six. Ernie Pelia scored a four-round T.K.O. win over Norman Cordaro of Rochester, N. Y. Norman injured his hand. Brian McDonald was on the matchmaking end.

Ossie Harris, the Toy Bulldog of the Hill, scored a sixth round T.K.O. over Danny Devlin of Philadelphia. Harris scored four knockdowns in this round and Ted Crystal tossed in the towel to save the Philly veteran from more punishment. Both boys weighed 153 pounds. The bout took place at Jules Beck's Moose Temple. Tommy Daniells, Bill Heckman's welterweight threat, scored an upset over Willie Polan of Ford City in the eight-round semi-final. Daniells scored a knockdown in the third round. Bobby Williams of Clarksburg, W. Va., won by T.K.O. in the fifth over Patsey DeComma of Ford City. Al Patterson, colored, of the Hill, repeated a T.K.O. over Luke Smith of Follansbee, W. Va. It was stopped in the third. They are heavies. Earvin Hicks stopped Homer Hillegas in the fourth of the opener.

At the Sports Arena—Carmen Notch, the East Liberty Wild-Cat, won the unanimous decision after ten rounds with Irish Bobby Masters of Philly. The semi-final saw Sammy Adragna win by kayo in the first round over Melton Glass of youngstown, O. Another six saw Bobby Brooks win by kayo in the third round over Don Juaz of Cleveland, O. Arand Franchi of Cumberland, Md., was stopped in the third by Sammy Parotto. The opener saw Lew Pitts beat Homer Hillegas. Bill Dummer staged the affair.

Ossie Harris, left-hook artist of the Hill, hooked a little too low in the seventh round of his scheduled ten-round top spot at the Sports Arena when he fouled Irish Bobby Masters of Philadelphia. Referee Red Robinson awarded the fight to Masters on a foul and later the Commission reversed the decision giving Harris a kayo win due to the no-foul rule in this state. Harris was in the lead by a mile when the low blow was struck. Johnny Rucker won by T.K.O. in the fifth over Joe Bellott of Williamsport. Ernie Pelia of Monaca trounced Teddy Prichard in six rounds. Red Cregan won a split decision over Lou Baltimore in four. Lew Pitts outpunched Steve Walters in the four round opener. Bill Dummer had a good crowd on hand for the show.

JUST A JAB—Babe Krause as yet is undefeated in thirty amateur bouts and is under the watchful eye of Jack Perry of Vesta Burg. After Harry Bobo lost by kayo to Bill Boyd, Red Dougherty resigned as trainer of the colored clouter. Ralph Gizzy is ready for action again after a couple of months' layoff due to a bad hand. He claims the hand is O.K. and he will leave for Boston shortly to engage in bouts with Howell King and Ralph Zanelli. Jules Beck has the honor of being Pittsburgh's hardest working matchmaker, although it's a tough job for Dummer, McDonald and Mintz, too. Why can't we have a beautiful Auditorium, as all other big cities have? I think it would be a swell idea to get this W.P.A. together and throw up an Auditorium for civic affairs and boxing.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

A TOTAL of 175 glove throwers, champions from all over the country and a team from Hawaii, met at the Garden in a three days tourney for the National A.A.U. championships. Due to the large number of entries, three rings were used the first night and the rounds were cut down to two minutes each. The biggest upset of the show was the defeat of Cozey Storace of Rome, N. Y., the only defending champion, at the hands of Jimmy Mulligan of Lowell, Mass. Mulligan as well as the two remaining New England entries, lost out in the semi-finals.

The Hawaiian team was the strongest and fared well, especially in the lighter classes. The flyweight final was between two of the Hawaiian teams, which settled the championship of the Islands. Charles Williams, a big favorite from Buffalo, N. Y., to cop the heavy title, found Wallace Cross too tough and couldn't put him out as was the case with all the others he had faced. The attendance for the three nights was 18,111. Net receipts $18,702. The following won the crowns: 112, Johnny Manalo; 118, Angelo Ambrosano, Philadelphia; 126, Frank Robinson, Pittsburgh; 135, Paul Matsumako, Honolulu; 147, Henry Brimm, Buffalo, N. Y.; 160, Joe Maxim, Cleveland; 175, Victor Hutton, Farmersburg, Ind.; heavy, Wallace Cross, East Orange, N. J.

Importing outside fighters for its shows, Lewiston, Me., opened with Babe Synnott, Fall River's loose fighting welter, holding the highly touted Tommy Bland of Toronto to a draw. A week later Al Bouchard, rugged heavy of Fall River, broke his hand in the fifth after knocking down Young Jack Dempsey four times, but had enough left to take the 10-round decision, winning nine out of the 10 rounds.

Wrestling Bit—Two more angels are in the wrestling mixup. The Irish Angel and the Swedish Angel are not to be confused with the real Angel, Maurice Tillet. He has won 41 straight in this country thus far.

Leo Rodak's last round spurt earned him the decision over the fast stepping Iowan, Everett Rightmire, in 10 rounds at Providence.

Freddie Cabral, 148½, Cambridge, and Johnny Studley, 153, Brockton, both former amateur stars, battled to a close decision at New Bedford, with Cabral getting the edge in eight cantos. Billy Campanale reversed the decision suffered against him by whipping Jack Dubois in the co-feature of eight rounds.

Worcester—After a clean fast fight, Howell King was declared the winner over Irish Johnny McHale at the end of 10 rounds. King piled up an early lead but McHale resorted to slugging in the last sessions, to almost hold him even. Herb Coonan, Rochdale, another heavyweight to turn pro, stopped Frank Mercurio in the fourth chapter. Coonan is a former amateur champion.

An old ring fan, a familiar face at all the better matches, was asked how he judged a good bout. His reply: "If the fighters are ranked in The Ring Magazine, I know it will be a good fight. When they are not, I don't consider the bout worth seeing." About Nat Fleischer, "I think Nat Fleischer has done more to better the game than any man I know."

Thank you, sir, for the kind words. You have given ample proof that The Ring is closely followed by those who really know boxing.

Portland, Me.—In a tune-up fight before meeting Garcia in a title match, Ken Overlin was given a shocking surprise by Frankie Nelson of Davenport, Ia. Nelson pulled the same stunt as he did on Coley Welch by starting strong and dropping the Navy boy on the deck in the first. Overlin was wobbly when he returned to his corner. The sailor quickly found his sea legs, however, and went on to pound Nelson to win the ten-round decision. In the six-round semi-final, Jimmy Cook, 139, Rumford, fresh from K.O. wins over Al Diodati and Silent Brown, took the measure of Nick Zullo, 136, Boston.

New Bedford—Ted Lowry, 164, took but two rounds to knock out Blondy Dempsey, 160. This is Lowry's second K.O. over the former Granite State boy. Jimmy Mendes put out Paul Warren, Boston, in the opening round. Bucky Jones outpointed Lou Fico in a six-rounder.

Providence—Abe Denner, making his second start since winning the New England featherweight title, held Mike Belloise, once claimant to the world crown, to a ten-round draw. The rangy Denner seemed to have the better of the long range fighting and many thought that this gave him the edge.

Fresh from putting Eddie Reed away with a punch to the left ear in the fourth two weeks before, Larry Bolvin, Providence featherweight flash, added Matt Perfetti, Amsterdam, N. Y., a former national amateur champ, to his list. After dropping Perfetti twice for nine-counts, Larry went on to cop the eight-round decision.

Spider Armstrong, 129¾, Toronto, evened the score with George Salamone, 129, Boston, getting the nod in the twin eight-rounder. Georgie had won a close decision over Armstrong two weeks before.

FLASHES—Oscar Suggs, colored welter and cousin of the famous Chick Suggs, is now fighting out of New Haven, where he is going strong . . . . Paging Joe Louis: Tony Ferry, Tom Casey, Herb Coonan and Bill Weinberg are four white hopes recently turned pro and looking toward the crown . . . . We are always glad to hear from New England fans in other parts of the country. Address your letters to Mark Fannon, 28 Front Street, Ashland, Mass. . . . . Harry Mitchell is now matchmaker for the Casino, Fall River . . . . Henry Chmielewski has gone under new management . . . . On April 7th, the popular middleweight king became a bridegroom.

New Bedford—Everett Rightmire, Sioux City, Ia., won the ten-round decision over Pete De Grasse, 129, Winnipeg, Can. Blondy Dempsey, 160, beat Johnny Studley, 155, Brockton, in a six-rounder.

Worcester—Irish Johnny McHale, 151½, New York, punched out an easy ten-round decision over Billy Campanelli, 154. McHale knew too much for the Worcester lad and won all the way. Herb Coonan and Tom Casey won their second bouts as pros by adding George Reed, Providence, and Daniel Joseph, Providence, respectively, to their list. Reed lasted four rounds, while Casey put away Joseph in three. Joe O'Gorman, 135, Boston, knocked out Alec DeAngelo, 138, rugged Marlboro slugger, in the first.

Boston Garden—With the largest crowd to watch them since the Maloney-Heeney fight in 1930, Henry Armstrong successfully defended his welterweight title against Paul Junior with a kayo in the seventh. A full account of the bout will be found on the editorial pages of this issue. A total of 16,469 fans saw the show.

Matchmaker Rip Valenti of the Goodwin A. C., who sponsored the show, showed plainly that Boston will go to see worthwhile attractions. He is trying to persuade others of national reputation to show in Boston. The fact that Valenti guaranteed Armstrong $15,000 and still made a profit, even at prices ranging from $1.00 to $3.00, proved that Boston only needs good shows, plus an even break for the outsider.

The prelims, all six rounds: Eddie Ellis, Quincy, won over Jackie Caparell, Roxbury. Marty Servo, New York, took the measure of Dom DiCiantis, Providence. Bill Tordiglione edged out Billy Connerty. Johnny Seaman, 163½, won by K.O. over Young Dempsey, 160, Rochester, N. H., in three. Freddy McLean, colored, of Roxbury, put away Bomber Remillard, Worcester, in the last round.

New Bedford—Ted Lowry, heavy-hitting middleweight, stopped Irish Johnny Smith, clever Quincy youth, in three rounds. Sam Shumway, 165, edged Larry Baker, 168, Boston. Johnny Piaster, 178, Worcester, caused a surprise by breaking the winning streak of Jimmy Mendes, 183, winning the decision over the rangy Portuguese.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

THE Henry Armstrong-Paul Junior fight was the feature topic among boxing fans in Maine the past month, and about 5,000 enthusiastic fans made the trip to Boston. They saw Henry Armstrong defend his world's welterweight title at the Boston Garden, when Referee Johnny Martin halted the battle and awarded the fight to Armstrong in the seventh round. Junior fought a great battle, and slugged it out with the champion from the start to the finish.

Portland—The only boxing show in Portland the past month saw Ken Overlin of Washington, D. C., win a 10-round decision over Frankie Nelson of Davenport, Iowa. Nelson almost upset Overlin in the first round by putting him down for a nine count, but from the third round on Overlin took the lead, and was out in front the rest of the way. Other bouts on the card saw Jimmy Cook of Rumford win his sixth straight victory by outpointing Nick Zullo of Boston in six rounds. Billie Shaw of Portland won over Paul Herrock of Portland. Henry Perry of Portland and Herb Tracy of South Portland battled four rounds to a draw. Curley Smith of Biddeford decisioned Al Lamarr of Fort Williams, and Bill Jordon of Freeport drew with Billie Wilson of Portsmouth.

Bangor—Bobby Campbell, the classy little Brewer lightweight, climbed another notch up the fistic ladder by blasting his way to a decisive victory over Jimmy Duval, the Broklyn Negro, in the eight-round feature before a good sized crowd at the Bangor Auditorium. Other bouts saw Johnny Mack of Sanford outpoint Henry Laggasse of Bangor in eight rounds, and in the other eight, Val Nedeau of Somersworth won the decision from Battling Downey of Lowell in a rugged battle. Three four-rounders completed the card.

Coley Welch, Portland's promising middleweight, was inactive the past month due to a cut over his eye which he received in his last battle with Vincent Pimpinella in Worcester. His next bout will be against Howell King of Detroit at Mechanics Building in Boston.

Augusta—Danny Peal, New York Negro, scored a six-round knockout victory over Johnny Lasinsky of Bridgeport, when the club physician halted the battle on account of a cut over Lasinsky's eye. The battle was pretty evenly fought up to the time it had to be halted.

South Berwick—Clyde Willard of Rochester, N. H., won the decision over Ticky Ford of Lawrence in the six-round bout which featured the weekly boxing show here. In the other bouts, Henry Perry of Portland drew with Jack Desautel of Dover. Young Perfect of Hampton decisioned Honey Driscol of Portland. Skeet Corsin of Dover knocked out Leo Lagase of Rochester, and Jazzy King of Somersworth won over Young Nelson of Portland.

The small clubs in Maine have been clicking with their shows. Bert Patch, who promotes in Springvale, has a show every Tuesday night. Joe Vachone, who runs the club in South Berwick every Friday night, promotes 50 shows a year at his club. Brunswick recently opened, and plans on a show every two weeks.

Brunswick, Me., had its first boxing show since the State Boxing Commission went into effect on April 11th. K.O. Labbe of Lewiston decisioned Eddie O'Tash of Dover. The other show saw Larry Noble, a young colored lightweight and a newcomer in Maine, fight six fast rounds to a draw with Eddie Latourneau of Sanford in the feature bout.

Lewiston, Me.—George Blaisdell of Portland won the decision over Tony Vento of Boston in six rounds. Flash Dutil of Lewiston halted Jimmy Cook's winning streak by holding him to a draw. Cook had won eight straight. K.O. Bonnevi of Livermore Falls decisioned Everett Ladd of Westbrook. Paul Herrick of Portland knocked out Tony Bellevance of Augusta in two, and Honey Driscol of Portland and Eddie Mason of Boston battled six rounds to a draw.

Rockland, Me.—Carl Lawless of Rockland knocked out Dynamite Roberts of Belfast in two rounds.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

MARCUS PITTS of Springfield, formerly of Washington, D. C., made a hit when he won over Tony Dupre of Manchester in 10 rounds at the Federal A. C. of Chicopee, Mass. Pitts displayed plenty of class.

Johnny Buckley, rotund manager of boxers of Boston, came to Holyoke with Tom Casey, Irish heavyweight, and brother of Steve Casey, wrestler. Tom beat the Chicopee Wild Bull in a six-round match.

Bill Boyd, Jack Dempsey's protege, won a close fight from Jarl Johnson of Norway in a 10-round main bout at the Valley Arena. Al Gauthier of Ludlow won an eight-round bout from Joe Gorman of Boston. Arthur Dorrell of Texas won a T.K.O. from Al Castonquay of Holyoke. Johnny Parker of Chicopee won a close fight from Mede Reyhome of Springfield, Mass., in a four-round bout.

Babe Verila of New Bedford won a 10-round bout from Jay Macedon of New Jersey. Macedon carried the fight to Verila, but Verila, being a very good counter-puncher, copped the verdict.

Babe Verila of New Bedford beat Babe Orgovan of Texas in a 10-round bout at the Federal A. C. in Chicopee, Mass. Jack Thompson of Albany lost a close fight to Pete DeRuzzo of New York in eight rounds; Armand Roy of Three Rivers, Vt., and Joe Antonowicz of Springfield fought a four-round draw; Wild Bull of Chicopee K.O.'d Paul Miller of Bridgeport in the first round; Ace Clark of Springfield won on a T.K.O. in the second round over Ernie Manelli of Nantasket; Jimmy Ace Clark of Springfield beat Al Sinibaldi of N. H., who claimed the New England light-heavyweight title at Brattleboro, Vt.

Harry Bordeau of Holyoke has renamed his gym, the Holyoke Gym, and is doing very well.

Jimmy Russo has Red Moffett, 135 pounds, and Baby Face Morris, 128 pounds, and Johnny Devore. They are crowd pleasers with ability. Pete Montesi of New York is hustling around with his classy lightweight, Willie Calhoun.

Leo Bradley of the Worthy Hotel, Springfield, is doing a good job making matches for the Federal A. C. in Chicopee.

Joe DeMaria will open his amateur club in Thompsonville, Conn., for the summer. He will open also at Manchester, Conn.

Howell King of Springfield, Mass., has been kept busy.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

THIS state is rapidly becoming one of the best boxing centers in the Union. The Tony Galento-Max Baer battle will be held in Jersey City July 12 and the Henry Armstrong-Eric Boon match will also be held in Jersey. Other important fights are pending.

Freddy Fiducia of Newark stopped Ray (Moorestown) Miller in the fifth at Atlantic City . . . . Jimmy Marsilla is one of the busiest managers in the country . . . . Florence Gross, this writer's secretary, will enroll at Upsala College in the fall . . . . Sammy Rapaport, the former amateur boxer, now turned seaman, returned from a trip to South America and is out at sea again with his brother Abe . . . . Wallace Cross of East Orange, the national amateur heavyweight champion, intends to remain in the amateurs for several more months and then enter the pro ranks. Carl Anderson of the Newark A. C. is keeping his eyes on Cross, who is a clever boxer and a mighty socker . . . . Maxie Fisher is in the cleaning and dyeing business when not fighting . . . . Jack Rappaport, former star welter, is doing well in business in South Orange.

Jack Marshall, rangy heavyweight from Rylie, Texas, scored a six-round technical knockout over the Italian, Italo Colonello, at Newark. It was a close bout. Referee Paul Cavalier stopped it because of cuts over the loser's eyes. In the six-round semi-final, Joe Serino of West Orange outpointed Johnny Yelavich of Garfield . . . . At New York, Vince Fratella of Hackensack drew in eight rounds with the Philadelphia middleweight, Wicky Harkins . . . . Cal Cagni of Cresskill, who had previously scored a victory over Milt Aron, was technically stopped by the Chicagoan in the sixth at Philly.

Benny Levine, the Bouncing Boy, who was a wow in his day, made his 'steenth comeback when he flattened Bob Farley at Jersey City. Levine now weighs 143. Lou Lombardi, also on the comeback trail, flattened Frank Reese, New York, in the third, and Johnny Juliano, undefeated Paterson bantam, scored his 20th straight victory, technically stopping Vince Rutti in the third.

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Benny Rubin is the successful promoter of fights at Highland Park near New Brunswick. His club has been going at almost capacity all winter with gates averaging one grand . . . . Max and Buddy Baer, favorites in New Jersey, recently trained at Doc Bier's in Pompton Lakes . . . . R. R. Gross says he is looking for heavyweight or lightweight fighters and wants all those with good records to write him at 53 Fleming Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Willie Hilberg, the Irvington sportsman, is looking around for a spot to promote this summer. He has conducted bouts in Long Branch, Garfield and Jersey City. He was the "money man" behind the bouts at Braddock Arena this season, backing Charley Ulrich. Willie dropped out and Ulrich moved over to the Grotto Auditorium where the shows have been drawing well.

We have a complete list of matchmakers and promoters in this state. All letters and requests for information should be sent to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace with a self-addressed stamped envelope. The matchmakers' list costs 25 cents.

New Jerseyans were recently discussing the easiest-going fellow in the boxing game. Babe Culnan, the Newark matchmaker, received the most votes. Babe was the one behind the clever Charley Weinert and the soeking Freddy Polo. He also managed Tommy Farr's training camp in Long Branch. He is a great pal of Ted Broadribb, the English fight manager and knew him intimately when Ted fought as Young Snowball. Newarkers have a great liking for Broadribb and always give him a great reception when he heads our way.

Frankie Bove, Newark featherweight, drew in eight rounds with Pablo Dano of the Philippines, at Laurel Gardens. Bove had just returned from a long layoff. His stablemate, Freddy Fiducia, technically kayoed Al Zappala, Jersey City, at the end of the fourth. Freddy Archer, handled by Al De Vito, outpointed his fellow Newarker, Ralph Griffin, in eight. The gross was $2,072.

Boxing had an excellent winter in Newark . . . . Wrestling did surprisingly well under Jack Pfeffer . . . . The National Turners will promote amateur bouts at the Meadowbrook Stadium in Newark this summer . . . . John Donnelly is one of the most frequent visitors at Marsilla's gym on Market Street in Newark . . . . Good luck to our friend, Bill Gore, the South's best boxing authority, who is now back in the boxing stride in Miami Beach . . . . Tony Marenghi, formerly with the defunct *Star Eagle,* is now with the new combined *Star-Ledger* in Newark.

Paul Cortlyn won a bout in Washington but didn't do so well in Highland Park when he was held to a six-round draw by the often knocked out Butch Lynch of Plainfield . . . . Mike Piskin, the Freehold farmer boy, stopped southpaw Mickey Makar in the 10th round of a 15-round bout at Jersey City . . . . Billy Beauhuld is still winning fights, his latest victims being Johnny Morro and Victor Troisi . . . . Nunzio Bisogno is training again.

Hugh Gartland intends to run pro bouts at Parkview Arena in Newark this summer. We understand his associate will be Lou (Chisel) Rabin, the former publicity man. Incidentally Gartland no longer handles Roy Lazer, the Paterson and Newark Hebrew heavyweight.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By FRED SPETRINI

LEO RODAK of Chicago outpointed Everett Rightmire of Sioux City, Ia., in a 10-round bout at the R. I. Auditorium. Mainly through his consistent body attack, coupled with great stamina did the Chicagoan receive the nod over Rightmire, who was a little groggy at the finish. In the semi-final Larry "Dynamite" Bolvin of Providence knocked out Eddie Reed of Hartford in 1:58 of the fourth round of a scheduled eight. George Salamone of Boston decisioned Spider Armstrong of Toronto. Jimmy Cook of Portland, Me., scored a knockout over Al Diodati of Bristol at 2:28 of the third round.

Abe Denner of Boston and Mike Belloise of New York fought to a 10-round draw in Matchmaker Manny Almeida's weekly boxing show at the Auditorium. In one of the semi-finals, "Dynamite" Bolvin gained the unanimous decision over Matt Perfetti of Amsterdam, N. Y. The Providence featherweight, who is considered by many fight experts as having championship qualities, dropped the New Yorker twice for nine counts. In the sixth Bolvin smashed two rights to the jaw and in the seventh the local lad shot a hard left hook to the midsection, downing Perfetti on both occasions. Spider Armstrong of Toronto outpointed George Salamone of Boston in the second semi-final bout. Oliver Barbour of Apponaug defeated Tony Andrade of Bristol. Eddie Adourian of Cranston scored a win over Tony Almeida of Bristol in the curtain raiser.

Ralph Zannelli of Providence won a 10-round decision over Frankie Terranova of New York in the feature bout at the Fall River Casino. Zannelli weighed 145 and Terranova 142.

Write to Fred Spetrini, 57 Grove Street, Providence, R. I.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

WITH Baltimore remaining dark, the writer journeyed over to Washington to see Carl Guggino do battle with Mexican Joey Silva in a main go of 10 heats. Guggino's best weapon was a long looping left that kept Silva at bay. In the fifth he opened an old wound over Silva's eye. At the end Carl was declared the winner, making this his third win in a row. In the six-round semi, Billy Bullock of Washington upset the old apple cart when he was declared the winner over Tony Sarullo of Philadelphia. In a six, Jimmy Burns of Johnstown also pulled one out of the bag when he was declared the winner over Art Lind. In another six, Sammy Williams won over Floyd Grayson.

Another fight club opened in Washington with Jim Erwin as the matchmaker. His first show was topped by Izzy Jannazzo against Steve Mamakos. Although Izzy was declared the winner it was a split decision. Steve put up his usual fight of always forcing the fight with his boring-in. It was learned after the fight that Jannazzo had broken his hand in the second round. In the eight-round semi, Sammy Magro of Birmingham, after a very slow start, closing with a rush in the late rounds to get the duke over El Brookman. The Riverside Stadium, where the fight was held, can be arranged to hold 10,000 people, so no doubt Washington is in line for some big time attractions.

At Turners Arena, Buddy Scott, 177½, was defeated by Danny Hassett of Philadelphia, 191½, in the main go of 10 rounds. Danny rushed Scott at the start and kept up with a nice left hook and hard rights under the heart and kidney that had Buddy a mass of welts. In a return eight-rounder, Carl Guggino of Washington met Frankie Gilmore of Cincinnati and this time left no doubt in the fans' minds as he pounded out a win.

At the Riverside Stadium, Jim Erwin's second show was topped by Nathan Mann of New Haven with Buck Everett of Washington in a main go of 10 rounds. After a very hard fought fight that saw Mann in command at all times, Everett was stopped in the third heat. In the semi-final, set for eight rounds, Maynard Daniels of Washington stopped Gunboat Miller of New York in the fifth round. In another eight, Sammy Magro continued his wins when he pounded out a decision over New York's Gerald Delia.

At Turners Arena, Phil Furr of Washington had his return go with Wild Bill McDowell of Dallas in a main go of 12 rounds, in which McDowell was declared the winner again over Furr. This was a fast and furious fight, with Bill always a little in command. In the eight-round semi, Mayon Padlo reversed a former defeat when he was declared the winner over Norman Hurdman. Three four-rounders filled out the card that a capacity crowd attended.

At Carlin's Arena, Baltimore—The Century Athletic Club had Bucky Taylor renew his feud with Frankie Wallace in the main go of 10 rounds. After 10 rounds of furious fighting, in which Taylor showed to exceptional advantage with a smashing left hook that at times had Wallace in very bad shape, Bucky was awarded a popular decision. In the six-round semi, Jimmy Collins still continued to bowl them over when he stopped Brook Bowen of Richmond in the fifth round. In the secondary six, Frank Lacey outfought Pete Crangi to get the nod.

At Carlin's, a packed house saw Chalky Wright try to give away 15 pounds to the second ranking welterweight, Louis Kid Cocoa, but to no avail. Chalky started off to carry the first two rounds, but then Cocoa found the range with his left and from then on he continually kept it in the face of Wright to pile up enough points to get the duke. In the six-round semi, Lambertine Williams met Johnny Kapovich for the third time and after two former draws this time was declared the winner. In the other six, Jackie Senna tried the Wright stunt of giving away 15 pounds, and came out second best with his fight with Vic Finnazo. This show drew $4,500.

At the Coliseum, Bill Comiskey, brother of the well known Pat, did battle with Larry (Killer) Marino in a main go of 10 rounds. This fight took the place of the twice postponed fight of Pat and the Killer, and brother Bill was sent in to fight for the Comiskey honor. In the fourth the Killer injured his right hand, and fought from then on with one hand to get the duke over Bill. Most likely Pat will now try to seek revenge for Bill's defeat. In the six-round semi, Sid Silverman was an easy winner over Tommy Julius. In the other six, Johnny Aicher stopped Joe Brock in the third heat.

FISTIANA ALLEY—At Hagerstown, Harry Jeffra had a tune-up fight and won an easy one over Hitoshi Tanaka. In the semi, Mexican Jackie Senna fought a draw with Joe Sole . . . . At Cumberland, Cleo McNeal of Canton stopped Pete Galiano of Baltimore in the fourth . . . . Bill Stern's comment the other week about Ben "Evil Eye" Finkle was worth listening to.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

JOE GOULD, one of Fistiana's famous, has joined hands with Jimmy Ring, forming a partnership that may, we hope, see a young Jacksonville boxer, Joey Dunne, leap into the leather-lamming limelight, chiefly through the connection presented above. Joey is a pretty good punching lightweight, tall and rangy. He has copped six out of seven starts.

Al Gilbert, belting Baltimore middleweight, recorded what was a most surprising win in taking the duke over Jimmy Shepard at West Palm Beach. It made Gilbert's fourth straight win against nary a loss. Topping this performance, Gilbert moved into bigger company and, specializing in the art of upset, turned the tables on Vince Pimpinella in ten rounds of clever boxing and punching exhibition. Pimpinella, although closing fast in the last two cantos, lost his chances of coming out on top in the initial part of the bout.

Miami, a city where the boxing game should be flourishing the year 'round, but which gets a black eye in public print every so often, is again a target. And once more, the case rests upon Referee Eddie Coachman. Seems like Eddie pulled another boner in calling the Tony Musto-Buddy Knox roughhouse a draw. After ten bruising rounds that offered the three thousand fans plenty of thrills, Knox, a handsome Ohio heavyweight, seemed to the fight flock to be the winner by closing impressively in the late chapters. There's where everybody squawked, including the newsies. But after all was said and done, the fans ate this one up and it's one time a hurricane didn't take Miami by storm. Captain W. H. Peeples, Jr., inaugurated his summer shows at the Biscayne Fronton with a great show.

Sammy Angott, Louisville's larrupin' lightweight, came into his own when he took the third scrap away from Davey Day, Chicago contender, in the former's home town on Derby Eve. Slingin' Sammy slung enough to gain an early margin, comfortable enough to receive Jack Dempsey's blessing after fifteen rounds of good milling. However, this bout between Angott and Day has provided a suitable adversary for Ambers and a meet between them will offset another division muddle.

Classy Leo Rodak combined an artistic left jab and keen ring generalship to outscore Yucatan Kid in ten rounds at Cap Peeples' second of the summer shows at the Biscayne Fronton in Miami. Wise Leo kept the scrap at long range, never letting the dangerous in-fighting Mexican approach body range. The Chicagoan led all the way, jabbing and sticking with his left and waiting for openings for occasional rapid-fire rights. He gave a beautiful boxing exhibition and was greeted with applause throughout. Both weighed 136¼.

Vince Pimpinella, outweighed by sixteen pounds, still had enough to beat Pietro Gorgi, who tipped 175, in the ten-round feature at West Palm Beach . . . . Jim Bowden, Jacksonville light-heavy, who went to Chicago to make good, was a one-round kayo victim at the hands of Tommy Johnson . . . . Joey Dunne, another Jacksonville hope, won a technical knockout over Felix Morales in White Plains . . . . Charleston is reopening her doors to the fighters and has contacted for a Leon Foucart-Johnny Caretuneto mainer in the opener. In the semi, Jimmy De Witt will square off with Bill Rhinehart. Foucart and De Witt are Jacksonville boys . . . . Tom Sharkey won four and lost one in Portsmouth rings recently. Tom will be home for good as this RING issue comes out, having filled four years with Uncle Sam's Navy. Johnny Buckley will endeavor to induce Sharkey to enter his stable in New England.

Johnny Joca, University of Florida boxer, gained quite a niche in Florida's Hall of Fame when he became the first university mitter to win a national collegiate crown. Joca, fighting his first year in the varsity boxing squad, won the 1940 Southeastern Conference lightweight honors. Through this, he was chosen to represent the S. E. C. in California, where the national titles were to be held. Johnny won his first by a knockout and followed with two decisions and the title. Another teammate, H. M. Graham, advanced to the semi-finals but lost out. Graham is a feather, winning the S. E. C. in his division. The game Florida fighter was operated on for an attack of appendicitis immediately after he lost his semi bout. Much credit must go to Carlos Proctor, who trained and coached them. Carlos holds the coaching job at the U. of F.

Ken Overlin, chief Southern hope for the middleweight crown, had too much experience for the courageous Steve Wilkerson, Mississippi middle, and Kenny took a T.K.O. midway in the ninth of a ten-rounder. Arthur Donovan refereed and upon several occasions thought of stopping the bout, due to too much Overlin. Wilkerson kept fighting back but he was outclassed all the way. The bout took place in Memphis and Mike Solomito promoted.

A benefit card for the late Vaughn De Barry, Jacksonville athlete, who was accidentally killed by his own shotgun, was highly successful, and the top boys, Jimmy De Witt and Jose Estrada, put on a humdinger for the attendants. De Witt copped the duke but in a hard tussle. Entire proceeds of the night went to the De Barry family. The card was arranged by yours truly, a close pal of the deceased athlete. Other buddies chipped in their services and Jimmy Murdock, who promotes the semi-pros, furnished the use of his hall. The whole program, including the financial part, was a success.

Pete Montesi, diminutive fight manager, has a capable colored clouter in Willie Calhoun, who lams them in the lightweight loop. Willie is quite a kayo artist, and will bear the boxing public's eye. Foremost of the colored boy's wins is the one over Gerard D'Elia . . . . Jack Baggett of Chattanooga scored a two-round kayo win at the expense of Eddie Tipton in Asheville . . . . B. T. Pate had Clarence King pretty active in southern Florida, where King of West Palm Beach hung up a good record. He just copped his second win over Kidd Hatcher in three attempts. King is the only fighter that defeated the Kidd this year . . . . A plan to use Manuel Ortiz against a suitable opponent in Savannah fell through and Buster White, Jr., the promoter, has, we understand, Lloyd Lasky and Lloyd Pine in the headline affair.

At Memphis, Natie Brown, who fought Joe Louis twice, won a decision over Irish Dan Dowling in ten rounds. Natie looked O.K. here. Dowling is the same lad who trimmed Tiger Neville Beech in an upset recently and scored a one-round kayo over Tim Malone.

Owing to the war and conditions in Europe, Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, is trying hard to build his circulation on this side of the pond and must have the cooperation and assistance of THE RING readers, fans, etc. Both Nat and THE RING have done more than their share for the fighters and the fight game and should be rewarded with every possible aid that can be given them through those who profited by them. Promoters, matchmakers, boxers, wrestlers as well as RING fans are asked to get in touch with Nat in order to lend assistance.

Neville "Tiger" Beech, Memphis heavyweight, lost his second pro battle in twelve starts and this time Tony Novak, Kansas City lad, took a five-round T.K.O. win when the Tiger sustained a deep cut over his left eye. At the start of the fifth, Jack Lazarov, Beech's manager, took a healthy swing at the referee, Tony Galento, after asking Tony to stop the fight due to Neville's bad cut. The latter, however, overruled his manager and insisted upon continuing. Galento agreed and Lazarov swung. Galento sidestepped and as policemen crawled through the ropes to subdue the irate manager, Two-Ton Tony lifted Novak's arm in victory. Joe Jacobs (may his soul rest in peace), manager of Galento, took a deep liking to the Memphis heavyweight and was impressed with the Southerner's ability, regardless of the result.

Hal Cullen, northern manager, has uncovered a new colored fistic star in Frankie Lumpkin, Orlando, Florida, heavyweight. He is the same boxer who gave Johnny Paychek some heated arguments in an Orlando gym where Paychek was getting ready for his tilt with Pietro Gorgi. Frankie has been defeated only once and that was a recent loss to Bearcat Obie Walker, colored two-tonner, who received a split decision. Frankie previously beat Elmer Ray in fifteen rounds in Orlando before a large crowd. Cullen should have a mine in this Lumpkin lad.

The semi-pros in Jacksonville, under direction of Jimmy Murdock, are going great guns with the local fight fans, who are now increasing as Murdock's presentations are worthy as proved by attendance. Foremost among the crowd-pleasers are Carl Sivers, Jimmy Powell, Ollie Touchton, Jimmy De Witt and Leon Foucart. The latter two are shown when the occasion demands only. Powell is about the best producer as he possesses a mighty wicked right which spells "doom."

Lew (Lightfoot) Williams, Jacksonville bantamweight, will also try for the big time in the near future. Lew has the Joe Gould-Jimmy Ring combine looking him over and latest news is that Williams will be on a White Plains card as this goes to press.

Bob Sikes, chief of the Southern heavies, was extended in his battle with Johnny McArthy at Little Rock. Bob floored the Iowa big boy in the seventh round with a steaming left hook to the heart. Neither fighter was in any danger throughout the go but the fans did witness plenty of flying leather.

Jack Baggett went to a draw with Charlie Jerome in the semi to the Natie Brown-Dan Dowling go, but Jack appeared to have a slight edge in a tame then exciting bout. They went ten rounds. On the same card, a fistic find was unearthed in one Russell Long, welterweight, who upset Al Dorlac of St. Louis. Long is an ex-Golden Glover and this win is a swell send-off for a pro career.

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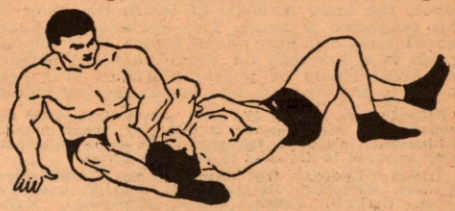

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

NEVER in the years we have been associated with boxing in the Lone Star State have we seen the mitt game at so low an ebb as now exists in Texas. Dallas has definitely folded; Houston and San Antonio hold shows occasionally, though not regularly, with gates doing a small fraction of what they were a couple of years ago. Only El Paso, where J. K. Read is doing exceptionally well, is staging regular cards. Galveston, Corpus Christi, Port Arthur and other places haven't had a fight card in months.

Willie Neyland, colorful and capable Houston welterweight, proved he is a factor to be reckoned with in the near future by journeying down to Mexico City and thoroughly trouncing Kid Azteca and Pedro Ortega. It was the first defeat ever handed Azteca by an American in Mexico and speaks volumes for the ability of young Neyland, who has had scarcely more than a dozen bouts in his entire career.

Joey Parks and Billy Colbert furnished most of the action at Houston during the month. They fought a torrid draw, with Colbert apparently having the better of the going according to everyone but the referee. A rematch proved a rather odorous affair, with Parks getting the duke and the customers a disappointment.

Lefty Young, Jimmy Finley's welter, exploded the Manuel Villa II bubble by giving him a thorough going over for ten rounds . . . . Ben Brown's many Houston friends were sorry to learn of his defeat at the hands of Tony Zale . . . . Red Hutchins, who is the most improved fighter we have seen this year, got sweet revenge on Tobe De La Rosa, when he whipped the Mexican ace in San Antonio. De La Rosa had beaten Red last year in Mexico. Hutchins is a most capable as well as pleasing scrapper and we would like to see him get a shot at Perrin. Red's manager, Tony "Dynamite" Dalio, is planning a trip East with his charge some time this summer . . . . The writer's address, Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Texas boxing results for April follow:

Beaumont, April 3—Jimmie Richards, 135, decisioned Albert Bernard, 133, four; Babe Grace, 130, decisioned Payton Bauer, 130, four; Pete Woods Sanchez, 134, decisioned Ted Tellos, 133, six; John Flores, 155, decisioned Jim McLaughlin, 135, six; Don Eddy, 135, kayoed Rafael Esparza, 136, five rounds.

Houston, April 4—Clarence Lavan, 121, T.K.O. Jimmie London, 130, one; Frank Lewis, 131, decisioned David Johnson, 135, six; Bob Henry, 163, and Raymond Walker, 150, drew, six; Robert Alexander, 158, kayoed Ruse Davis, 160, one; Bill Bassett, 191, kayoed Leo Shirley Haynes, 220, three.

El Paso, April 5—Gabriel Rocha, 153, kayoed Thomas N. Clark, 158, three; Fernie Baca, 147, kayoed James McNeil, 158, two; Marcelina de la Rosa, 126, kayoed Jimmy Lacoume, 124, two; Alex Romero, 133, decisioned Juan Sanchez, 137, six; Alfonso Talamantes, 126, decisioned Manuel "Benny" Reyes, 124, four rounds.

Houston, April 9—Frank Thomas, 175, T.K.O. Vernon Weaver, 181, three; Raymond Serrano, 137, decisioned Don Eddy, 138, six; Delmar Koch, 167, T.K.O. Calvin Benefield, 163½, two; Joey Parks, 171, and Billy Colbert, 167, drew, ten; Garvin Young, 145½, decisioned Manuel Villa II, 141, ten.

El Paso, April 12—Luis Vera, 130½, decisioned Marcelina de la Rosa, 129, ten; Alex Romero, 131½, kayoed Jack Corder, 132, one; Lencho Vasquez, 141, kayoed Morris Goldberg, 136½, four; Andy Alarcon, 146, kayoed Ertis Self, 152, three; Victor Cobos 126, decisioned Eddie Kiroga, 125, four; Haskell Conley, 125, and Manuel Reyes, 120½, drew, four.

Houston, April 15—Oliver Rohing, 148, kayoed David Johnson, 152, five; Etral Keys, 156, kayoed Percy Giles, 151, six; Raymond Walker, 158, decisioned Jim Ellis, 150, six; Snow Ross, 184, T.K.O. Author Espree, 186, one; Bill Bassett, 185, kayoed William Hutson, 190, three.

San Antonio, April 15—Danell Whitsell, 130, decisioned Benny Williams, 127, four; Joe Robinson, 123, decisioned C. O. Wiley, 125, four; Buster Keating, 144, and Frankie Castillo, 159, drew, six; Dick Terry, 161, decisioned Red Foster, 158, six; Red Hutchins, 127, decisioned Toby de la Rosa, 127, ten.

Houston, April 16—Peyton Bauer, 127½, T.K.O. B. J. Grace, 128, two; Joe Johnson, 144, decisioned Jack Taylor, 146, six; Jimmie McLaughlin, 155, decisioned Johnny Flores, 155, six; Wishy Jones, 139, decisioned Rafael Esparza, 139, eight; Joey Parks, 170, decisioned Billy Colbert, 167½, ten.

Pyote, April 18—Ed Rawling, 170, decisioned Dick Christian, 170, three; Joe Robinson, 132, and Al Eddy, 137, drew, six; Casimiro Sanchez, 126, kayoed Russell Hyatt, 130, one; Eddy Hayes, 166, kayoed L. B. Davis, 169, three; Jack Romono, 153, decisioned Kid Brock, 150, eight.

El Paso, April 19—Fernie Baca, 146, decisioned Joe Johnson, 145, ten; Delmar Koch, 167, T.K.O. Manny Fernandez, 162½, two; Joe Lucero, 135½, and Alex Romero, 129, drew, six; Bobby Vinson, 158, kayoed Albert Deason, 167, three; Lencho Vasquez, 140, kayoed Juan Sanchez, 137, four.

Houston, April 22—Clarence Lavan, 124, kayoed Jimmie London, 129, one; Frank Lewis, 129, kayoed Willie Williams, 132, two; Raymond Walker, 139, kayoed Casin Ross, 150, three; Oliver Rohing, 139, decisioned Clayborn Johnson, 142, eight; Jack Thomas, 146, and Robert Alexander, 154, drew, ten.

El Paso, April 26—Gabriel Rocha, 151, decisioned Tabby Romero, 151, ten; Lorenzo Vasquez, 148, decisioned Luis Guidar, 154, six; Frank Campean, 150, T.K.O. Luis Enrique, 149, four; Bobby Flores, 141, decisioned Andy Alarcon, 142½, four; Alfonso Talamantes, 128, decisioned Eddie Kiroga, 125½, four; Juan Sanchez, 137, kayoed Willie Rendon, 138, four.

Houston, April 30—Albert Wilkins, 146½, decisioned Pete Sanchez, 146, four; Mike Balaban, 180, kayoed Frank Thomas, 175, four; Calvin Benefield, 162, T.K.O. Raymond Oest, 165, three; Rafael Esparza, 139½, decisioned Harry Thielepape, 137, ten; Joey Parks, 169, T.K.O. Delmar Koch, 166½, five.

NORTHWEST BANTER
By TOMMY WRIGHT

AT Portland, Ore.—A return of boxing to Portland after many months' absence saw a popular card of mitt-heavers lined up by Promoter Tex Salkeld at the Labor Temple. Buddy Peterson, 152, Independence, Ore., decisioned Charles "Kid" Terry, Eugene, Ore., 151, after four rounds of fast boxing. Jimmy Davis, 130, Vancouver, Wash., kayoed Johnny O'Connell, 135, Portland, in the fourth and final round. Kid Thornley, 151-pounder from Silverton, Ore., kayoed Eddie Trolliger of Eugene, 146, in round one. Logger Jack Hibbard, Klamath Falls, Oregon, middleweight, and Sailor Ralph Cronin, Boise, 157, drew. Sig Barlund, 160, Marshfield, Ore., bounced Sunny Joe Rivers in the first of their scheduled four-round bout. Bobby Ambrose, 127, Salem, drew with Mark Diaz, 128, Los Angeles, in a hard-fought tiff. Tommy Danforth, Portland, 162, finished Irishman Pat O'Day, 165, Reno, Nev., in two rounds. Young Nationalista II, 127, Portland, kayoed Golden Boy, 124, Portland, in the fourth.

At Redmond, Ore.—Mel O'Day came through with a sensational card in his new bi-monthly leather-pushing parties at the Redmond Roof Gardens, with Jack Bove and Vern "Tiger" Ovens, a pair of scrappy middleweights, fighting a popular draw in the main event. Dave Morris, Prineville, Ore., middleweight, gained a well-earned decision over Bob Chambers, Bend, Ore. Morris dropped Chambers twice for counts of nine in the six-round go. Redmond's Bob Bowman, 190, punched out a two-round technical knockout over Gene Henderson, 188. Ben Palmer, Warm Springs Indian middleweight scrapper, kayoed Buddy Bearer in the second. Bill Motley and Harold Gantz, a pair of light-heavies, fought a slow four-rounder, with the edge going to Motley. Lightweight Eliot Palmer edged out Tuffy Jones in four rounds.

At Portland—Tex Salkeld, popular Portland promoter, put on another fast card at the Labor Temple with Jimmy Davis, Vancouver, Wash., high school lad, 130, decisioning Mark Diaz, 127-pound veteran Filipino. Sailor Ralph Cronin, 154, Boise, Ida., won a spectacular kayo over Irish Pat O'Day in the second. Kid Thornley, 154, Silverton, Ore., took a decision from Tommy Danforth, 159, Portland, in a six-round bout. Johnny Woods, 133, Dallas, Ore., decisioned Johnny O'Donnell, 137, Portland, in four rounds.

At Salem, Ore.—Sig Barlund, the fighting Finn from Marshfield, Ore., won an unpopular decision from Tony Kahut, Woodburn middleweight, in the headliner of a Salem sock parade. Jimmy Davis, Vancouver, Wash., 130, knocked out "Old Man" Murphy, Butte, Mont., 135-pounder, in 45 seconds of the second round. Kid Taylor, 147, Portland, decisioned Tom Trollinger, 144, Salem, Ore. Pat O'Day, 161, Reno, Nev., won on a technical kayo over Hugh Ford, 162, Lacomb, Oregon., in 1.45 of the second round. Johnny Gerrard, 134, Dallas, decisioned Howie Trollinger, 135, Salem, Ore.

At Salem, Ore.—Buddy Peterson, 153, Independence, Ore., decisioned Ralph "Sailor" Cronin, 154, Boise, Ida., in ten rounds. Mark Diaz, 130, Los Angeles, and Johnny Woods, Dallas, Ore., 133, drew in six rounds. "Box Car" Kline, 154, Portland, and Battling Hegge, Independence, Ore., drew in four rounds. Johnny Gerrard, 134, Dallas, Ore., decisioned Martin Kivi, 133, Portland, in four rounds. Jerry O'Hara, 182, Portland, kayoed Martin Howard, 180, Turner, Ore., in the third.

IN THE STRAITS SETTLEMENT AND MALAY STATES

By DENNY CAPILLI and TERRANCE JURGEN

STAR FRISCO, in his tune-up fight for Kui Kong Young, which has aroused considerable attention in this Settlement, knocked out the featherweight and lightweight champion of Singapore, Mexican Ventura Marques, in the sixth round. It was a thrilling battle.

Johnny Mortell, former bantam king of Singapore, beat Kid Arenas. Neil Hemchit stopped K.O. Gustillo in the 10th round. Tiger Aman, fly and bantam king of Penang, also won his fight. Baby Low made a punching bag out of Cyclone Kid. Ioph, F.M.S. Little Bernal, the fast stepping Filipino flyweight, defeated Kid Arenas in 10. Kuala Lumphur, F.M.S. Rush Milling, welterweight, beat Luis Blanco in 10.

The talk of this country right now is the coming battle between Young Frisco and Flash Sebastian for the middleweight title of the Orient. Thousands of dollars will be wagered on this mill . . . . The leading promoter here is C. M. Houghton, although the Shaw brothers also have staged many good fights . . . . There is a movement on foot here to get George Pace, the N.B.A. bantam king, to make a trip to Singapore to meet the winner of the Kui Kong Young vs. Star Frisco fight. The Board of Boxing Control is willing to recognize this as a title fight, put up a belt for it and bring Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, on from the States to act as third man in the ring. The fans here feel they owe a lot to THE RING Editor for what he has done for us in boxing and are eager to have him make the trip if the bout can be put across. It is up to Georgie Pace . . . . A new open air stadium is being built here by Bertie Bell, a veteran in the game . . . . As a referee, Herman Rappa is the George Blake of this country . . . . There is only one gymnasium in Singapore. It is located in Happy World Park. Soldiers and civilians train there.

A really good boy here today is Ufanio Mario Gill, a 22-year-old Portuguese welter from Hongkong, who knocked out the middleweight champion of Java, Hans Helsloot, who was beaten on points previously by Ventura Marques. Gill also won on a technical knockout from another Dutch middleweight, known as Fighting Mieck. Like his countryman, Tony Olivera, Gill is longing for a chance to meet some really classy fighters of his weight. He packs a tremendous punch in either hand, and can throw in the sleepmaker from almost any position.

The Singapore Boxing Board of Control committee approved the official ranking of Singapore boxers for the first quarter of 1940.

Middleweight: (1) Young Frisco (Singapore champion); (2) Flashy Sebastian; (3) Nai Sompong.

Welterweight: (1) Nai Sompong (Singapore champion); (2) Joe Diamond; (3) Rush Milling.

Lightweight: (1) Ventura Marques (Singapore champion); (2) Nai Boon Mah; (3) Neil Hemchit.

Featherweight: (1) Star Frisco; (2) Ventura Marques (Singapore champion); (3) Johnny Mortell.

Bantamweight: (1) Little Abayan (Singapore champion); (2) Johnny Mortell; (3) Kid Arenas.

Flyweight: (1) Little Abayan (Singapore champion); (2) Kid Arenas; (3) Tiger Aman.

"FISTICUFFS" FROM BARBADOS, B. W. I.

By CLIFFORD P. NURSE

SYLVAN McCLEAN, one of the Island's leading welterweights, tasted his first defeat at the hands of Kid Café of Santo Domingo, in a fast and interesting 12 rounder. McClean suffered a serious dislocation of his right arm, yet he fought most valiantly to lose a close decision.

Fearless Cecil flashed some fistic brilliance in his return engagement with "Kid" Heeney. He stopped the "Kid" in the first canto.

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"Radio Kid," came from away behind to check the fistic aspirations of young Griffith, a fine looking prospect, in the fifth.

Al Brown journeyed to Trinidad; where he lost on a T.K.O. in the 12th and last round to Al Tunney, lightweight champion of the West Indies.

Young Jack Johnson, middleweight brother of the famous "Kid Tanner," and middle and light-heavyweight champion of British Guiana, won on a K.O. over Radio Gene in the 8th at the Yankee Stadium. Johnson, quite a young giant, proved that he knows nothing of the finer points of the game. His chief asset is his aggressiveness.

Lightfoot Kid, fly and bantamweight champion, entering the ring at 115 lbs., won the unanimous decision in ten torrid rounds from "Shamrock Babe," 107 lbs., leading flyweight from British Guiana. Quite a hectic affair it was. Lightfoot Kid is an excellent prospect. He is fast, clever and aggressive.

Poor decisions are rendered everywhere. Kid Francis the boy who fights and resembles Henry Armstrong in many ways, was the victim of one when Francis out-boxed, out-maneuvered, out-punched and out-smarted "Radio Kid" of Speightstown, only to be declared the loser. Out of the ten rounds, I scored six for Francis, three for Radio Kid, and one even.

Jack Belgium won on a T.K.O. from Craig Kennedy in the third round, when the referee called a halt owing to a badly cut mouth received by Kennedy in a furious mixup. Kid Earle won easily over Ken Austin in a one sided four rounder. Adios, until next month.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA boxing fans and fight experts got their first glance at the latest importation from Spain. His name is Carmelo Fenoy, a lightweight. The young Spaniard showed first class ability. Fenoy, after a clever exhibition, scored a five-round knockout over Alex Yanes at the Cristal Arena. Fenoy is signed for several bouts here in Havana, and when they are over he will enter the U. S. A. Fenoy is both a boxer and puncher.

Pedro Poey, fast rising featherweight, knocked out Alfred Quintana in the fourth session. Poey is good, has a wide assortment of punches, and fights in championship style. Joe Ferrer won easily over David Plumas in six rounds, and Guilly Moerejon was outclassed in six by Diego Sosa.

Eddy de la Torre, bantam, again defeated Bertico Ramos. Torre won every round. Young Acevedo was too good for Sergio Bustamante, and the referee halted the contest in the third canto.

Manolo Sanchez, lightweight pride of the Bus Club, had too many guns for the aggressive Neno Rojo, and in the eighth round, Rojo was forced to quit. Sanchez is a clever fighter.

Eddy de la Torre, bantam, chalked up another victory when he defeated Mario Morales, a real tough and rugged bantamweight. De La Torre is another promising youngster. He is being tutored by Higinio Ruiz, star lightweight of a few years ago.

Pedro Martinez, Kid Chocolate's cousin, impressed the crowd with his six-round draw against Manny Rabassa. Pedro is a sterling performer, and is being handled by Luis Gutierrez, the man who made Kid Chocolate.

Adolfo Font, for years one of Cuba's great sportsmen, passed away after a sudden illness. Font was a popular man in sport circles.

Pedro Martinez knocked out Maximo Morales, a real hard puncher. Martinez flashed a left hook, dazzling to the eye, and looked great. He is being groomed for a U. S. invasion. He will make good.

Robert Ferrer, hard socking lightweight, after scoring about 10 knockdowns, got the decision over Luis Diaz, Cuba's iron man of the ring. Reinaldo Pi won by the kayo route over Felix Vallin, and Carlos Chrino won a four-round decision over Jose Martinez.

Young Gonzalez, Spanish bantam, surprised in his 10-round decisive victory over Pedro Medina, the local champion. In a previous encounter, Medina won hands down. Francisco Campos, welter from Venezuela, drew in eight rounds with Saturnino Rico of Cuba. Rene Cantero and Pablo Roca (Coullimber) drew in a hard fought four-rounder. Johnny Arango, the mite with a mighty punch, knocked out Norberto Alfonso in the first round. Lorenzo Safora, clever bantam, easily defeated Pablo Conde in six rounds. Safora is a fine performer. He deserves a chance at the title.

FLASHES—Pincho Gutierrez expects to invade New York with a good stable of boxers, Fenoy, Martinez, Poey among them . . . . Kid Chocolate is managing Franky Campos, a good welter . . . . Major Marine continues his fine work for sports in Cuba.

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

CULLY ECKSTROM, clever 1934 bantam and 1935 Golden Glove featherweight champ, is boxing instructor at North Dakota U.—Carl Lovernd, 1934 fly and 1935 Golden Glove bantamweight champ, and Owen Trickey, 1934 feather and 1935 Golden Glove lightweight champ, both work in Minneapolis now.

The Northwest Golden Gloves was inaugurated in 1930 in Minneapolis, and all told 88 champions have been crowned. Of that number, only 14 turned pro. They were: Joe Anderson, '33, fly; Billy Smith, '36 and '37, fly; Gene Connolly, '33, feather; Don Espenson, '36, feather; Walter (Stout) Petrie, '34, welter; Johnny Dobbins, '36, welter; Tony Yates, '38, welter; Pat Breen, '39, welter; Jack Gibbons, '32, middle; Frank Androff, '32, light-heavy; Russ Schultz, '34, light-heavy; Johnny Hanschen, '36 and '37, heavy; and Ken Pearson, '38, heavyweight.

Don Stevens, former St. Paul amateur who turned pro in Oakland, now has retired from the ring to a job as baker's helper. As a pro, Don lost only four out of 16. He once held a St. Paul Y.M.C.A. amateur title.

DIDJA KNOW THAT: Fred Fulton, one time Minnesota heavyweight left hook artist, was born in Nebraska and not Minnesota . . . . Myles Martinez, former St. Paul Mexican feather, is suffering from bad eyesight . . . . The writer's neighbor, Henry Walthers, is the father of Edward Walthers, known in the ring several years ago as Eddie Walker. At 19 Eddie was a very promising young middleweight of about 27 fights in which he suffered very few losses. Now he is 25, married, has a little daughter, and drives a truck for Werner's from St. Paul to Chicago . . . . Wayne Short is a former St. Paul feather . . . . What's happened to Rene Beret and Johnny Erjavec? . . . . Mickey Hanson, hard hitting little blond southpaw from Sauk Centre, is attending college in North Carolina . . . . Karl Ogren was under the management of Al Lang, who is now training Ogren's boys . . . . That Harry E. Winkler at one time managed Fred Fulton, Johnny Sokol, Otto Wallace and Benny Haskell. Winkler, a typical small town boy who made good, is president of the Amateur Boxing Clubs Association of Southern California. Harry also manages two good welters in Red Green and Wesley Sellers.

Let's hope that the age-old St. Paul-Minneapolis feud will come to an end as is now being planned. If the two cities are ever united, it will be one of the largest metropolitan areas in the country, with a population of some 800,000! A world's heavyweight boxing championship would be a Twin City possibility then, if only the two cities would cooperate with each other.

Since his closing the offices of *The Boxing Blade*, Mike Collins now is booking Billy Miske, Jr., and manages Don Espenson . . . . A bitter feud exists between Collins and Promoter O'Loughlin . . . . Lee Savold planning a barnstorming tour of the United States . . . . Karl Ogren and Jack O'Brien are promoting boxing not only for the financial gain, but mostly for the love of the sport . . . . Fred Peters of Chicago was in town with Sparky Burnett, a rough-tough middleweight . . . . Clyde Wason, trainer of Marv Wason, is in the hospital with an arm operation . . . . Handsome Marv is anxious to get in action again . . . . Billy Colbert and Harry "Spike" McCarthy had an argument recently and split their partnership . . . . McCarthy assisted Colbert in running Gibbons' Gym and seconding fighters . . . . Marv Wason wants to be a cop when he turns 21.

REMEMBER WHEN: Clowning Jack Jersey, St. Paul heavyweight, was master of ceremonies at St. Paul Lyceum Theater amateur boxing shows, only to be expelled because he lacked seriousness? The Lyceum has quit promoting now.

Billy Petrolle, the old "Fargo Express," has turned manager and is handling a Nick Rudlovich, Duluth steel plant heavyweight.

At Ponca, Neb.—Wayne Armstrong, 160, Newcastle, Neb., returned to action by scoring a kayo over Clem Gormanthal, 157, Platte Center, Neb., Golden Gloves champ of Grand Island, with a right in the third after dropping him in the second. They are amateurs. Curly-headed Wayne plans to turn pro soon.

Minneapolis Armory—Dick Demaray, 146, Bismarck, N. D., southpaw veteran, upset the dope by soundly thrashing Bobby Britton, 148, Miami, in every round for eight heats to win the unanimous decision. Three thousand fans booed lustily the efforts of young Britton, who was fortunate in not being knocked out. Bobby's father-manager, former world's welter champ, Jack, can be remembered in beating Mike O'Dowd and Jock Malone twice here, and Johnny Tilman six times. In the semi, clever Don Espenson, 152, South Minneapolis, beat Warren Corbet, 155, South Minneapolis, in six. Gordon Wallace, 149, Vancouver, B. C., beat Jerry Hayes, 157, Milwaukee, in six, again. Don Brouillard, 163, Minneapolis, made an unsuccessful pro debut when he dropped a four-round decision to Ted Morrison, 171, tough Ft. Snelling soldier. Bob McQuillan, 135, T.K.O.'d Jimmy Murphy (Flaherty), 133, Minneapolis, making his pro debut, in two of four, while hard slugging Emmett Weller, 150, St. Paul, surprised with a one-round T.K.O. over the veteran Speedy Wallace, 146, Kansas City Negro. Wallace took a real lacing.

La Crosse, Wis.—Louis Bell, 134, St. Paul Negro, outpointed Eau Eulien, 134, Chicago, in six. In the six-round semi, Marv Wason, 189, St. Paul, T.K.O.'d Frank Raft, 179, Chicago, in two. In other sixes, slugging Emmett Weller, 147, St. Paul, beat Johnny Rock, 153, Chicago; Lyle "Kid" Mason, 144, La Crosse, trimmed Dick Lancette, 140, St. Paul who was making his pro debut.

Minneapolis Armory—Arne Anderson didn't do so well in his first Minneapolis appearance. Arne wanted to fight but his foe didn't. In one of the worst cards seen here for some time, Arne Anderson, 201, Gutenborg, Sweden's boxing king, and Paul Williams, 228, Chicago, fought a "no contest." After four rounds of dull movements, Referee Johnny De Otis called a halt to the scheduled tenner. In a six-round semi, Frank Rowsey, 178, Los Angeles veteran, "knocked out" Tommy Johnson, 182, Chicago Negro, former National A.A.U. finalist, in the second, when the Negro went down. Earl Peterson, 157, Appleton, subbed for Dick Demaray and reversed a previous defeat by winning over Johnny Rhodes 155, Chicago Negro, in six. The best fighter on the card, Bob McQuillan, 133, St. Paul, beat Johnny Flaherty, 135, Minneapolis, in four. Johnny Stevens, 190, St. Paul scored another T.K.O. over Max Gunther, 175, Chippewa Falls, Wis., this time in two of four. Anderson was awarded the decision in the four rounds of main event.

Des Moines—Lee Savold, 188, St. Paul, broke his thumb in kayoing Eddie Boyles, 188, Cleveland, in the first of a ten.

St. Paul Auditorium—Fighting his first main event, and reversing a previous draw, Floyd Hagen, 130½, St. Paul, knocked out Matt Dougherty, 130½, Milwaukee Irish lad who is 24 and working his way through a medical course at Marquette U. by fighting, in 34 seconds of the first round of an eight-round bout with one punch, a terrific left hook. In the six-round semi, Gordon Wallace, 151, Vancouver, B. C., beat Henry Schaft, 157, Minneapolis, in a close one. Kelly Ward, 164½, hard hitting lanky Minneapolitan, pulled a surprise by handing Earl Peterson, 161¾, Appleton wild-swinger, his first knockout defeat, in the first round. In fours, Wen Lambert, 148, hard hitting Proctor blond, won the decision over southpaw Warren Corbett, 154½, South Minneapolis Irishman. Bob McQuillan, 133, St. Paul, T.K.O.'ed Eddie Swenson, 131, St. Croix Falls, Wis., in three rounds of a dull fight. Ted Morrison, 170, Fort Snelling, looked good in kayoing Walsh McCormick, 167, Fargo, N. D., in the first. Johnny Stevens, 186, St. Paul, T.K.O.'d willing Dick Ritchie, 180, St. Paul, to hand Ritchie his first pro setback, in two heats.

Minneapolis Armory—In one of the best fight cards seen in a long time, Johnny Hanschen, 198, hard hitting Minneapolitan, though dropped several times in the seventh and little behind on points at the end, came back to give Arne Anderson, 195, Gutenborg, Sweden, a bloody face and take the 10-round decision. A draw would have been more fitting. In the six-round semi, southpaw Dick Demaray, 143½, Bismarck, N. D., knocked out Tony Yates, 144, Minneapolis, in the third. This was Yates' first loss by a kayo. In another six, Frank Rowsey, 176, dynamite-hitting Los Angeles veteran, kayoed comebacking Marv Wason, 190, St. Paul, in the fourth. In fours, slugging Earl Peterson, 159½, Appleton, fought one of his best fights in beating southpaw Warren Corbett, 156½, game South Minneapolitan, in a close one. Making his pro debut, Wayne Armstrong, 157½, Newcastle, Neb., was given a draw in a fight with Don Brouillard, 158½, Minneapolis. Every fight was a "honey"—a life-saver for local boxing.

Minneapolis Armory—In one-half of a double windup, Dick Demaray, 142, Bismarck, N. D., reversed two previous draws and a decision loss when he disposed of clever Don Espenson, 142, Minneapolis, in nine rounds. In the other ten, Billy Miske, Jr., 183½, St. Paul, did the expected when he kayoed Eddie Boyle, 175¼, Cleveland, in the fourth heat. In a six-round rematch, southpaw Warren Corbett, 155½, South Minneapolitan, reversed a previous decision loss by scoring a six-heat T.K.O. over slugging Earl Peterson, 159, Appleton blond. George Nyberg, 146¾, Port Arthur, Ont., kayoed trial horse Ted Morrison, 161½, Fort Snelling blond, in the fifth of a six. Morrison was a sub for Cliff Coons of Superior, Wis. In the opener, Ray Isaacs, 135¼, Minneapolis veteran, surprised by holding Billy Seward, 130¼, Ingamoor, Mont., to a four-round draw.

BOXING'S MIRROR—Remember about 20 years ago when the Gibbons' and O'Dowds, the Winklers and Ertles used to sneak off to Cedar Lake, Keegans Lake, Stillwater, or Hudson, Wis., to do battle? When Mike Collins used to promote at Hudson, Wis.? Those days are gone forever.

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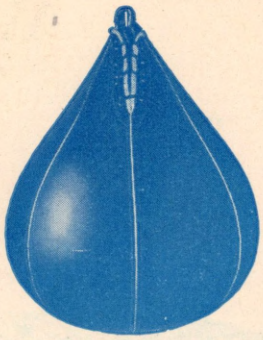

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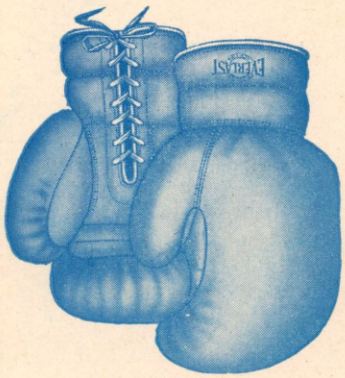

14-oz. GLOVES $9.95

BOXING SHOES $3.25

JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly $	.75	SPECIAL PRICE $	.39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	" "	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	" "	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	" "	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	" "	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	" "	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	" "	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	" "	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	" "	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	" "	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	" "	7.45
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	" "	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	" "	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	" "	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	" "	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	" "	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	" "	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	" "	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	" "	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	" "	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	" "	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	" "	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	" "	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	" "	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks— Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	" "	.95
	Special colors to order	"		" "	1.25

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED FROM THESE SPECIAL PRICES

ALL C.O.D. orders must be accompanied by a deposit of 35% of the amount of order.
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